THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated W
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by aklin

SEPT. 19, 1914 5c. THE COPY

BLYTHE'S WAR LETTERS

RUSSELL-MILLER
INCORPORATED
OCCIDENT
NORTH DAKOTA
MILLING COMPANY
OCCIDENT
FLOUR
Costs More
—Worth It

Watch 'em Light up!

Three Times the Light— No More Current

Replace a carbon lamp with a National Mazda lamp.

Press the button and look around—

A flood of cheerful brilliancy—

No increase in current flow—

All the available electricity turned into beautiful light—

No waste of money in the lamp—

No blackened bulbs—

No fragile filaments—

No wavering illumination—

No extravagance—

Better light at one-third the cost per candlepower—

The modern light for every home.

Cut out the waste—cut down the cost of Candlepower

The bright, cheerful homes are National Mazda homes. Their light bills are invariably one-third as much per candlepower as those of gloomy houses where carbon lamps are used.

Make yours a triple-light house.

Buy National Mazda lamps in the Blue Convenience-Carton and be sure of lamp quality.

It's lamp quality that makes current economy and better illumination.

Rugged National Mazda lamps cost little, waste nothing, save much and triple your light.

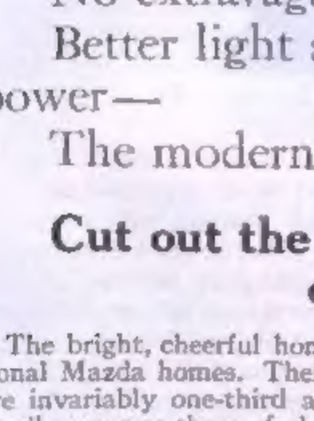
One makes a wonderful improvement; but one in every socket will multiply the advantages, and give you modern illumination all over the house, with constant current saving, perfect eye-comfort, and freedom from useless current waste.

Of course you'll need a National Mazda Hylo turndown lamp for your hall and bathroom—two lamps in one.

Holophane Prismatic Reflectors on your kitchen, pantry and bathroom lamps will increase your useful light. Get Holophane decorative glassware for other rooms.

Buy at the store where you see the National Mazda window display this week. Buy full cartons—the dealer will help you choose the right lamps for every room in the house. But buy now, and cut the cost of candlepower before the long nights come. Helpful booklets on modern home lighting will be mailed free on request. Address

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS
OF GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.
65 Nela Park, Cleveland,
First City in Electric Lighting



Dr. Chas. P. Steinmetz, the world's foremost electrical engineer, endorses Mazda lamps for highest quality.

This is the Blue Convenience-Carton that opens the way to better, cheaper, more pleasant light. Every National Mazda lamp has the name etched on the bulb. Each of the labels at the bottom of this page is a guaranty of National Quality.

Don't try to economize by keeping carbon lamps till they burn out: it can't be done.

Note the Silk Facing

Over the Invisible Cotton Body

© H. H. Co.

The New Holeproof Hose for Men and Women

Here, now, is the hosiery for men and women that combines *long wear* with the *style of silk* hosiery, and it sells at the same *price* as good cotton hose—50 cents a pair for men's and 75 cents a pair for women's.

Holeproof Silk-Faced Hosiery is made of the finest Japanese Silk, ingeniously knit over a strong, sheer, invisible body of Sea Island Cotton. This gives the appearance of pure silk and much longer wearing quality than is possible in pure silk hose. Three pairs are guaranteed to wear without holes for three months. If any of the three pairs fail in that time we will replace them with new hose free.

The Silk-Faced are light in weight and cool, and they fit every inch of the foot and ankle. Hose of better style never have been produced.

Try these new Holeproofs, madam. Get them for your husband and your sons to try. See if you know of any hosiery selling at these prices that provides as many desirable hosiery-qualities.

Try the regular cotton Holeproofs, too, for men, women and children. Six pairs are guaranteed six months.

These hose are made in the sheerest weights for men and women. Our cotton yarns cost us an average of 74 cents per pound, while common yarns sell for 32 cents. Holeproof cotton hose are stylish, soft and strong.

At All Holeproof Dealers

The genuine Holeproofs are sold in your town. Write for dealers' names and addresses. We ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Ask for the free book that tells about the complete Holeproof line.

Other Prices

$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's cotton Holeproofs; $2.00 per box and up for six pairs of women's or children's in cotton; $1.00 per box for four pairs of infants' in cotton. Above boxes guaranteed six months. $1.00 per box for three pairs of children's cotton Holeproofs, guaranteed three months; $2.00 per box for three pairs of men's silk Holeproof socks; $3.00 per box for three pairs of women's silk Holeproof stockings. Boxes of silk guaranteed *three months*. Three pairs of Silk-Faced Holeproofs for men $1.50; for women $2.25. Three pairs of Silk-Faced are guaranteed three months.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906
Carl Freschl

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada

Holeproof Hosiery Co., 10 Church Alley, Liverpool, England

By Invitation, Member of Rice Leaders of the World Association

Every woman should also examine Holeproof Silk Gloves. They are now sold in many stores. Made of the best quality silk with *reinforced* finger tips that are *guaranteed* to outwear the gloves themselves. We would not give the name "Holeproof" to any but the most durable gloves on the market. Write for prices and free book that tells all about them.

Holeproof Guaranteed Silk Gloves FOR WOMEN

We send them direct on receipt of price if we have no dealer near you.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1914,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 187 *PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 19, 1914* *Number 12*

THE ALETHEPHONE

By David Gray

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

THE ship plowed westward through the night and Georg Ignatz Ladislaus, eighteenth Count von Helms, slept peacefully. At an hour's notice he had walked out of his town house in Budapest and all that had been his life for thirty-five years. Circumstances of a painful nature made it unlikely that he would ever return. He was heading for New York, partly because he was a philosophical democrat, partly because he believed that city to be the Delphi of modern science. The scientist, he held, should live hard by the oracles of modernity, and Helms was essentially a scientist. His belief in life was his belief in science.

That night of the fourteenth of June he not only slept peacefully, but when the foghorn waked him about three o'clock he lay quietly, without sense of impending disaster or premonition of the strange things that lay ahead of him. He was watching his cabin window grow into a glimmering square against the darkness, when the ship seemed to stumble and heel to port, as a ferryboat heels when it glances into the slip. Immediately the vast, throbbing engines stopped, the foghorn blew no more, and the deathly quiet of the sea closed in.

Helms got out of his berth, turned on the electric light and looked at his watch. It was six minutes to five. Sailors began to run on the deck and a few minutes later he heard a steward hurrying down the passage and pounding on the cabin doors. Helms halted him as he passed and asked what was the matter.

"Ice!" cried the man. "We're sinking!" And he ran on.

Helms dressed deliberately. He was a man who took things as they came. When he reached the deck he found the passengers crowded silently about the boats, officers calling their orders in subdued voices, and even the sailors swearing softly as they worked. The cold hush of the fog-wrapped sea pressed down on all.

"So this is shipwreck!" said Helms to himself.

He found his way to a boat amidships on the port side; but as he reached it the order was given to "Lower away!" Unaware that Fate was plucking at his sleeve, he paused to watch the working of the mechanism. The ship had begun to list to starboard, and he was devising a launching cradle adjustable to the slope of the ship's side in such emergencies when his attention was caught by a woman wrapped in a cloak of sables. She was dark, of Spanish type, but with inscrutable, haunting eyes of gray-blue. Her age might have been twenty-three or twenty-four.

"You are Not a Very Faithful Hero, are You? You Hide From Me for Three Years and Then I Have to Catch You in a Restaurant"

At the moment Helms saw her a young man seated beside her in the boat was bending down, arranging her rug. Just what arrested his attention he never could explain, but he stood as a man watches a lighted firecracker. He *knew* that something was going to happen. As the boat began to swing out on the davits the woman sprang up, kicked off the rug, reached the boat's side, vaulted the gunwale and dropped to the ship's deck.

The man, still holding the rug, rose in amazement and dismay, calling "Mary!" He stood a moment irresolute, as though making up his mind to follow, though the boat was outboard—over the rail. Then a sailor thrust him down on the seat and he was lost to sight.

On reaching the deck the girl had stood apparently unconscious of her surroundings, with the vacant expression of the sleepwalker in her opaque, star-sapphire eyes. Then she sighed as with a sense of unspeakable relief, a mysterious little smile appeared on her lips, and she seemed to come to herself. Her eyes rested on Helms.

"Madam," he said, "can I be of service?"

"Thank you," she answered. "I suppose I had better find a boat."

"I think you should," he said.

He offered her his arm and she took it. They went aft, but, encountering crowds, turned back.

"We must hurry," he said.

The starboard list was increasing and the ship had settled. They retraced their steps and went forward. On the port bow they came on a boat that a company of stokers were launching. Helms edged his shoulder into the crowd and opened a path. Twenty minutes later the ship had gone down, they were adrift in the fog, and she was the only woman in an open boat with thirty-eight men.

"You'd better move into the bow," said the third engineer to Helms. "We'll rig up a little cabin for your wife."

Helms met her eyes and said nothing. Later she whispered:

"If you feel embarrassed you might call me Aunt."

All that day they talked, and the next they were able to be silent a good deal together. That evening she said rather abruptly out of the darkness:

"It's curious how we can talk to strangers about things we don't discuss with our families."

"It is," he said. "I heard a man in a third-class carriage tell how his wife had left him for a greengrocer. He was on his way to Solingen and was inquiring for a moderate-priced solicitor."

"I suppose I'm looking for comfort rather than advice." She hesitated and then said: "You saw me get out of that boat?"

"Yes."

"And you saw him?"

"Yes."

"Well," she said, "what do you suppose he thinks about it? What is he likely to do?"

"I'm afraid I haven't sufficient data," said Helms. "Are you Miss or Mrs., or ——"

"Or divorced?" she put in. "No, not that; I'm Miss."

"Then the man, if not a relative ——"

"Which he was not."

"—— might be expected to be somewhat surprised, to say the least, unless there had been something to prepare him for it."

"There wasn't anything. You couldn't quarrel with him."

"Then why ——" he began.

"I don't know," she answered; "that's the fact; but suddenly I knew I had to get out of that boat. If we were going to be drowned I had to be by myself."

"And now you regret it?"

"Regret it!" she exclaimed. "I haven't been happy in eight months. What a relief! But it's like the pleasure of having a toothache stop. It wears off. And now I'm

growing a little less selfish and beginning to think of him. He's of a nervous temperament; very excitable. I'm wondering how he'll get along without any one to take care of him. He might do something rash."

"Well," said Helms thoughtfully, "I shouldn't worry on that score. He'll make out. One of the great contributions of science to modern life is the revision of the old sentimental conception of love. When we realize that love is nothing but a process of sex selection the personal affront formerly involved in rejection is removed. If you are not the atom X, intended by Nature to unite with the atom Y, there is nothing you can do about it; and a reasonable man accepts it as he does the color of his eyes."

"But how are you to be satisfied that you are not X?" she demanded.

He smiled.

"When a lady flees to a sinking ship to escape your society the presumption is strong. No," he went on, "there is no appeal from facts, and the modern man doesn't want one. Facts are best."

She looked at him curiously for a moment, then said:

"What are facts?"

"That's too much like Pilate's question for a general answer," he replied; "but your getting out of that boat was one."

"You ought to lecture on modern love," she said. "You might dispense a great deal of comfort and educational uplift. If you gave people the old 'There are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught,' dressed up in science, they'd be mad about it. Everything seems to be science nowadays. Everything is either borated or prophylactic. What does prophylactic really mean?" she added.

He laughed.

"'An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure' is as good a definition as any."

"That's good sense," she said. "If only your old science could show us some way of finding out that we're not atom X before the milk is spilled it would be of some use."

He gazed at her blankly. A curious thought had flashed across his mind.

"There's an idea in what you say," he said slowly.

"You mean the idea of a prophylactic love-alarm? Something that makes a bell ring when the wrong man comes up the front steps?"

He smiled and nodded.

"When you get it ready for the market let me in," she said. Presently her mood changed. "What a world! What a world!" she murmured. "If we only had the making of it, how much pain we could leave out!" Her eyes misted and she turned her face away.

"Yes," he said; "that is true."

Suddenly after a silence she exclaimed: "I'm an idiot! Of course you're right. A woman need never worry about a man; but do you think you would find much comfort in your theory of facts and sex selection if you had been he?"

"No one knows what he would do if he were some one else," he answered.

"That's honest, at least. Most people who have never been through things want to lay down the law."

"But I have been through some things." She looked at him questioningly. "I suppose I might as well contribute to our fund of personal experience," he said. "It may make you feel more assured about your friend in the boat. I was to have been married to-day, the sixteenth. Two weeks ago I discovered that I was not what we have been calling atom X. The fact is, Y quite unexpectedly eloped with some one else. So you see ——"

In the darkness that had fallen he felt her hand come forward and rest an instant on his.

"Dear man! Poor man!" she murmured. "I'm so, so sorry. What a world! What a world!"

At that same moment there was a stir among the crew, and the third engineer shouted a hail. On the port bow a misty yellowish point of light glimmered. The hail was answered and a ghostly schooner grew somberly out of the fog and drifted down on them. Instinctively they had both risen and she was clinging to his arm.

"After all," she said in an undertone, "it's rather thrilling to be rescued, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said. "Life has its drawbacks; but it's all we have."

II

THE Annie T. smelled like a box of dead fish, which, in fact, she was; but they clambered gratefully to her deck. They were fed and cared for and the captain gave the lady his cabin. Helms had explained that they were united only by the bonds of a common calamity. She gave him her hand as she said "Good night."

"What you have told me," she said, "means a great deal to me. I wish I could help. To-morrow we must have another talk."

With that they separated, but there was no talk the next day. It was no one's fault. It was merely an example of the ineffectual grasp we have on the simplest arrangements of our lives.

That night the fog cleared. The next morning the sun was well up before Helms came on deck.

"I had a letter for you from that lady," said the captain. "I'm sorry to say I lost it. It must 'a' worked out of my pocket when I was leanin' over the side, steadyin' the dory. I hope it's of no great importance."

"Is the lady in the cabin?"

"No. Just after daybreak I put her aboard a steam trawler goin' to Portland. They wouldn't take no men."

"Then You are Taking It Because You Don't Trust Me With It?"

Helms stood and looked at him. In all probability that letter contained her name and everything on which depended their further acquaintance; but it was lost. There was nothing to do about it. It was another case for his philosophy of facts.

"I fancy it was of no great importance," he said.

III

ON THE third of January three years later Helms was dining in a New York restaurant by himself. It was at the moment when the waiter was pouring his coffee that a curiously pleasing voice begged his pardon.

Helms looked up and saw a good-looking but somewhat overfed man of thirty-eight or forty, with white teeth and an engaging smile. He was smartly dressed and was what would be called in New York the broker type.

"My name is Touchard," he said. "I have been asked to find out whether you were on the Imperial when she went down?"

"I was," said Helms. And then, three tables away, he saw the dark face with its flashing smile and the star-sapphire eyes.

"I see you are the man," said Touchard.

"Tell me," said Helms, rising: "Is this Mrs. Touchard?"

Touchard's color deepened.

"Oh, no!" he said. "Mrs. Touchard is abroad. Mary Bayliss is still Miss Bayliss."

"My name is Helms," said Helms, and followed.

There were four other people at the table. Helms was introduced; then he took the chair that had been placed for him beside her. She looked him over quizzically.

"Well," she said at last, "you are not a very faithful hero, are you? You hide from me for three years and then I have to catch you in a restaurant."

He protested and told her the fate of her letter.

"But you could have found out who the woman was that the trawler took to Portland, and you might have looked me up in the telephone book in New York."

"But how could I know that the lost letter said you wanted to see me again?" he answered.

"You could have written to find out," she said. "No; the loss of that letter was just another one of your pitiless facts. There wasn't anything to do about it, was there?"

He laughed guiltily. "I told you so," she said. "Now tell me what you are doing," she went on. "You know what I want to know."

"In the top of the Blodgett Tower, with a view of both rivers, I've set up a sort of laboratory," he answered. "I live there too."

"You're not the Helms who invented the Wireless Burglar Alarm?" said Touchard.

Helms nodded.

"I'm afraid so. My old friend Mylius, who runs the laboratory and me and all my affairs, is sadly commercial."

"I wish I'd done it," said Touchard. "It's a moneymaker. I've seen it demonstrated. It's magic."

Miss Bayliss was silent a few minutes. Then she said to Touchard:

"You and Insley draw lots to see which will overflow into Aunt Sarah's box. I think we'd better take Mr. Helms to the opera and afterward visit this magician's cave of his at the top of the tower."

Helms looked to see whether she was serious.

"Oh, she means to go!" said Mrs. Williams, who was her sister.

After the first act of the opera Helms realized that Mrs. Williams was right. He went out and telephoned to Franz to have supper ready for seven at eleven-thirty.

It was after midnight when they finished. Touchard went to the piano and began playing ragtime, and Hetty Effingham sang the words. Williams was at a microscope exhibiting a particle of radium bombarding microcosms with shooting stars. Miss Bayliss went to the bookshelves—the room was walled with books—and there Helms joined her.

"This is a long way," he said, "from the night when we were picked up. What is the news?"

"You were right about the man in the boat," she answered. "He was married soon afterward and now has a baby and a mansion on Long Island."

"But what about you?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Nothing," she said. "Still drifting in the fog! And you?"

"Nothing but work," he answered. "I liked this Babylon, sent for Mylius, apparatus, books and an old servant, and set up my shop. I've been pegging along. Nothing has happened."

The piano banged noisily. She made an impatient gesture.

"I can't stand Amos' playing. Let's go back to the cave." She pointed to the laboratory.

"Ought we to leave the rest?"

"Goodness! Yes!" she exclaimed. "If Insley Williams hadn't been a fashionable doctor he'd have been a circus lecturer; his wife thinks he's wonderful! And the Adams boy is watching Hetty—Amos being dangerous."

Helms laughed and led the way through his dining room, pushed open the door, and they were in the long white-walled laboratory. At the far end strange lights were winking noiselessly, throwing fantastic shadows. Somewhere in the stillness clockwork was ticking, and now and then came the flick-flash of a spark from a swiftly turning silent machine. She stood for a time gazing about her, possessed by the spirit of the place.

"Disappointing, isn't it?" he said at last. "No magic wands or witch broth; nothing but a machine shop?"

"It fascinates me," she answered. "Somehow I see it as your temple of facts."

He laughed softly. She began to wander down the room, looking curiously at the groups of apparatus; and he followed. Presently she stopped before a row of odd-looking earthenware boxes.

"This one is warm," she said. "What is it?"

"It's odd you should stop at that thing," he said; "it's something you started me at; and a peck of trouble you got me into!"

"I?" she said.

"You," he repeated.

"But what is it?"

"I wish I knew. Suppose we try to find out?"

Her eyes lighted.

"It's an experiment?"

He bent down and read the card tacked on the wall.

"The fifteen-thousand-and-seventh."

She exclaimed and repeated the number.

"But when are you going to finish?"

"Mylius says never," he answered. "Very likely he's right." He glanced at a notebook that lay open on the table. "In the regular order of things Number 15007 should be taken out at eight-forty-six to-morrow morning; but I don't think we shall be seriously delaying the cause of truth by shutting off the current now. Anyway, we shall amuse Miss Bayliss." He threw a switch, there was a crack and the flash of a green spark two inches long.

"That turned the current off?"

"Yes." Then he opened what seemed an oven door, and a blue-white radiance flooded out. "Now we'll blow in some air and cool it."

There came a hiss and the glowing whiteness began to flush with pink; then, gradually deepening to blood red, the color darkened and died.

"But what is it?" she asked excitedly.

He laughed.

"I told you that's what we've got to find out. You never know with experiments." He took two fragile disks from a charcoal crucible. "Now come!" He crossed the room, unlocked a cupboard, took out an apparatus, connected it by wires to the socket of an incandescent light and set the thing on the nearest table. Then into two gutta-percha holders he fitted the disks he had taken out of Number 15007. "Now," he said, "we're ready. Do you want to be Mylius?"

"Of course!" Her eyes were glittering with excitement.

"It will disarrange your hair."

She made no answer, but sat down in the chair he placed for her. He began to adjust a curious headpiece.

"Aren't you putting it on wrong?" she demanded.

He laughed.

"Who knows? Do you want it to go over your ears like a telephone girl's?"

"I should think so," she said.

"Well, you may be right; but we'll try the other way."

She pushed her hair back and he adjusted the frame; one end pressed on her forehead, the other at the base of her brain.

"Now," he said, "the game is this: I shall read something to myself and you shall tell me of what you are thinking."

He turned a button; a low purring sound began. He felt vainly in his pockets for some scrap of reading matter, then opened the back of his watch and held it before him. There was silence. The auroral lights flushed and died again in their glass prisons, making a weird shadow play on the ceiling. The clockwork ticked on; the purring of the mechanism gathered intensity, and, two rooms away, they heard the muffled beat of the piano and the Effingham girl singing ragtime.

Suddenly Mary Bayliss began in a clear, tense voice:

"Three-six-one-four-nine-three-Metford-Genève-1882."

Helms turned the button with a snap. The purring stopped. She looked at him half perplexed, half frightened. Even in the dim light she could see that he was ghastly pale.

"What have I done?"

"You've read my watch plate!" he said softly. He turned away to the window and stood gazing over the city roofs, whitened with new snow. He was trembling like a leaf in the wind.

"It came up into my mind like smoke through a fire of wet leaves," she was saying. "Three-six-one ——"

Miss Bayliss laughed excitedly. Then Helms faced about again and stood looking at her.

"Like smoke coming up through wet leaves?" he repeated.

"But what is it?" she said.

"What we've been seeking for three years," he answered; "what all our patience has been unable to work out! And now your coming makes me shut the current off seven hours before I meant to and we stumble on our ethereally sensitive diaphragm!"

"Can you make it a little simpler?"

"We've got a thing that receives and transmits thought waves," he said. "We've got a machine that will read minds like a psychopathic medium—only much more reliably. Do you realize what that means?"

She was silent and he went on:

"This is the answer to your wish for something prophylactic in the field of sex selection—something that will tell us that we're not atom X before the milk is spilled. That was the way you put it that night in the lifeboat, and that's what started me on the hunt. Of course its possible effects on civilization in other directions are enormous, but if it only succeeds in this it will do enough. Think of the pain humanity suffers in its mistaken efforts to mate! Think of the unhappy marriages! Think of the waste!"

"But just how can this kind of thing help?" she asked.

"If I know what a woman thinks," he answered, "I know what she is. If I know what she is I know whether she is the right woman for me. Our mistakes come from guessing instead of knowing."

"Mary Was in England. She Docks To-morrow on the Germania"

"I begin to understand," she said, laughing excitedly. "Instead of a woman's going to a rest cure to make up her mind, she'll examine the young man with this instrument."

"Exactly," he said; "and before a young man proposes he'll do the same with the lady."

She shot him a doubtful look.

"Isn't that expecting too much? Do you think you can find out the truth about a woman with a mind-reading machine?"

"I'm afraid science has stripped away the special mystery supposed to invest women. A woman is now what she eats plus what she thinks, like a man." He smiled.

"How unattractive!" she said; and then after a pause: "What are you going to call it?"

"Like some babies, it has been named a long time," he answered. "It's the Alethephone, which means Truth-teller."

"I wonder," she said, almost as though asking herself the question, "what is going to be the first thing you will do with it?"

He smiled again.

"If the man in the boat had not arranged matters for himself I should have wanted to give him the chance to find out why certain things happened; but, that being as it is, I think I shall satisfy an old curiosity of my own."

"Does that mean you will go abroad?"

"For a few weeks. Maria Sophia is in Paris."

"Maria Sophia?" she repeated.

Then the door opened and Touchard appeared.

"Mary," he called, "Susan asked me to tell you that it is twenty minutes past one. Insley is asleep."

"All right!" she answered. She turned to Helms. "I must go. Till very soon!" She held out her hand.

He took it; and with the handclasp the fragrance of her hair and skin, and some subtler effluence of personality, seemed to flood him. Something long dead in him leaped into life. His pulses throbbed, and in silence they followed Touchard back to the library.

As they came into the strong light Helms' eyes receiled and his head swam dizzily. Doctor Williams was watching him. As he said "Good night!" he added: "If you wake up with a headache to-morrow morning send for a doctor."

"Am I coming down with plague?" asked Helms.

"A wise doctor never predicts," said Williams.

IV.

AFTER they had gone Helms went to the laboratory and sat looking at the Alethephone. There it was, after all these years, a reality! He might have reflected on the futility of human effort as compared with the power of chance but for the fact that he was experiencing a curious phenomenon. As he gazed at the apparatus all he saw was the haunting face of Mary Bayliss.

"This is fever!" he said. He roused himself, locked the machine in the cupboard and

"She Nursed Him Back to Life After I Ran Him Through the Lung: and Within Two Years He Deserted Her"

began to search the shipping advertisements in the morning papers. Then he pressed the bell button. "Franz," he said, "we are going to sail this morning at ten o'clock. Have me packed by nine. And I want a box about a foot square to put some apparatus in." The room began to swim. His head was getting worse.

That was a bad night for Helms. He could not get warm. Twice he got up for more bedclothes, yet lay and shivered; his dry skin was goose flesh. At last he dozed off into nightmare-haunted naps in which he was seeking Maria Sophia with the Alethephone, to the end of discovering why she had gone away; and always she was eluding him, leading him over precipices and vanishing. When day came his head was unbearable. Toward seven o'clock Franz came in and called him. He sat up, got out of bed, stood for a moment and dropped down again. Something was splitting his head in two.

"Franz," he said, "telephone Dr. Insley Williams."

About ten o'clock Williams came.

"I thought so," he observed.

Some time during the afternoon the door into the passage was left open and Helms heard Franz say over the telephone:

"No, madam; Mr. Helms can't come to the telephone—he's got typhoid fever." Then a pause. "Yes; typhoid —— Doctor Williams."

An hour later he opened his eyes and saw Mary Bayliss at the foot of his bed.

"Isn't this ridiculous?" he said incoherently. "Williams put me to bed; but I'll get up."

"Be quiet!" she said as though speaking to a child.

"So you're in league with him!" He started to sit up; but his head felt as though it would explode and he dropped back.

For several weeks his capacity for consciousness was limited to the pain in his head, the taste in his mouth and the sensitiveness of his eyes to light; yet he was vaguely aware that Mary Bayliss was in and about his sickroom. For the rest, he dreamed incessantly of food.

The fever broke on the twenty-eighth day. He came to himself and protested against Miss Bayliss' coming alone to his rooms. She informed him that "a lady could do anything," and suggested that he provide himself with a messenger boy to chaperon him. Williams told him she had always done as she pleased and probably always would; and there the matter rested.

V

THREE weeks later Helms was sitting in the armchair by the embers of his library fire. Like Cæsar's Gaul his state of mind was divided into three parts. In the first place he was sailing for France the next day, and he did not want to; second, he was waiting for the doorbell to ring; the third part of his attention was fixed on the packet of letters he held in his lap.

The packet was tied with a faded blue ribbon. The letter on top was addressed to Graf von Helms. He drew it out and read it. It thanked Count von Helms for a book. That was the first piece of writing he had ever received from Countess Maria Sophia Stollwertz-Ciraci. It gave him a curious sensation. It seemed to have been written to somebody else by some one he had never known; and yet unquestionably he had loved her.

He drew another letter at random from the middle of the packet. It was postmarked Cannes, on either the sixteenth or eighteenth of March, 1906; the stamp was blurred. As he opened it a pressed flower fell to the floor. He put the paper to his nose and caught the faded perfume of mimosa; but the perfume brought no stir to his memory. He thrust the letter back without troubling to replace the flower, and went on through the bundle, here and there drawing out an envelope and reading.

One thing impressed him as he went on, which was that the woman must always have been a stranger to him, and yet he had never suspected it. There was no clew, however, as to why she had gone away as she did, no intimation that the thing had ever been in her mind. He opened the last envelope. A small picture was inclosed, the photograph of a young woman holding a dachshund in her arms. It was dated, and inscribed: "To L., from his loving Sophia and Gretchen"—Gretchen being the dog. And the next day she had gone off with Rudesheim! Very possibly in two weeks now he should know why. It would be very interesting to find out.

Just then Mylius came in.

"Mylius," said Helms, "I forgot to ask you to have the machine boxed for me. I want to take it with me."

The old man's face clouded. Helms looked at him.

"You ought not to work," he said.

"I'm not going to work."

"Then you are taking it because you don't trust me with it?" Mylius burst out.

"Why, Mylius!" said Helms, at a loss. "You know I trust you with everything. I want to use it—that's all."

The old man withdrew, muttering, and Helms dropped off to sleep. Ten minutes later he waked with a start. The bell was ringing. He tossed the packet of letters into the smoldering fire, and Mary Bayliss came in.

"I've waked you up?" she said.

"It was a good thing. I was having a bad dream. It was a curious dream. I was in Paris with the Alethephone, and I came on the person I was looking for in a park. I asked her why she had gone away, and all she would do was to shake her head. I said: 'If you have forgotten I'll tell you.' And I put the receiver on. Suddenly she dropped a long gray veil, which covered her like a bell, and laughed. The Alethephone seemed powerless to pierce through it and I was very much disturbed."

Miss Bayliss regarded him curiously for a moment, then she said: "You haven't seen the newspaper to-day?"

"No," he answered. "Why?"

"There is news about her, that's all—about Sophia Stollwertz-Ciraci."

Helms glared in surprise. "How did you know?" he said, and then: "You know her?"

"I was at the convent with her. When you said Maria Sophia the other night I understood."

"But what has happened?" he demanded. "She isn't in this country?"

The letters in the dying fire burst into flame. She shot him a quick look.

"She is dead," she said; "she was killed aëroplaning yesterday in France."

He made no answer, but gazed vacantly into the fire. The flame reached the ribbon. Noiselessly it curled and parted, and lay a band of ashes. There was silence; then Helms said as though to himself: "Poor, poor child! Poor, impetuous, undisciplined child!"

"She was just that," said Mary Bayliss.

They watched the letters burn out.

"It is very strange," said Helms, "the way this affects me. It seems as though I had never known her except by hearsay—as though what happened had happened to some one else, not to me; and yet I very much wanted to know why it had happened. It was important to find out."

"Why was it important?" she asked.

He Opened What Seemed an Oven Door, and a Blue-White Radiance Flooded Out

"Because," he answered, "the reason for her going away with Rudesheim, knowing what she did about him, is a world question: there is no question more important."

"But what did she know about him?" she asked.

"What everybody knew—that he was an unworthy, dissolute person; a rake! a cur! Think of it! She gave him everything and nursed him back to life after I ran him through the lung; and within two years he deserted her for a ballerina."

"But she couldn't have known that he was going to do that."

"She was told he would do just that. He had done it to two other women. Her uncle and her friends told her he would do it again, to her. No; that's the incomprehensible feature of millions of cases. That row of scrapbooks is full of them. Everybody but the person concerned knows and understands how it will come out. I tell you the most important thing in the world to-day is to find out why women marry the wrong men, and then find a way to make them understand that they mustn't."

"I suppose so," she said. She glanced at the watch on her breast. "Will you really be coming back in a month?"

"I shan't go," he answered. "I was only going for the one thing." He stretched out his hand to the bell. When Franz came he considered for a time, then said: "Cancel our passage for to-morrow. Instead, we'll go to Florida. Tell Mr. Mylius I shall not take the machine. He will understand."

She had listened, with an inscrutable smile parting her lips. Then she said:

"That is so wise. The sun will do everything for you." She looked at her watch again.

"You must go?"

"I promised Amos I'd drive at five."

"Amos?" he repeated.

"Amos Touchard."

"Oh!" he said. Then, after a pause: "Tell me this: How am I going to thank you for what you've done and been all these weeks?"

"You haven't anything to thank me for," she answered. "The obligation is the other way. If you knew what a godsend it was to feel as though you were of some use, even though you knew you were not! I'm not joking," she went on; "I mean it! I've been given everything but something to do. I used to think it was wonderful to be so free, to have no responsibilities; now it makes me afraid. Sometimes I feel that if I had to scrub floors I should be safer."

"What are you afraid of?"

"Afraid of myself." She looked at him soberly. "I wish I understood what it meant; I can't trust myself. The real I is always getting off the track and becoming some one else. I think I see things clearly and after a few days I lose them. I can't hold my point of view. I get adrift."

"We all do that," he said. "I fancy it's nothing serious."

"But it is! You've seen the consequences. You saw me get out of that boat. Well, I never know what I'm going to do. That's why I can never marry. I never could be sure that in six months I wouldn't change my mind—wouldn't be some one else."

"With you it's merely a question of finding the right man," he said. "If there ever was a woman intended by Nature for happiness it is you."

"Don't talk to me about happiness!" she broke in. "If you are my friend pray that I shall never be happy." He looked at her blankly. She laughed. "Of course you can't understand." Presently she went on: "You won't go on with the Alethephone until you come back? Is it in pretty good shape?"

"Mylius and I had a go with it this morning. Within a certain field it worked surprisingly well."

She looked at the watch for the third time and rose.

"I must be off. When I see you again you will be tanned by the sun and strong. You must come up with the spring to South Carolina. Stop off at Aiken when the jasmine is out. The woods are aflame with it. It's too beautiful!"

"I'll send you some."

She shook her head.

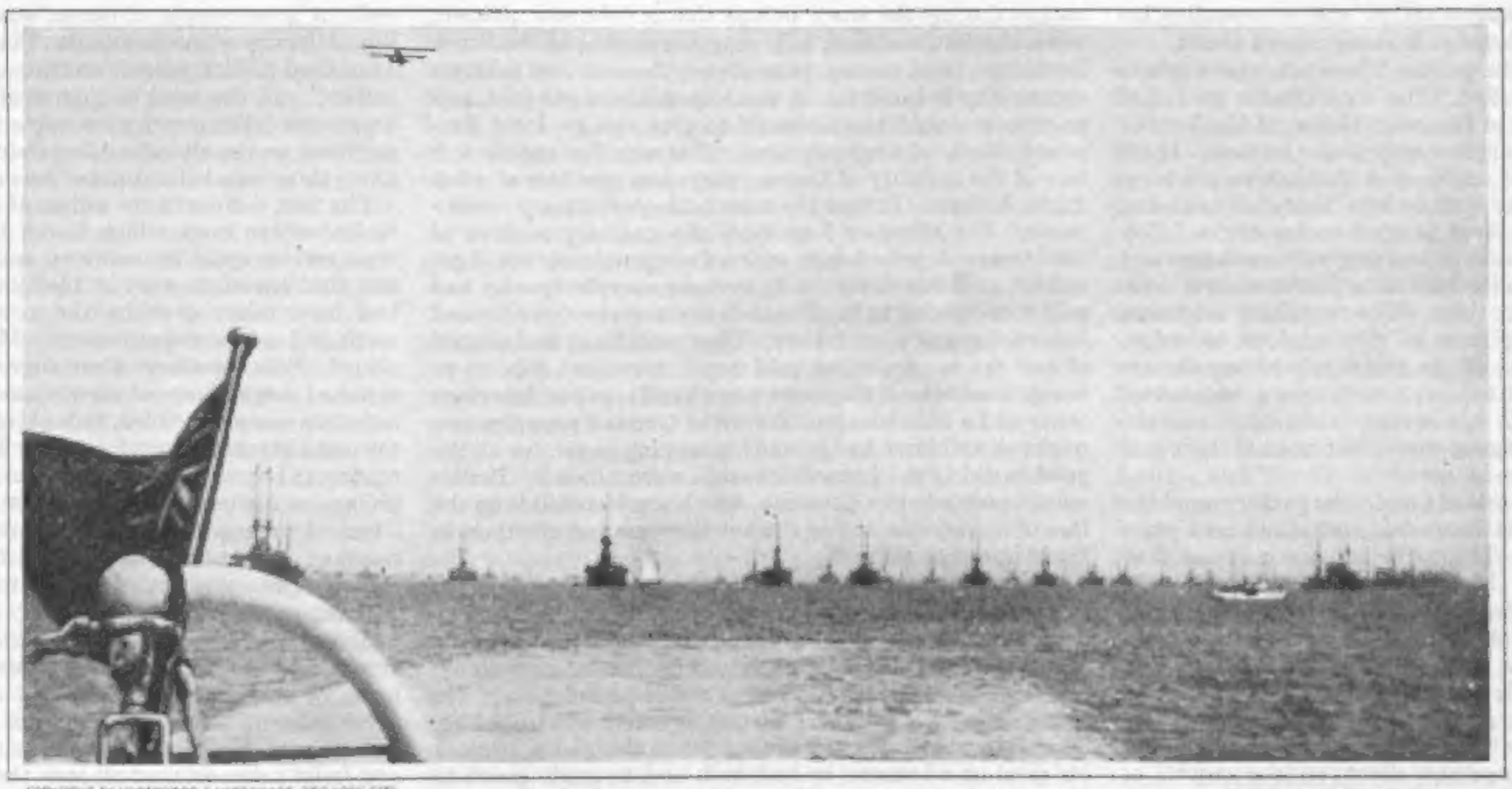
"It fades when it's picked. No; the best thing you can do for me is to remember me and pray for me."

"I think you can trust in my remembering," he said. "What shall I pray for?"

She made no response for a time. She stood and gazed at him with half-closed eyes.

(Continued on Page 34)

LONDON IN WAR TIME



COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

One Hundred and Seventy Vessels of the British War Fleet Leaving Spithead, England

By Samuel G. Blythe

THE English people are not like the American people in their outward demonstrations when soldiers go to war. We crowd along the streets and cheer our men as they pass, cheer our flag and cheer our country. The English watch their soldiers silently—almost stolidly. Whatever emotions they may have are held in check.

Their military bands play the same tunes that our bands play, but the lift and lilt of the music does not get into the spirit of the English onlookers. I have seen several regiments march away since I have been here—march away to what is almost sure to be the greatest and most disastrous struggle in the history of the world; march away to a war that holds the fate of England in the balance—that may be either the glory or the grave of the British Empire; and the crowds have stood silently alongside the curbs, saying nothing—not cheering—not shouting—just watching.

And this does not mean there is not in England as widespread and as fervent a loyalty and patriotism as there would be in the United States in similar circumstances; for there is. The whole empire is united. All political differences have been forgotten. Every person is for the king and the king's arms. It merely represents the difference in temperament; for the English, now that they are in this war, are in it with but one end in view, and that end is the utter destruction of the Germans and their allies.

Being English they have gone about it methodically and with a certain grim cheerfulness that is as remarkable as it is universal. I have been in London for a week as I write this, and I have been in every part of the city and have talked with all sorts of people, from members of the government to costers. Not one of them is complaining. Not one is whining. They all calmly accept the inevitable and all are preparing to take with that inevitable whatever discomfort or privation or loss or glory may come. They have put it to the touch—to win or lose it all.

This is the more extraordinary because the English people do not know what is going on and will not know, except in a modified measure. They do not know where the soldiers they see marching down the street are going, nor do the soldiers. They do not know where the fleet, which is the pride and the glory of the nation, is, or whether it is well with that fleet or ill. Everything is secret. The newspapers print nothing of movements of troops or ships, or any similar information.

The Call of King and Country

THE boards bristle with proclamations and appeals to these silent people to go to war. "Your King and Your Country Need You!" stares somberly at them from the walls of every government building, from the billboards, from the advertising pages of the newspapers; and all they know of the need is that it is need because they are at war with Germany.

Men are called to the colors and go away. They vanish into the night. The great English ships steamed out, dark and silent and terrible, and were gone in the twinkling of an eye. The officers of the army have taken what of horses, of stores, of automobiles, of omnibuses, of carts, of trucks, they need; and the people have surrendered without a whimper what was asked. The newspaper hawkers stand by the curbs and hold up their bills of contents—"Great Battle Imminent!" and so on—and there is no information save the most meager. Through it all, however, there is the spirit that England will win—must win; that England cannot fail. The great papers are issuing daily and solemn warnings that the war is likely to be long and bloody. There is no bravado. There are no boasts. The English talk of what is happening quietly and without exaltation of themselves.

After the first few days of panic and readjustment London has settled down to a calm that is more significant than all the cheering and shouting and enthusiasm in the world would be. The English people are grimly, determinedly, methodically and intelligently going about their war. It is a job of work to be done—a bloody and a desperate job; but if it can be done they intend to do it, and they are not counting the cost in men or in money, in blood or in treasure. In the incredibly short space of a week the country has been put on a war basis and the people have taken up the task of maintaining the British flag on the sea and of holding the vast empire intact—taken up that task solemnly, patriotically and loyally.

There are many persons in the United States who remember our Civil War, but the great bulk of our hundred millions of people know nothing about either the rigors or the excitements of it. Our Spanish War did not directly affect any of our people, except in the most minor way, for that was merely a skirmish and not a real war. Here is a continent at grips. Here are two tremendous armies arrayed against the armies of three great nations, with many smaller nations involved. Here are millions of men in the field, while we had thousands in the Spanish War. Here are airships, dirigibles, wireless telegraphy, improved and terrible explosives, superdreadnought battleships, the most modern artillery—the most frightful engines of destruction ever directed by man against man.

Here is a war that affects every man and woman in England, in France, in Germany, in Austria-Hungary, in Belgium, in Russia, in Servia, in Japan; and that may directly affect every man and woman in Italy and Holland, in Norway and Sweden, and in every other European country. More than that, here is a war that indirectly affects at least, and directly in many instances, every person in the United States of America. It is no Spanish War excursion. It is the grim and terrible and bloody real thing. It has curtailed industry. It has paralyzed business. It has in a day's time stopped commerce in a large degree. There is no line of effort that is not touched. There is no man who will not have to pay his share. It will cost untold millions in money; and there can be no reckoning what it will cost in lives. It will change the map of Europe. It will leave its impress on the destinies of the entire civilized world for years and years to come.

No person at a distance can comprehend what it all means. No person can comprehend that even here, at one of the centers of activities, or in Paris or Berlin. The impressions bulk too hugely. The mind does not grasp it all. No mind can. A world is being overturned. There is to be slaughter unparalleled in history. There is to be sorrow and woe and distress and ruin. There is to be mourning and weeping. There is to be the glory of arms and the grave of ambition and lust for power. Kings may lose their thrones. Republics may arise where monarchies now prevail. The finance of the universe is disarranged and the commerce of the nations held in check.

I have been in London for a week, watching at this capital the preparations and the effect of the war thus far. In that week I have seen England completely metamorphosed; and, in a way, I have seen England, despite that metamorphosis, continue on about her business and her pleasures as calmly and as quietly as though there were no war in sight. There has been restriction of business and abandonment of pleasure to a degree; but this is no panic-stricken nation, no nation fearful of the event, no nation not proudly and loyally confident of ultimate victory.

When I say that London and rural England are metamorphosed I mean that the entire country has become military at a moment's notice, and has taken on the military spirit without bravado and without vainglorousness. Militarism has been added to the day's work. There was a flurry for a time. Banks closed, business halted and things generally were disarranged; but soon the effectiveness of the organizations that have been preparing for years for this very event became apparent, and the people settled back to their ordinary pursuits so far as the war permitted those pursuits to continue, began to accustom themselves to conditions, and sternly set their faces to the foe.

Factories shut down or time was curtailed. A food shortage was hinted. Money was impossible to get. Gold seemed to vanish from circulation. Men were called from their occupations and put into uniforms. Swiftly and silently the vast machinery of war was put in operation. The English were shocked. War, though somewhat imminent at all times, owing to the politics of Europe, was not expected by the masses of the people, whatever the government may have expected or known.

Leaving the Path of Peace

THE people had been marching along the paths of peace and the voice of their king had cried: "Halt! About face!" Instantly they halted and turned to war. It was magnificent! It is magnificent! To be sure there are carpers and critics, and peace-at-any-price advocates; but, as a whole, the English nation has turned from peace to war in a day's time without a whimper or a protest, resolved to make the best of whatever comes, to give all they have to give, to fight until the end, and to spare no sacrifice.

I speak now in general terms—of the nation as a whole. Any observer may find, now and again, men who deprecate what has happened and who will deprecate what shall happen. We had those men in our Civil War both in the North and in the South. There are cynical critics and there are plenty of pessimists; but, as a whole, as a great and united nation in this emergency, England is entitled to the admiration of all who speak her tongue.

So far as outward appearance goes London looks as London always has looked. Just now there is a succession of beautiful, sunshiny August days. The parks are gay with flowers, and the streets are filled with people whose last thought apparently is war. The shops are open; some of the theaters are running; and on the surface London resembles the London of last summer and of the summer before that and of many summers back. Superficially it seems the same London, to my mind always the most wonderful city in the world; but when you get to looking beneath, when you make specific investigations, when you examine into conditions, you discover that London, though on the outside the busy and peaceful London, within is a hive of military activity and a directing point for operations colossal in extent and marvelous for efficiency.

The signs are plentiful. Each day you see regiments, companies, squads of khakied soldiers marching and countermarching. Each day you hear a band playing and watch a regiment go by—no one knows whither bound. It may be moving from one barracks to another. It may be going to port of embark for France or Belgium. It may be

going anywhere. No one knows. It is sufficient that it is going. As you pass along the streets you see Scotchmen in kilts, and guardsmen in red coats and shakoes, and the militia in trim khaki. You see them in ones and twos, with their sweethearts on their arms; in squads of forty or fifty, with towels about their necks, going for their baths; in squads, guarding long wagon trains, where tarpaulins are spread over stores of whatever is being moved about.

There are camps in the parks. There are spaces where scores of horses are corralled. The big barracks are full of men. The great greens of Somerset House, of the Inns of Court, of the Temple, are given over to the soldiers. Hyde Park has its quota, and at Vincent Park there are hundreds of horses. Artillery lumbers by. Hospitals are being prepared. Messengers shoot past on motor cycles. Boy Scouts are found in squads or running with messages and orders. Many automobiles dash about, with soldiers driving them and officers in them. The recruiting sergeants stand and receive long lines of men anxious to enlist. There are tents on some of the greens where recruits are taken in. Every commissioner—each one a veteran of former wars—wears all his service and other medals. There is nothing in the newspapers; but news of the war is meager enough as yet, to be sure.

All day long great crowds of Londoners gather round the camping places and the barracks, and stand and stare silently at the soldiers. The parks look each day as they look on bank holiday. Men and women and children fill the streets, dressed in the best they have. Street venders have thrown away all their other wares and are selling small British flags for a halfpenny and for a penny, and business is thriving with them. Many large British flags are displayed on stores and dwellings, though there are none on the clubs along St. James Street or on the larger buildings. There are constant, silent, curious crowds at the Horse Guards, in front of Buckingham Palace, at St. James, and at the various headquarters for the troops. It looks like a holiday when the troops are to take part in some maneuvers rather than a gathering of troops to take part in a war.

Now and then orders come for a regiment, and that regiment, instantly in heavy marching order, forms and marches away. It is doubtful whether anybody but the commanding officer knows its destination. It simply marches away, entrains and is gone. No newspaper prints a word as to where it is going or why. The fleet sailed out to sea one night and, so far as the public knows, it may be anywhere or nowhere. Not a word is given out; not a syllable until the War Office and the Admiralty are ready to tell what they deem essential. The censorship is rigid. The London and provincial papers, no matter what they may know—and all know more than they print—say nothing that can in any way be construed as giving a hint of military movements or plans. This is a silent war, silently conducted, but with a detail and an efficiency of organization that command admiration.

The effects of it are noticeable everywhere, but principally in the halting of business and in the curtailment of expenditures. Men are cutting down on their luncheon and restaurant bills. Food is a little higher, but not much. One famous restaurant, patronized largely by Americans, where the staples are beef and mutton and the usual English comestibles, has increased its price threepence per portion, or six cents. In another place, greatly frequented by government clerks, the usual tenpenny luncheon of a cut of meat and its ordinary London accompaniments has been raised in price twopence—that is, it costs twenty-four cents now instead of twenty. At some of the hotels the table-d'hôte meals are not quite so bountiful, but the restrictions are generally more apparent than real. Fruit is eliminated, for example, but not the substantials.

The Passing of the Hot Bird

WHEN the banks closed and the certainty of war with Germany was forced on the people there was a food panic. A wild rush was begun to lay in stocks of provisions. I saw one man who boasted he had ten hams and two sides of bacon in his automobile taking them home. There were many such. Prices rose. There seemed to be a general determination to get all available food not perishable and hoard it. The government stepped in and regulated prices. From this time prices will be regulated now and again. There will be no food hoarding, and it is extremely unlikely there will be another food panic. The papers say there is sufficient food in England for a five months' supply at the present time. Moreover, the farmers and the dairymen, and all other producers of food, are being instructed by the government how to conserve their crops and what to plant and how to help in the emergency.

So far as the restaurants are concerned there has been a dropping off of custom in the expensive ones and an increase of trade at the medium-priced ones. The general determination in London seems to be that nobody knows how long the war will last or what its extent will be, and that the thing to do is to guard expenditures prudently. This is noticeable at the theaters and in the music halls. Very few of those open are running at a profit; and though there are numerous announcements of openings to come, there is doubt whether there will be much in a theatrical way for some time. After-theater suppers are discontinued almost entirely, and the whole town has settled down to cope with realities and has abandoned frivolities.

Much of this, of course, was originally due to the situation during the week before this article was written, when the banks closed, following the closing of the Stock Exchange; and money immediately became the scarcest commodity in London. It was impossible to get gold, and no person would trust himself to give change for a five-pound Bank of England note. This was due not to any fear of the stability of the currency, but to a fear of what might happen. It was the inevitable preliminary—semi-panic. For three or four days the ordinary sources of credit were closed. A man with a five-pound note could get neither gold nor silver for it, because everybody who had gold was clinging to it. The ordinary travelers' checks and letters of credit were useless. They would not be honored at any price. American gold certificates were subject to heavy discount—if they were taken at all—as was American gold; and a man who had French or German paper money might as well have had so much wrapping paper, for all the good it did him. Immediate steps were taken by Parliament to remedy this situation, which was impossible on the face of it, and was costing the hotelkeepers and all others in trade immense sums.

It was not long before the cadgers came in. Many a man who had a ten-pound note lived luxuriously for five days and did not spend a cent. He would go into a big restaurant or into a café or into a bar, order something, and tender his ten-pound or his five-pound note. No change was forthcoming. No gold or silver was to be had. Then he would gayly tell the vender to charge his drink or his meal or whatever he had had, and as gayly go on to the next place, to repeat the performance. Some wise men, having paper money, went into the post office, bought money orders payable to themselves, and then went along to the next post office and cashed them, thus securing fractional currency, which was more precious than all the paper money in existence.

Daily Reminders of War

IN AN instant the whole financial fabric, so far as a circulating medium went, crumbled to pieces. Nothing was good but gold and silver, and there was little gold and silver to be had, for no man carries any large quantity of coin with him in times of peace. Preparations were made for issuing one-pound and ten-shilling notes; and presently they came out—small slips of white paper, printed in black and showing evidence of hasty preparation. The banks opened on Friday and this situation eased off. The companies against which travelers held checks and other credits began paying, and the banks satisfied immediate needs, though in every bank there was posted conspicuously a notice that under the new banking act the banks were not required to pay out cash.

This experience affected everybody in London, both natives and those Americans who were there, and brought home to everybody exactly what war means financially. It demonstrated the seriousness of the situation. It made everybody get down to hard pan in their thinking and their expenditures. It practically paralyzed business and set the entire country and everybody in it on a basis of prudent conservation of resources. After payment was resumed there was a noticeable lack of careless spending. Every person had had a lesson.

Other reminders came along. The papers printed many notices of dividends deferred and passed. These announcements were all based on the war situation. Shops discharged their help. Factories began running on short time. There were advertisements in the small-advertisement columns of men seeking employment because of the war's effect on their former employment. The great machinery of the stock exchange was stopped and the brokers were idle. Many shops and stores were left shorthanded because of the call to the colors. In a very few days it was realized in London that war is a very serious business indeed.

The public buildings and the billboards were covered overnight with proclamations. After the resignations of Lord Morley and John Burns from the Cabinet and the installation of Lord Kitchener in the War Ministry, things began to move swiftly. Instantly, it seemed, the call for one hundred thousand volunteers was issued. This was headed: "Your King and Your Country Need You!" There were also many bills giving requirements for naval and other service. It was announced there would be two thousand commissions in the army for young unmarried men. There were numerous proclamations by the king. One stated that any British citizen who subscribed to the German war loan, or in any way furnished financial aid to the enemy, would be guilty of high treason. Naval deserters were pardoned. Germans were instructed to present themselves at certain specified places and register. Sandwich men paraded the streets displaying on their boards the proclamation asking for volunteers. Everywhere one looked one saw evidences of war.

The street traffic that roared in other times down the Strand and on the other principal highways was much reduced. The army took many of the big busses for such service as was necessary. Taxicabs were taken, though enough were left to fill all needs. Private automobiles were requisitioned in large numbers, and motor cycles as well. A great supply of horses was purchased. What the War Ministry wanted it took. The initial war credit was a hundred million pounds sterling, or five hundred million dollars; and the need of that sum was apparent. Ocean liners were taken over for use as transports or for such other purposes as the situation demanded. Ports were closed. Everything was subordinated to war.

The first notices in the offices of the railroads were hurriedly written ones, which stated that no inquiries about train service could be answered and no information given, and that travelers went at their own risk. The railroads had been taken over by the government and military needs and uses were paramount. Many trains were discontinued. Schedules were disarranged; but gradually things resumed a semblance of normal and not many people were seriously inconvenienced, though of course there was not the usual immediate service. After a time, when the railroad managers began to find themselves, notices were prepared giving, so far as possible, the new service arrangements. Channel passage, that had been practically stopped, was resumed in a modified way, and at the end of a week it was reasonably easy to get where one wanted to go in England without much inconvenience.

Meantime from all parts of England great trainloads of troops were converging toward stated points, and trainloads of stores and ammunition and all the other paraphernalia of war. The railroads refused to move any horses, carriages, automobiles or cattle for private persons, and freight was delayed all over the island. However, the people soon accustomed themselves to the restrictions and the curtailed traffic proceeded rather smoothly.

It was immediately apparent that though the war may have surprised the people it did not surprise the organizations of the army and the navy. The general staffs were ready. Indeed, it is quite probable that every contingency had been anticipated. This was immediately apparent as soon as the declaration of war had been made, for at that moment the machine began to move; and it moved with tremendous celerity and efficiency. Every man in the machine had a certain duty to perform, a certain wheel to start going, a certain place to fill. Every man simultaneously began his work. There was no confusion of orders, no conflicting of parts. The whole vast machinery began to operate simultaneously; and in all parts of England—as well as in the territorial possessions—each person intrusted with a duty took over that work and performed it.

The restrictions of the censorship are rigorous. It is not possible to go into the detail of military movements, however interesting they may be, or to make more than the briefest and most guarded mention of the operations of either the staffs or the army; but I hope I may be permitted to say that every detail seems to have been arranged and every contingency provided for. The thinking about the problem that had been done extended down to its minor phases.

Bottling Up the News

FOR example, it was decided that the children would be better off in school than on the streets and in the parks and playgrounds; and the schools were opened on the day this article was written. This will curtail many processions of English children wearing cocked hats made of newspapers and carrying British flags, while a drummer marches ahead beating a tattoo on a tin pan, and a captain, armed with a wooden sword, struts in command. There are hundreds of these parades by the children in all parts of the city. They march about for hours with tireless energy, and hope not only to demonstrate their loyalty and patriotism but to gather in a few pennies as well.

This is but an instance of the thoroughness of detail; and over it all there hung the pall of silence. The government established a press bureau and began giving out official dispatches. These were issued every half hour and were summaries of such information as seemed desirable for the people to have. The tickers worked all day and all night, and what they brought was posted in public places; but the hand of the censor was on it all. There were no conjectures, no guesses, no comments. Each newspaper prints each day reviews by military and naval experts of what happens and what may happen; but these reviews confine themselves, when going into speculation, to what the Germans and the Austrians may do and what their strategy may be. Not a word is said about what the English may do or are doing. No matter what the newspapers know of contemplated action by the army and navy, the newspapers say nothing.

There were frequent issues, but news—up to the time this was written, at least—was meager, for the censorship was more rigorous even in other countries than in England. Germany and Austria were sealed books after war was declared by England. The French restrictions on news sending were so extreme that nothing much came but the

official accounts. And the newspapers had their difficulties. Some of them were fearful of a scarcity of paper.

Also, advertisements disappeared as though by magic. Most of the usual advertisers in London withdrew their announcements. Papers were reduced in size—not materially in some instances, but noticeably in all. There was no news but war news. Nothing else was important. American news was practically abolished. There were some short financial dispatches, and a few telegrams from Washington, all bearing on the war; but that was all.

There is no doubt the great editors of England know what was done and is being done by the army and the navy, but not one ventures to print a line that is not official, for war is a serious business, and not the least of its serious sides is the giving of aid and comfort to the enemy by the publication of contemplated military movements. There are plenty of agents of the Germans and Austrians in England keenly alert to get, for use by their countries, advance information of what is contemplated. No one knows that better than the war authorities, and that view has been impressed thoroughly on the newspapers and the correspondents by the censorship and by the general staffs.

Nowhere was that illustrated more strikingly than in the censorship of French cablegrams and telegrams. The government controls the telegraphs and telephones in England, and it took charge of the business of the transatlantic cables. One of the first orders issued was that no code addresses or signatures would be allowed. It was ordered that every telegram and every cablegram must have the full name and address of the receiver and the sender. For example, the correspondent of the New York World is compelled to address his cablegrams as follows: The New York World, Fifty-three Park Row, New York; and sign them with his full name and address.

It was so with private telegrams. A prominent American in London who wanted to cable to Secretary Bryan had his cablegram delayed because he did not know the street and number of the State Department in Washington; and another cablegram was delayed in the same manner because the sender, who was trying to cable to a United States senator, did not know the street and number of the Capitol of the United States. The use of French in telegrams to Switzerland was made obligatory, and no code words or ciphers of any kind were allowed in any message.

War Poets Turn Out Poor Stuff

OF COURSE some of this seemed absurd, and there was much complaint until it was discovered that, according to an unofficial story, the Germans long ago registered a large number of code cable addresses and signatures in New York, and that these code addresses and signatures in reality were code messages in addition to being code addresses. Hence, by sending a cablegram to a prearranged code address and signing it with a prearranged code signature the Germans were able to send valuable information gleaned in London to New York for transmission to Germany. This shrewd game was at once blocked by the full address and signature requirement; and, though that made cabling to America a rather expensive business, it at least withheld the cabler from the suspected spy class.

So far as war news is concerned there are no correspondents with the fleet and few near the battle lines. All those who are in the field are subjected to the same rigid censorship, and no dispatches are sent out or received that in any way disclose any contemplated military action or movement. The French restrictions are even more severe than those of the English. All correspondents with the French army must be of French nationality or belong to one of the countries allied with France. All messages from such correspondents must be written in French and transmitted by mail. All correspondence, both professional and private, must pass through the hands of the censors; and any journalist or correspondent who attempts to do any work without a special permit from the War Ministry will be liable to arrest and to be court-martialed for espionage.

Thus it will be seen what I mean when I say this is a silent war, and will be. The government press bureau will furnish the important news gathered from the official dispatches. The censors will see to it that no individual oversteps the lines laid down. Undoubtedly the most detailed consideration has been given to this phase of the war—its publicity—and undoubtedly there will be few unauthorized attempts to circumvent the censorship and supervision. That, I take it, would be a most unhealthy business for the circumventer, and there is no such desire, so far as I can learn. The newspapers are as loyally in the service of the king as the troops or the ships, and the requirements of the censors are cheerfully obeyed.

An interesting phase of the situation is the treatment of the resident Germans in London. I was told there are about thirty thousand Germans in London, or were. As soon as war was declared notices were posted requiring these Germans to present themselves at the nearest police stations and register. Complete track will be kept of their movements. Austrians were allowed to go, and the treatment of Americans has been profoundly courteous. There were a few anti-German demonstrations in the early days of the war, but these were quickly and effectively suppressed; and since that time there has been no trouble. However, shopkeepers with German names have made haste to announce that they are naturalized citizens; and one restaurant keeper, who has a large number of places and a German name, has posted placards in his windows announcing that twenty-five per cent of all his takings will go to the Red Cross Fund.

The names of several German restaurants and cafés have been changed into English, and German dishes have disappeared from bills of fare. The offices of the German steamships here are closed and shuttered. It is reported in the Times that many of the German business men are preparing to sell out if they can, or close their places if they cannot. There were three big German banks in London. The story was that they had been seized, but the official announcement came that these banks could do some business under strict English supervision. This permission extends only to transactions originating before the fifth of April, making the realizable assets of the banks available for the purpose of meeting these liabilities. The banking censor has it in his discretion to refuse to permit any transaction that in his judgment may be prejudicial to the interests of the nation, and can refuse to permit any transaction whatever if that seems desirable. Meantime, for the benefit of English banks and tradespeople, a moratorium, extending to September fourth, was declared.

Every railroad junction and every bridge and reservoir in England has its guard of soldiers; and the constabulary and police are being recruited from former members and from the veteran-soldier class. Also, the English poets have been busy—all save Kipling, who has given no sign as yet. The output, though highly patriotic, has been pretty poor stuff. The Poet Laureate piped his lay some time ago; and on the morning when this was written no less a literary celebrity than Maurice Hewlett weighed in in the Times with four stanzas, of which this is the first:

Fight, since thou must! Strike quick and fierce;
So, when this tyrant for too long
Hath shook the blood out of his ears,
He may have learned the price of wrong.

Mr. Hewlett's riming of fierce and ears was considered fierce itself, even in the extremity of war poetry.

I have been in many parts of London, and have talked with many men in many conditions of life. They all say: "The Kaiser is crazy!" That summarizes the national opinion of the act of the German War Lord in going to war. It also summarizes the national spirit. They do not think England can be beaten. They hold her mistress of the seas. As they view it, any king or potentate who tries to beat Great Britain must be crazy. There is no other explanation.

Last night, in one of the parks, I heard a military band play a medley of the Marseillaise, The Wearing of the Green and God Save the King. It is a great many years now since any person has heard that combination in London, but it typifies the feeling here. Ireland has forgotten her troubles; and Ireland, England and France, with Belgium and Russia to assist, stand shoulder to shoulder to whip the German.

Ten days after war was declared by England ninety-five men out of every hundred—probably ninety-seven—had no more idea of what was going on or had been going on than they would have had if two tribes of black men in Africa had begun hostilities. It is probable that this condition will change long before this article appears in print; but as it is written that is the case and has been the case continuously since the first day of actual war, and long before.

So far as foreknowledge is concerned—knowledge that predated August fifth—the situation seems to have been this: The War Office, the Admiralty, and all therein in important positions, knew war was inevitable for some weeks before it actually came; the government feared it was inevitable, but fought against the admission of that fearful fact and hoped to avert hostilities; the people knew nothing about it one way or the other and considered that the whole trouble was merely a squabble between Austria and Servia, with the usual political demonstrations and ruffling of wings and cock-a-doodle-doos by the Powers, and would amount to nothing but another general European war scare, of which there has been at least one every two years for two decades.

They tell a story of Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, which office corresponds to that of American Secretary of the Navy: Churchill and his officers knew war was coming, and he began to get ready for war in even greater detail and with greater expenditure than ever before.

Protagonists of Peace Dumfounded

YOU must understand that Great Britain's navy is practically always on a war footing, or has been for some years; and the mere ship preparation meant nothing one way or another in increased effort or outlay. What Churchill had to do was not the ordinary things, such as putting ships into commission, extra recruiting, and all that sort of thing; but he had to incur extraordinary expenses.

There are or were in the British Government—the Ministry—several amiable universal-peace protagonists, just as there are some in our Cabinet. They would not believe war was possible and benignantly deprecated its close approach. This, they said, is the twentieth century, and man is no longer a barbarian, but a highly civilized person, who will arbitrate his differences as gentle and peace-loving souls shall dictate. One day at a meeting of the Ministry several ministers who knew of the terror that menaced spoke of the immense cost in treasure such a war would entail on Great Britain and on the world.

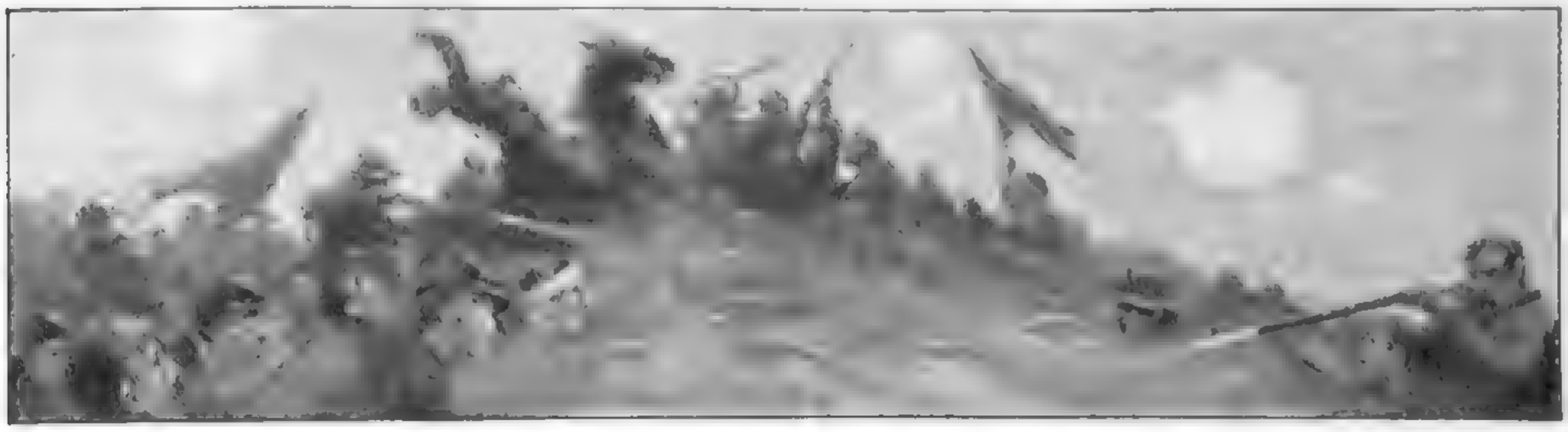
"We shall need a first credit of a hundred million pounds," said Churchill—or half a billion dollars, to express it in our money.

The peace contingent was aghast. This was a considerable time before war was declared. Some members of the Ministry were fighting the idea, protesting that war was impossible; that it would all be settled without bloodshed. These rebuked Churchill. They accused him of youth and overzeal, impetuousness and exaggerated ideas.

"Yes," continued Churchill, "we shall need a hundred million pounds or more as a first credit, and of that hundred millions I have already spent a million and a half on my own initiative. If you do not like what I have done here is my resignation."

That will give an idea of the foreknowledge of the military branches of the government. Long before war seemed possible to any but the trained observers of the general staffs, the First Lord of the Admiralty had spent seven million five hundred thousand dollars of money not yet appropriated to get his ships in proper shape for the tremendous work that lay before them.

(Continued on Page 26)



Sophy-as-She-Might-Have-Been

By EDNA FERBER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

"Do You Know, I Love Paris!"

THE key to the heart of Paris is love. He whose key-ring lacks that magic key never really sees the city, even though he dwell in the shadow of the Sorbonne and comprehend the *fiacre* French of the Paris cabman. Some there are who craftily open the door with a skeleton key; some who ruthlessly batter the panels; some who achieve only a wax impression, which proves to be useless. There are many who travel no farther than the outer gates. You will find them staring blankly at the stone walls; and their plaint is:

"What do they find to rave about in this town?"

Sophy Gold had been eight days in Paris and she had not so much as peeked through the keyhole. In a vague way she realized that she was seeing Paris as a blind man sees the sun—feeling its warmth, conscious of its white light beating on the eyeballs, but never actually beholding its golden glory.

This was Sophy Gold's first trip to Paris, and her heart and soul and business brain were intent on buying the shrewdest possible bill of lingerie and infants' wear for her department at Schiff Brothers', Chicago; but Sophy underestimated the powers of those three guiding parts. While heart, soul and brain were bent dutifully and indefatigably on the lingerie and infants'-wear job they also were registering a series of kaleidoscopic outside impressions.

As she drove from her hotel to the wholesale district, and from the wholesale district to her hotel, there had flashed across her consciousness the picture of the chic little modistes' models and *ouvrières* slipping out at noon to meet their lovers on the corner, to sit over their *sirop* or wine at some little near-by café, hands clasped, eyes glowing.

Stepping out of the lift to ask for her room key, she had come on the black-gowned floor clerk, deep in murmured conversation with the valet, and she had seemed not to see Sophy at all as she groped subconsciously for the key along the rows of keyboxes. She had seen the workmen in their absurdly baggy corduroy trousers and grimy shirts strolling along arm in arm with the women of their class—those untidy women with the tidy hair. Bareheaded and happy, they strolled along, a strange contrast to the glitter of the fashionable boulevard, stopping now and then to gaze wide-eyed at a million-franc necklace in a jeweler's window; then on again with a laugh and a shrug and a caress. She had seen the silent couples in the Tuileries Gardens at twilight.

Once, in the Bois de Boulogne, a slim, sallow *élégant* had bent for what seemed an interminable time over a white hand that was stretched from the window of a motor car. He was standing at the curb, in either greeting or parting, and his eyes were fastened on other eyes within the car even while his lips pressed the white hand.

Then one evening—Sophy reddened now at memory of it—she had turned a quiet corner and come on a boy and girl. The girl was shabby and sixteen; the boy pale, voluble, smiling.

Evidently they were just parting. Suddenly, as she passed, the boy had caught the girl in his arms there on the street corner in the daylight, and had kissed her—not the quick, resounding smack of casual leave-taking, but a long, silent kiss that left the girl limp.

Sophy stood rooted to the spot, between horror and fascination. The boy's arm brought the girl upright and set her on her feet.

She took a long breath, straightened her hat, and ran on to rejoin her girl friend awaiting her calmly up the street. She was not even flushed; but Sophy was. Sophy was blushing hotly and burning uncomfortably, so that her eyes smarted.

Just after her late dinner on the eighth day of her Paris stay, Sophy Gold was seated in the hotel lobby. Paris was thronged with American business buyers—those clever, capable, shrewd-eyed women who swarm on the city in June and strip it of its choicest flowers, from ball gowns to back combs. Sophy tried to pick them from the multitude that swept past her. It was not difficult. The women visitors to Paris in June drop easily into their proper slots.

There were the pretty American girls and their marvelously young-looking mammas, both out-Frenching the French in their efforts to look Parisian; there were rows of fat, placid, jewel-laden Argentine mothers, each with a watchful eye on her black-eyed, volcanically calm, bepowdered daughter; and there were the buyers, miraculously dressy in next week's styles in suits and hats of the old-girl type most of them, alert, self-confident, capable.

They usually returned to their hotels at six, limping a little, dog-tired; but at sight of the brightly lighted, gay hotel foyer they would straighten up like warhorses scenting battle and achieve an effective entrance from the doorway to the lift.

In all that big, busy foyer Sophy Gold herself was the one person distinctly out of the picture. One did not know where to place her. To begin with, a woman as irrevocably, irredeemably ugly as Sophy was an anachronism in Paris. She belonged to the gargoyle period. You found yourself speculating on whether it was her mouth or her nose that made her so devastatingly plain, only to bring up at her eyes and find that they alone were enough to wreck any ambitions toward beauty. You knew before you saw it that her hair would be limp and straggling.

You sensed without a glance at them that her hands would be bony, with unlovely knuckles.

The Fates, grinning, had done all that. Her Chicago tailor and milliner had completed the work. Sophy had not been in Paris ten minutes before she noticed that they were wearing 'em long and full. Her coat was short and her skirt scant. Her hat was small. The Paris windows were full of large and graceful black velvets of the Lillian Russell school.

"May I sit here?"

Sophy looked up into the plump, pink, smiling face of one of those very women of the buyer type on whom she had speculated ten minutes before—a good-natured face with shrewd, twinkling eyes. At sight of it you forgave her her skittish white-kid-topped shoes.

"Certainly," smiled Sophy, and moved over a bit on the little French settee.

The plump woman sat down heavily. In five minutes Sophy was conscious she was being stared at surreptitiously. In ten minutes she was uncomfortably conscious of it. In eleven minutes she turned her head suddenly and caught the stout woman's eyes fixed on her, with just the baffled, speculative expression she had expected to find in them. Sophy Gold had caught that look in many women's eyes. She smiled grimly now.

"Don't try it," she said. "It's of no use."

The pink, plump face flushed pinker.

"Don't try ——"

"Don't try to convince yourself that if I wore my hair differently, or my collar tighter, or my hat larger, it would make a difference in my looks. It wouldn't. It's hard to believe that I'm as homely as I look, but I am. I've watched women try to dress me in as many as eleven mental changes of costume before they gave me up."

"But I didn't mean—I beg your pardon—you mustn't think ——"

"Oh, that's all right! I used to struggle, but I'm used to it now. It took me a long time to realize that this was my real face and the only kind I could ever expect to have."

The plump woman's kindly face grew kinder.

"But you're really not so ——"

"Oh, yes, I am. Upholstering can't change me. There are various kinds of homely women—some who are hideous in blue maybe, but who soften up in pink. Then there's the one you read about, whose features are lighted up now and then by one of those rare, sweet smiles that make her plain face almost beautiful. But once in a while you find a woman who is ugly in any color of the rainbow; who is ugly smiling or serious, talking or in repose, hair down low or hair done high—just plain dyed-in-the-wool, sewed-in-the-seam homely. I'm that kind. Here for a visit?"

"I'm a buyer," said the plump woman.

"Yes; I thought so. I'm the lingerie and infants'-wear buyer for Schiff, Chicago."

"A buyer!" The plump woman's eyes jumped uncontrollably again to Sophy Gold's scrambled features. "Well! My name's Miss Morrissey—Ella Morrissey. Millinery for Abelman's, Pittsburgh. And it's no snap this year, with the shops showing postage-stamp hats one day and cart-wheels the next. I said this morning that I envied the head of the tinware department. Been over often?"

Sophy made the shamefaced confession of the novice:

"My first trip."

The inevitable answer came:

"Your first! Really! This is my twentieth crossing. Been coming over twice a year for ten years. If there's anything I can tell you, just ask. The first buying trip to Paris is hard until you know the ropes. Of course you love this town?"

Sophy Gold sat silent a moment, hesitating. Then she turned a puzzled face toward Miss Morrissey.

"What do people mean when they say they love Paris?"

Ella Morrissey stared. Then a queer look came into her face—a pitying sort of look. The shrewd eyes softened. She groped for words.

"When I first came over here, ten years ago, I—well, it would have been easier to tell you then. I don't know—there's something about Paris—something in the atmosphere—something in the air. It—it makes you do foolish things. It makes you feel queer and light and happy. It's nothing you can put your finger on and say 'That's it!' But it's there."

"Huh!" grunted Sophy Gold. "I suppose I could save myself a lot of trouble by saying that I feel it; but I don't. I simply don't react to this town. The only things I really like in Paris are the Tomb of Napoleon, the Seine at night, and the strawberry tart you get at Vian's. Of course the parks and boulevards are a marvel, but you can't expect me to love a town for that. I'm no landscape gardener."

That pitying look deepened in Miss Morrissey's eyes.

"Have you been out in the evening? The restaurants! The French women! The life!"

Sophy Gold caught the pitying look and interpreted it without resentment; but there was perhaps an added acid in her tone when she spoke.

"I'm here to buy—not to play. I'm thirty years old, and it's taken me ten years to work my way up to foreign buyer. I've worked. And I wasn't handicapped any by my beauty. I've made up my mind that I'm going to buy the smoothest-moving line of French lingerie and infants' wear that Schiff Brothers ever had."

Miss Morrissey checked her.

"But, my dear girl, haven't you been round at all?"

"Oh, a little; as much as a woman can go round alone in Paris—even a homely woman. But I've been disappointed every time. The noise drives me wild, to begin with. Not that I'm not used to noise. I am. I can stand for a town that roars, like Chicago. But this city yelps. I've been going round to the restaurants a little. At noon I always picked the restaurant I wanted, so long as I had to pay for

"This Little Hand Was Never Meant for Work," He Murmured

the lunch of the *commissionnaire* who was with me anyway. Can you imagine any man at home letting a woman pay for his meals the way those shrimpy Frenchmen do?

"Well, the restaurants were always jammed full of Americans. The men of the party would look over the French menu in a helpless sort of way, and then they'd say: 'What do you say to a nice big steak with French-fried potatoes?' The waiter would give them a disgusted look and put in the order. They might just as well have been eating at a quick lunch place. As for the French women, every time I picked what I took to be a real Parisienne coming toward me I'd hear her say as she passed: 'Henry, I'm going over to the Galerie Lafayette. I'll meet you at the American Express at twelve. And, Henry, I think I'll need some more money.'"

Miss Ella Morrissey's twinkling eyes almost disappeared in wrinkles of laughter; but Sophy Gold was not laughing. As she talked she gazed grimly ahead at the throng that shifted and glittered and laughed and chattered all about her.

"I stopped work early one afternoon and went over across the river. Well! They may be artistic, but they all looked as though they needed a shave and a hair-cut and a square meal. And the girls!"

Ella Morrissey raised a plump, protesting palm.

"Now look here, child, Paris isn't so much a city as a state of mind. To enjoy it you've got to forget you're an American. Don't look at it from a Chicago, Illinois, viewpoint. Just try to imagine you're a mixture of Montmartre girl, Latin Quarter model and duchess from the Champs-Elysées. Then you'll get it."

"Get it!" retorted Sophy Gold. "If I could do that I wouldn't be buying lingerie and infants' wear for Schiffs'. I'd be crowding Duse and Bernhardt and Mrs. Fiske off the boards."

Miss Morrissey sat silent and thoughtful, rubbing one fat forefinger slowly up and down her knee. Suddenly she turned.

"Don't be angry—but have you ever been in love?"

"Look at me!" replied Sophy Gold simply. Miss Morrissey reddened a little. "As head of the lingerie section I've selected trousseaus for I don't know how many Chicago brides; but I'll never have to decide whether I'll have pink or blue ribbons for my own."

With a little impulsive gesture Ella Morrissey laid one hand on the shoulder of her new acquaintance.

"Come on up and visit me, will you? I made them give me an inside room, away from the noise. Too many people down here. Besides, I'd like to take off this armor-plate of mine and get comfortable. When a girl gets as old and fat as I am ——"

"There are some letters I ought to get out," Sophy Gold protested feebly.

"Yes; I know. We all have; but there's such a thing as overdoing this duty to the firm. You get up at six to-morrow morning and slap off those letters. They'll come easier and sound less tired."

They made for the lift; but at its very gates:

"Hello, little girl!" cried a masculine voice; and a detaining hand was laid on Ella Morrissey's plump shoulder.

That lady recognized the voice and the greeting before she turned to face their source. Max Tack, junior partner in the firm of Tack Brothers, Lingerie and Infants' Wear, New York, held out an eager hand.

"Hello, Max!" said Miss Morrissey not too cordially. "My, aren't you dressy!"

He was undeniably dressy—not that only, but radiant with the self-confidence born of good looks, of well-fitting evening clothes, of a fresh shave, of glistening nails. Max Tack, of the hard eye and the soft smile, of the slim figure and the semi-bald head, of the flattering tongue and the business brain, bent his attention full on the very plain Miss Sophy Gold.

"Aren't you going to introduce me?" he demanded.

Miss Morrissey introduced them, buyer fashion—names, business connection and firms.

"I knew you were Miss Gold," began Max Tack, the honey-tongued. "Some one pointed you out to me yesterday. I've been trying to meet you ever since."

"I hope you haven't neglected your business," said Miss Gold without enthusiasm.

Max Tack leaned closer, his tone lowered.

"I'd neglect it any day for you. Listen, little one: aren't you going to take dinner with me some evening?"

Max Tack always called a woman "Little one." It was part of his business formula. He was only one of the wholesalers who go to Paris yearly ostensibly to buy models, but really to pay heavy diplomatic court to those hundreds of women buyers who flock to that city in the interests of their firms. To entertain those buyers who were interested in goods such as he manufactured in America; to win their friendship; to make them feel under obligation at least to inspect his line when they came to New York—that was Max Tack's mission in Paris. He performed it admirably.

"We Met Max Tack Downstairs, Looking Like a Grand Duke!"

"What evening?" he said now. "How about to-morrow?" Sophy Gold shook her head. "Wednesday then? You stick to me and you'll see Paris. Thursday?"

"I'm buying my own dinners," said Sophy Gold.

Max Tack wagged a chiding forefinger at her.

"You little rascal!" No one had ever called Sophy Gold a little rascal before. "You stingy little rascal! Won't give a poor lonesome fellow an evening's pleasure, eh! The theater? Want to go slumming?"

He was feeling his way now, a trifle puzzled. Usually he landed a buyer at the first shot. Of course you had to use tact and discrimination. Some you took to supper and to the naughty *revues*.

Occasionally you found a highbrow one who preferred the opera. Had he not sat through Parsifal the week before? And nearly died! Some wanted to begin at Tod Sloan's bar and work their way up through Montmartre, ending with breakfast at the Pré Catelan. Those were the greedy ones. But this one!

"What's she stalling for—with that face?" he asked himself.

Sophy Gold was moving toward the lift, the twinkling-eyed Miss Morrissey with her.

"I'm working too hard to play. Thanks, just the same. Good night."

Max Tack, his face blank, stood staring up at them as the lift began to ascend.

"*Trazyem*," said Miss Morrissey grandly to the lift man.

"Third," replied that linguistic person, unimpressed.

It turned out to be soothingly quiet and cool in Ella Morrissey's room. She flicked on the light and turned an admiring glance on Sophy Gold.

"Is that your usual method?"

"I haven't any method." Miss Gold seated herself by the window. "But I've worked too hard for this job of mine to risk it by putting myself under obligations to any New York firm. It simply means that you've got to buy their goods. It isn't fair to your firm."

Miss Morrissey was busy with hooks and eyes and strings. Her utterance was jerky but concise. At one stage of her disrobing she breathed a great sigh of relief as she flung a heavy garment from her.

"There! That's comfort! Nights like this I wish I had that back porch of our flat to sit on for just an hour. Ma has flower boxes all round it, and I bought one of those hammock couches last year. When I come home from the store summer evenings I peel and get into my old blue-and-white kimono and lie there, listening to the girl stirring the iced tea for supper, and knowing that ma has a platter of her swell cold fish with egg sauce!" She relaxed into an armchair. "Tell me, do you always talk to men that way?"

Sophy Gold was still staring out the open window.

"They don't bother me much, as a rule."

"Max Tack isn't a bad boy. He never wastes much time on me. I don't buy his line. Max is all business. Of course he's something of a smarty, and he does think he's the first verse and chorus of Paris-by-night; but you can't help liking him."

"Well, I can," said Sophy Gold, and her voice was a little bitter, "and without half trying."

"Oh, I don't say you weren't right. I've always made it a rule to steer clear of the ax-grinders myself. There are plenty of girls who take everything they can get. I know that Max Tack is just padded with letters from old girls, beginning 'Dear Kid,' and ending, 'Yours with a world of love!' I don't believe in that kind of thing, or in accepting things. Julia Harris, who buys for three departments in our store, rides up every morning in the French car that Parmentier's gave her when she was here last year. That's bad principle and poor taste. But—— Well, you're young; and there ought to be something besides business in your life."

Sophy Gold turned her face from the window toward Miss Morrissey. It served to put a stamp of finality on what she said:

"There never will be. I don't know anything but business. It's the only thing I care about. I'll be earning my ten thousand a year pretty soon."

"Ten thousand a year is a lot; but it isn't everything. Oh, no, it isn't. Look here, dear; nobody knows better than I how this working and being independent and earning your own good money puts the stopper on any sentiment a girl might have in her; but don't let it sour you. You lose your illusions soon enough, goodness knows! There's no use in smashing 'em out of pure meanness."

"I don't see what illusions have got to do with Max Tack," interrupted Sophy Gold.

Miss Morrissey laughed her fat, comfortable chuckle.

"I suppose you're right, and I guess I've been getting a lee-tle bit nosey; but I'm pretty nearly old enough to be your mother. The girls kind of come to me and I talk to 'em. I guess they've spoiled me. They ——"

There came a smart rapping at the door, followed by certain giggling and swishing. Miss Morrissey smiled.

"That'll be some of 'em now. Just run and open the door, will you, like a nice little thing? I'm too beat out to move."

The swishing swelled to a mighty rustle as the door opened. Taffeta was good this year, and the three who entered were the last in the world to leave you in ignorance of that fact. Ella Morrissey presented her new friend to the three, giving the department that each represented as one would mention a title or order.

"The little plump one in black?—Ladies' and Misses' Ready-to-wear, Gates Company, Portland. . . . That's a pretty hat, Carrie. Get it to-day? Give me a big black velvet every time. You can wear 'em with anything, and yet they're dressy too. Just now small hats are distinctly passy.

"The handsome one who's dressed the way you always imagined the Parisiennes would dress, but don't?—Fancy Goods, Stein & Stack, San Francisco. Listen, Fan: don't go back to San Francisco with that stuff on your lips. It's all right in Paris, where all the women do it; but you know as well as I do that Morry Stein would take one look at you and then tell you to go upstairs and wash your face. Well, I'm just telling you as a friend.

"That little trick is the biggest lace buyer in the country. . . . No, you wouldn't, would you? Such a mite! Even if she does wear a twenty-eight blouse she's got a forty-two brain—haven't you, Belle? You didn't make a mistake with that blue crêpe de Chine, child. It's chic and yet it's girlish. And you can wear it on the floor, too, when you get home. It's quiet if it is stunning."

These five, as they sat there that June evening, knew what your wife and your sister and your mother would wear on Fifth Avenue or Michigan Avenue next October. On their shrewd, unerring judgment rested the success or failure of many hundreds of feminine garments. The lace for Miss Minnesota's lingerie; the jeweled comb in Miss Colorado's hair; the hat that would grace Miss New Hampshire; the dress for Madam Delaware—all were the results of their far-sighted selection. They were foragers of feminine fal-lals, and their booty would be distributed from oyster cove to orange grove.

They were marcelled and manicured within an inch of their lives. They rustled and a pleasant perfume clung about them. Their hats were so smart that they gave you a shock. Their shoes were correct. Their skirts bunched where skirts should bunch that year or lay smooth where smoothness was decreed. They looked like the essence of frivolity—until you saw their eyes; and then you noticed that that which is liquid in sheltered women's eyes was crystallized in theirs.

Sophy Gold, listening to them, felt strangely out of it and plainer than ever.

"I'm taking tango lessons, Ella," chirped Miss Laces. "Every time I went to New York last year I sat and twiddled my thumbs while every one else was dancing. I've made up my mind I'll be in it this year."

"You girls are wonders!" Miss Morrissey marveled. "I can't do it any more. If I was to work as hard as I have to during the day and then run round the way you do in the evening they'd have to hold services for *me* at sea. I'm getting old."

"You—old!" This from Miss Ready-to-Wear. "You're younger now than I'll ever be. Oh, Ella, I got six stunning models at Estelle Mornet's. There's a business woman for you! Her place is smart from the ground floor up—not like the shabby old junk shops the others have. And she greets you herself. The personal touch! Let me tell you, it counts in business!"

"I'd go slow on those cape blouses if I were you; I don't think they're going to take at home. They look like regular Third Avenue style to me."

"Don't worry. I've hardly touched them."

They talked very directly, like men, when they discussed clothes; for to them a clothes talk meant a business talk.

The telephone buzzed. The three sprang up, rustling.

"That'll be for us, Ella," said Miss Fancy Goods. "We told the office to call us here. The boys are probably downstairs." She answered the call, turned, nodded, smoothed her gloves and preened her laces.

Ella Morrissey, in kimonoed comfort, waved a good-by from her armchair. "Have a good time! You all look lovely. Oh, we met Max Tack downstairs, looking like a grand duke'"

Pert Miss Laces turned at the door, giggling.

"He says the French aristocracy has nothing on him, because his grandfather was one of the original Ten Ikes of New York."

A final crescendo of laughter, a last swishing of silks, a breath of perfume from the doorway and they were gone.

Within the room the two women sat looking at the closed door for a moment. Then Ella Morrissey turned to look at Sophy Gold just as Sophy Gold turned to look at Ella Morrissey.

"Well?" smiled Ella.

Sophy Gold smiled too—a mirthless, one-sided smile.

"I felt just like this once when I was a little girl. I went to a party, and all the other little girls had yellow curls. Maybe some of them had brown ones; but I only remember a maze of golden hair, and pink and blue sashes, and rosy cheeks, and ardent little boys, and the sureness of those little girls—their absolute faith in their power to enthrall, and in the perfection of their curls and sashes. I went home before the ice cream. And I love ice cream!"

Ella Morrissey's eyes narrowed thoughtfully.

"Then the next time you're invited to a party you wait for the ice cream, girlie."

"Maybe I will," said Sophy Gold.

The party came two nights later. It was such a very modest affair that one would hardly call it that—least of all Max Tack, who had spent seventy-five dollars the night before in entertaining an important prospective buyer.

On her way to her room that sultry June night Sophy had encountered the persistent Tack. Ella Morrissey, up

(Continued on Page 57)

Cutting Down Some Staple Unnecessaries

The Three Costly Little Wastes of Dust, Noise and Vibration

By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

ACCIDENTS, poor lighting and smoke are three industrial wastes so big that to-day the business world is dealing with them as important issues, taking steps for their reduction on every hand. Along with these three major unnecessaries go three minor wastes—not quite so prominent, but issues just the same. These are dust, noise and vibration; and already much prevention work is being done on them in a quiet way.

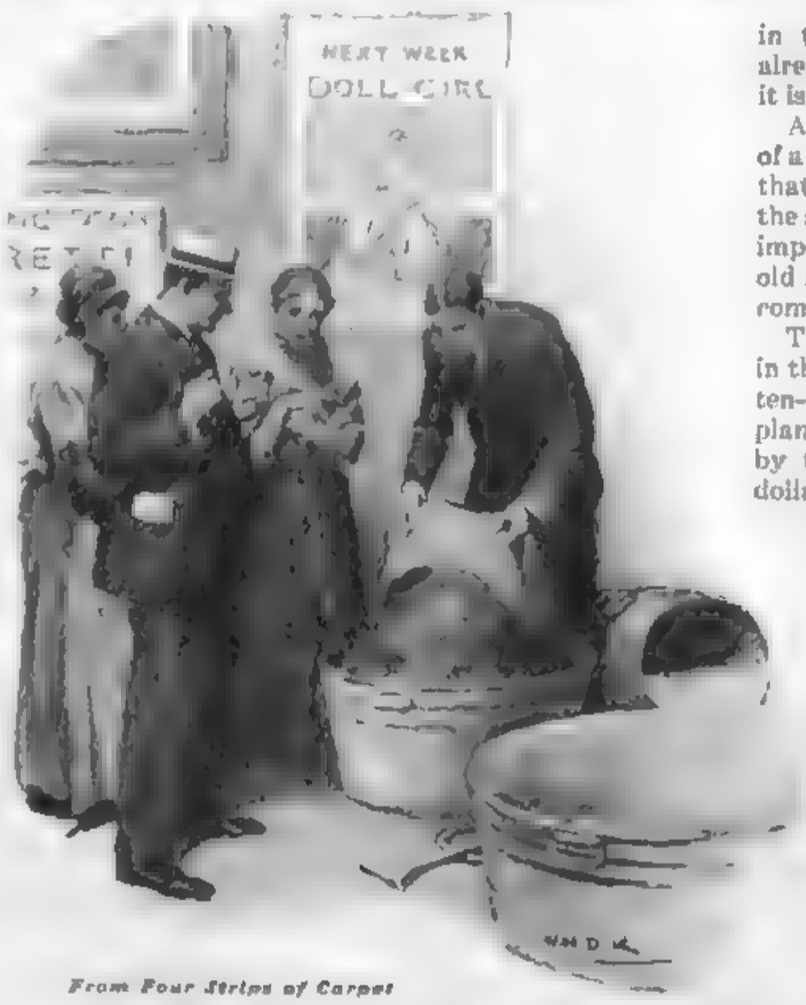
In a large department store, housed in a group of old buildings thrown together to get space as the business grew, the damage from dust and soot was a definite loss item, appearing on the books as depreciation of goods and high cost for cleaning. A new building was erected for the business, equipped with a modern dust-prevention system. Direct savings paid for this system in a year or two.

In a big shoe factory the superintendent was worried by cripples, which are shoes rejected at the final inspection for defects, caused chiefly through the soiling of fancy leathers and fabrics. Shoe fashions have run persistently to light-colored leathers and fine fabrics lately, and the cripple loss on these millinery shoes is very high. When the superintendent dealt with this difficulty as a dust problem he was able not only to reduce the losses but to raise wages.

In breweries, creameries, canning plants, yeast factories, packing houses, and in every business where food is handled, dust means direct lowering of quality, if not actual spoiling. In running pneumatic drills, hammers and riveters, cooling motors, dynamos and other machinery, dust elimination greatly lengthens machine life. Damage to goods and equipment is only part of the dust losses in business; for in mines, flour mills, and other places where dusty operations are carried on, there is constant danger from dust explosions.

For years every coal-mine explosion was attributed to vague gases and damps. Then, in England, a test was conducted by mixing coal dust in the atmosphere under what were held to be dangerous conditions for a mine; and this mixture, entirely free from any gas, was fired and exploded. Later, an artificial mine was constructed for a similar test in this country; and the explosion was quite successful—wrecking the mine.

Powdered coal, handled carelessly at cement mills, far from mine gases, has exploded destructively, and among recent notable dust explosions have been one of paper dust in France, one of dust from seeds in England, and grain-dust and sawdust explosions in the United States. Flour, starch, sugar, and even cork dust, are as dangerous as gunpowder under certain conditions, mostly preventable.



From Four Strips of Carpet in the Aisles More Than a Tubful of Dust Was Taken

On top of the explosive dusts come those that are poisonous or responsible for industrial diseases, such as dusts incident to potteries, foundries, textile mills, grinding, and so on. So finally the whole subject of dust is up for consideration and prevention and is being dealt with on a sound engineering basis, according to the specific conditions.

A new expert known as the dust engineer begins to emerge from the engineering profession and set up practice in these particular problems, and improvements have already gone so far that nowadays when dust makes trouble it is well to see what is available in the way of prevention.

About the first aim in this field is to keep all the dust out of a building where it is making trouble; and to accomplish that the expert sets himself no less a task than washing all the air that enters. It sounds to the layman like one of the impossible tasks given the hero by the wicked giant in an old fairy story; but in the fairyland of modern power it is comparatively easy.

Ten or twelve years ago a palatial new hotel was opened in the city of New York. One of its famous luxuries was a ten-thousand-dollar bed; and another was its air-washing plant, by which every cubic foot of atmosphere breathed by the guests was carefully laundered. Ten-thousand-dollar beds are still rather scarce, but air washing has since become so common that to-day many men who carry dinner pails and many girl clerks at ten dollars a week work in a factory or store where the atmosphere is as clean as it was in the most wonderful metropolitan hotel of a decade ago. Indeed, the factory and store of to-morrow will have nothing but washed air, warmed in winter and cooled in summer, with the humidity carefully adjusted for comfort and health. The windows in such buildings will be unopenable, because the engineer regards an open window not only as a source of contamination but as a leak in his system corresponding to a broken pipe in a water supply.

Air was cleansed at first by passing it through cheesecloth screens; but now the common practice is to wash it with water sprays that take out as much as ninety-eight per cent of dirt and dust, after which it is distributed through the building. City dust is complex. It contains finely divided horse manure, bacteria, soot, ashes, sand, lime, brick dust, and particles of steel from wheels and rails.

One has only to see the accumulations of the air-washing system to be won over to the practice of washing air—or to smell it, rather; for the accumulation from a large building soon runs into wagonloads, and the odor from miscellaneous decomposing matter is far more offensive than from sewage.

Some kinds of buildings do not lend themselves to air washing. The food-canning plant in a country neighborhood is a fair example. Used only a few weeks in the year,

its construction and equipment cannot be costly. Dust is greatly reduced, however, by sprinkling the roads round such a building with oil, by the free use of water and steam indoors to keep everything clean and moist, and also by means of powerful ventilating fans. In a canning plant the big blower even takes the place of fly screens; for if an inquisitive fly gets in at one end of the building to see what is going on the big blower whisks him out a window at the other end, about a quarter of a mile off and in about a quarter of a second. Even a small fan placed to blow downward and outward through an open doorway will prevent the entrance of flies and dust.

For dust that gains entrance to a building there is the vacuum system of cleaning, a method of dirt removal that was not feasible until flexible electric power became available for operation in all sorts of places, but which is now becoming universal. Even street cleaning is being done with vacuum cleaners, and through their use cleanliness has been put on a wholly different plane.

A theater was carefully swept and dusted in the old way. Then a small vacuum cleaner was put at work, and from four strips of carpet in the aisles more than a tubful of dust was taken.

In factories vacuum cleaning is used to eliminate all sorts of dust made in the processes. It sucks the sand and fine particles of metal from castings, and cleans out otherwise inaccessible cavities. It deals with paper lint on printing presses, textile lint in wool and cotton mills, powder left after rubbing down paint, grinding metal, and so on. In one big shop the dusty work is handled on a vacuum bench, with openings leading to a big vacuum pump, and every whiff of dust made on that bench disappears instantly; and without this arrangement the room would be filled with a perpetual dust haze.

Yesterday vacuum cleaning was quite a ceremony. A strange wagon drove up outside the building to be treated, hose were run into the windows, and an engine puffed while a crowd watched; but to-day vacuum plants are built into stores, offices and factories as an indispensable equipment.

Many processes are naturally dust processes. If metal is to be ground, fibers cleaned, or wood and leather shaved and sandpapered, there will be dust. And dust is somewhat like smoke, in that many industries are quietly contributing to the sum total without being under suspicion. The street-car system of Boston, for example, hauled from the seashore last year and used on the rails—to overcome slipperiness and assist braking—as much sand as would have been removed in digging a ditch two feet deep four feet wide and two miles long.

Great improvements, however, have been made in equipment for carrying on dusty processes in clean ways. Hoods and collector pipes are now attached to saws, planers, grinding and buffing wheels, and similar apparatus; and the dust disappears by suction as fast as it is produced. Sand-blast cleaning of castings was formerly done by a workman muffled in hood and respirator, and shut off in a sort of condemned cell by himself. Now it is probably done in a self-contained machine, which never lets a particle of dust or sand escape.

Noxious and deadly fumes go along with the dust; and dustless production is achieved not only on a small scale, as in the making of a pair of shoes indoors, but on a grand scale outdoors in the dustless dumping of whole carloads of coal at the mouth of a mine.

Cleanliness Next to Profits

DUSTLESSNESS pays. Cleanliness is next to profits. The installation of a collector system to carry away leather dust and chips from certain machines has effected as much as twenty-five per cent increase in production in that department of a shoe factory. In automobile works, where brass and aluminum are ground together, proper regulation of the dust-collector suction automatically separates the lighter aluminum dust from the brass.

For explosive dusts there are various remedies. In mills where they can be collected by a vacuum system the problem is not difficult. Danger can then be done away with by reasonable steps to secure comfortable working conditions for employees. Education on the hazardous nature of inflammable dusts is a preventive in many cases. A fatal explosion of paper dust was caused not long ago by oil lanterns used in cleaning out the dust chamber of a vacuum system in an otherwise safe factory, and with electric lights or outside lighting there would have been no trouble.

About the hardest problem is found in coal mines, where dangerous dust is produced by the ton every day and scattered over miles of roadway and workings, the removal of which by vacuum or other means is next to impossible.

The best preventive found thus far seems to be that of fighting dust with dust. Sprinkling has been tried to keep the air free from inflammable dust mixture. Salt has been scattered over the floors to gather moisture and prevent dust from rising. The dust has been cleared from parts of the mine to form barriers, over which the flame from a dust explosion is not likely to pass. Now, however, the best results seem to come from the scattering of stone and clay dust over the coal dust throughout the mine. This makes the coal dust nonexplosive, and sections treated with the noninflammable dusts form better barriers against an explosion than the old dustless barriers.

When it comes to abolishing noise and vibration, the business world has just about made a good beginning, with promises of great achievements in the near future. Five years ago, if anybody objected to factory noises, inside or out, he was thought unreasonable.

A woman in the city of New York organized an antinoise society because it was reported that there was one in Germany, and set herself the task of reducing the volume of tugboat whistling on the rivers at night. The newspapers welcomed her to their columns and proceeded to get all the nonsense out of the new idea before dealing with its sense.

The Automobile Has Been the Greatest Educator in Silent-Machine Design

In another city there was a factory with a big steam whistle and a code of signals for calling executives from the office whenever they happened to be needed. A dozen times daily the peace of the whole neighborhood was shattered by a series of long and short blasts for the superintendent, the sales manager or the bookkeeper. The neighborhood protested and the factory people thought the neighborhood unreasonable. A committee of business men waited on the management to see whether the nuisance could not be stopped; but the management insisted that its routine depended on this practice.

Finally the affair was taken into court, and there the judge suggested that a similar code of signals could be sounded all through the works on the factory's intercommunicating telephones. The factory people agreed to try it and it worked beautifully, so that it was necessary to blow the big whistle only at morning and noon. But they had to be brought into court to learn of as simple a scheme as that!

Since then the idea of noiseless production has been growing. The business world is now aware that most noise is waste and that vibration is closely related to noise and is also waste. With that view of the matter, of course, there is a very different attitude toward prevention.

A big machine works had two groups of workers. Several dozen managers, draftsmen, accountants and stenographers were quartered in offices at one end of the plant and carefully shut off from the shops by soundproof partitions, in the belief that they did valuable mental work and must have quiet to think. Several hundred machinists and toolmakers were all thrown together in a big general shop, where noise was allowed to combat noise. Machines roared and chattered, belts screeched, gears groaned; and every few minutes a giant planer in the center of the hubbub reversed with a noise and vibration that shook the building.

Somebody became interested in the fact that many of the mechanics were better paid than office help, and that they had to use as much brains in their work as draftsmen or accountants. A campaign against noise was started. The big planer went into a soundproof room of its own, shafting was overhauled and silent gears introduced. In a little while it was found that men did better work, more of it, and were better-tempered through the day and less tired at night.

Noise and vibration inside a factory often indicate something out of balance. When the trouble is studied the cause can be found; and when the cause is corrected the machinery will run more nearly silent, last longer, need fewer repairs, and, what is perhaps the most important issue to-day, be capable of operation at higher speeds. In a broad way the development of faster machinery is leading to better-balanced and quieter machinery.

Not long ago a new machine was installed in a shoe factory, and the operator complained that it did not do so much work as the device which had been discarded. Investigation showed that it really did twenty-five per cent more work, but was quieter. The operator made the common mistake of associating noise with speed; but speed nowadays is apt to mean less noise, and that is what engineers mean when they say that the noise problem is largely one of better machine design.

Much preventable noise in factories is due to poorly designed gears; and in better gears—especially high-speed gears—lies the remedy. A case in point is found in the gears used for applying turbine power to ship propulsion. These gears are economical in coal consumption, but the early types made a curious whistling noise, which an English engineer likened to a canary singing under forced draft. Better gears have overcome the objection; and in factories generally gears are being quieted by improved design, more skillful cutting and balance, and the use of gear pinions made of rawhide, cloth, paper, and other substances that work silently.

Noisy belts are being replaced with silent chain drives, shafting is giving way to individual motors for each machine, and machinery that is responsible for less preventable noise is being set on better foundations or shut up by itself.

The Twin Brother of Noise

THE automobile has been the greatest educator in silent-machine design; for in this popular convenience engineers first found a market demand for silent machinery, together with the money to develop it. Early automobiles made as much noise as a threshing machine; but the car of to-day is a marvel in silence, and the methods employed on it to secure silent operation are being applied to other machinery.

Not long ago an automobile salesman gave a striking demonstration of how quiet the modern car has become. One of his prospective customers attached vast importance to silence, and the salesman gave him a ride that involved crossing a river on a ferryboat, where motors must be stopped while the boat is in transit. It was understood that the automobile's engine would be left running while they were on the boat and that the sale would be off if the ferry crew discovered it. The ferrymen suspected nothing and the car was sold.

Noise outdoors is being dealt with in the same spirit. Not only is the factory whistle being abolished as unnecessary, but noises still widely regarded as unpreventable are being lessened. On a big city's elevated railroad system, for instance, engineers designed a special kind of track construction that not only reduced the racket but gave greater life to the roadbed on a section subjected to heavy traffic.

When noisy street bridges on the elevated tracks of a railroad entering another city were studied by engineers, it was found that a deep ballast of sand over the bridges and a smooth undersurface to abolish revibrating air pockets reduced the noise and stopped complaints. Rolling stock and operating methods are being improved to the same end, and a healthy antinoise sentiment cultivated among employees.

Vibration is a real twin of noise when it comes to prevention, and the same care in building better structures, floors and machine foundations produces as pleasant results. It is still believed that some types of machinery cannot be operated without noise and vibration—that saws must screech when they cut through wood or metal and steam hammers must thump; but careful readjustment of the balance in so powerful a machine as a rockcrusher has reduced vibration by as much as a half, lengthening the life of the machine and cutting down repair bills. Carefully designed foundations, the insulation of beams and girders and the use of shock-absorbing materials accomplish the same end.

As the business world understands that this sort of thing pays, the incentive to abolish noise and vibration becomes very direct and practical.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and final article in a series by James H. Collins.

Lorenzo and the Clinging Vine

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

IT WAS spring. In sheltered nooks along the Little Tarkio the dogwoods had unfolded the heart-shaped petals of their early blossoms and in Ben Truwhitt's front yard the lilac bushes made the evening air fragrant. On Ben Truwhitt's front porch his daughter, Laura-Jane, sat in a splint-bottomed rocker and in another splint-bottomed rocker sat Lorenzo Tucker. Both were young—Laura-Jane and Lorenzo, of course, not the chairs—and one of them, if not actually beautiful, was attractive in a fragile, appealing sort of way.

Lorenzo, smiling complacently, extended a hairy and quite sinewy wrist and Laura-Jane timidly put her own beside it. A thin, white, and blue-veined little stick of a wrist, Laura-Jane's was.

"Jist see the difference!" she exclaimed. Awe and admiration were expressed in the tone of her plaintive voice. "Oh, ma!" she called through the open door, "I want for you to come and see something."

"I cain't come," her mother answered from the kitchen with some impatience. "I've got a pesky jar here I cain't onscrew."

"Bring it out here to Lorenzo. He'll open it for you," returned Laura-Jane with a confident smile at Lorenzo.

"Don't Let a Pore, Weak Gal Best You. Put Your Muscle Into It!"

Mrs. Truwhitt, a lean and sallow little woman, appeared at the door holding out a metal-topped glass jar of preserves. Lorenzo took it, twisted it, and lo! it opened. The easiest thing in the world!

"Didn't I tell you!" cried Laura-Jane triumphantly. "Ain't it wonderful how strong he is!"

"Shucks!" ejaculated Lorenzo with an air of splendid indifference. "That ain't nothing."

"Nothing to *you*," supplemented the young woman.

"Well," said her mother jocularly, "I'm bound for to admit that there's times now and then when men folks is handy to have round. 'Tain't often though."

"Pa couldn't have done it nohow," Laura-Jane stoutly maintained.

"Here he is now," said her mother as the head of the household came up from the barn. "You'd better go wash. Supper'll be on in a minute," she continued, addressing her husband.

Mr. Truwhitt, with a proper masculine disregard of the lady's injunction, seated himself on the porch and asked Lorenzo for the news.

"There hain't nothing much," the young man answered. "I met up weth thayer Joe Stramm they've been cracking up as sech a wrastler out in front of Jim Allen's, at Fairfax." He grinned.

"Did you waller him?" inquired Truwhitt.

"I cert'nly did waller him," Lorenzo replied grimly. "I give him underholts and throwed him twice, ker-slam! The boys wanted him to try it again but he wasn't no hawg. He knew when he'd got enough. 'Twicet is a-plenty,' says he. Well, sir, Jim Allen said he wouldn't have believed it if he hadn't seen it. I cert'nly did waller him."

Lorenzo stole a side glance at Laura-Jane. Her expression of breathless interest was all that could have been desired.

"My!" she exclaimed.

"I didn't have to use all my stren'th either," bragged Lorenzo.

"You mought have killed him if you had," drawled Truwhitt, a suspicion of a twinkle in his eye. "You want to be everlasting keerful how you handle a man, Lorenzo. Some of these fine days, not meaning no harm, you'll break a fellow in two or cripple him for life."

"That's what I'm a-skeered of," declared Laura-Jane earnestly.

Her father eyed her for a moment in a disconcerting way. "Gal, go in and he'p your mother weth the supper," he directed. "If you wasn't a-skeered of a cook-stove so much you'd please me better."

Laura-Jane got up obediently, but in going she gave her parent a look that made him feel decidedly uncomfortable. He was a man who loved peace, and there were times when his gentle daughter imparted a liveliness to domestic intercourse that caused him to seek soothing society in the barn.

"She hain't overly strong," remarked Lorenzo in her defense.

"That's a fact," assented Truwhitt. His duty as a father occurring to him, he added, "I was jist coddin' her about the cook-stove. She's right smart of a cook, is Laura-Jane. A good gal."

His manner to Laura-Jane during the evening meal was noticeably affable and, although the conversation was largely concerning feats of strength and skill performed and narrated by Lorenzo Tucker, he was an ideal host and refrained from indulging a certain dry and biting humor that he was cursed with.

Altogether Lorenzo had a very good time. He was vouchsafed a clear hour on the porch alone with his most admiring and appreciative listener, the scent of the lilacs was agreeable and might have been dangerous if he had been talking about something else or not talking at all; the lightning bugs, already flashing from the grass plot and the currant bushes, added to the charm of the quite summery evening, and a whippoorwill called from the grove. A very pretty combination on the whole—if Lorenzo had not been talking or had been talking of something else.

As it was, Laura-Jane walked to the gate with him. She, like her father, warned him to be careful how he exerted his phenomenal muscular development on the rash and unwary. That was not malàpropos, but it had no immediate effect, although it counted. Lorenzo went away with a pleasant feeling of manly superiority, and Laura-Jane was much in his thoughts. Poor, pretty, frail little thing! What a cute, pathetic droop there was to the corners of her mouth! What a trustful, wistful look in her blue eyes! What a hain't-you-real-sorry-for-me note in her low voice! The protective instinct in him was aroused. She needed a stalwart arm to lean on. Well—he flexed his biceps as he walked on and wondered why he had not taken advantage of his opportunity in the kindly obscuring shadows of the elms at the yard gate.

Said Mrs. Truwhitt to her spouse: "Well, what are you thinking of, Ben?"

Responded Truwhitt, putting down the bootjack that he had been absently contemplating: "He's a conceity young pup. I was jist a-thinking I'd like to waller *him* for pastime. Laura-Jane's got him figgered out though. How he does hate for to hear her bragging about his stren'th!"

"She might do worse," said the mother.

"I reckon she might, but how about him, pore fellow!" Ben jeered.

Old Man Tucker, spooning bacon grease on his corn pone and adding a generous flow of "long sweetnin'," considered the problem of the odd quarter-acre patch and made up his mind.

"I reckon inguns is about the onliest thing," he told his athletic son, who was sitting opposite to him at breakfast. "We'll plant the beans and eke out with inguns. Lucius Stegg has got more sets than he knows what to do with and you might as well take a sack and go over and get 'em."

Lorenzo objected: "We've got enough inguns as it is."

"We cain't have too many," asserted his father. "You hain't bashful account of them guls at Stegg's, are you?"

"I didn't know he had any gals," said the young man.

"Well, there hain't but six of 'em," grinned his father. "I reckon some of the boys has found it out though. Lucius told me it was keeping him pore as skimmed dishwater, they was coming round so thick about meal time. Yes, fine, strapping, corn-fed hussies from eight year old up, but I'll send Bill after them sets if you don't want to go."

"I'd jist as soon go," said Lorenzo. "I'll take the buckboard."

"You'll be taking the buggy next thing, I'll go bail," chuckled the father.

So it came about that Lorenzo drove over to Lucius Stegg's and was hospitably welcomed by Lucius, a burly, jolly six-footer with a thick curling crop of black hair and a Jovian beard in which was the merest sprinkle of gray.

"Ingun sets, hey?" laughed Stegg. "That's a new one. Well, put up the mule and after dinner we'll see about 'em. I reckon you hain't in no rush. Ingun sets! Ho, ho!"

"The old man allowed we couldn't have too many," explained Lorenzo, somewhat embarrassed.

"I don't know about that," Stegg doubted as he led the way to the stable. "I reckon if I had fewer I'd be jist as well satisfied. Not but what I'm right fond of inguns myself. Ho, ho, ho! 'Cain't have too many!' Here's a green one now."

A young girl's face, round and brown, was smiling down at them from the loft. Her eyes were black and mischievous.

"Fork down some hay here, you baggage!" roared Stegg good-naturedly.

There was an answering giggle and a scuffling of feet above and a perfect avalanche of hay descended into the manger.

"That's Ca'line, the littlest but one," Stegg informed Lorenzo after he had shouted an order to stop. "Sprouting right smart, Ca'line is. They all are, for that matter. Let's go up to the house."

Lorenzo glimpsed three more of the sprouts on the way: Two of them, bare legged and with wildly flowing locks, slid down a stack, screaming as they slid; the other one, a well-grown girl of eighteen or so, was mounted astride of a fat old horse that had evidently just come up from the field. She showed some signs of discomposure at the sight of the stranger and hastily arranged her skirt more in conformity with the proprieties.

"Eliz'Ann, Berenice and Hannah Moore," observed their father with an indicative jerk of his head. "This here's Seliny."

The kitchen door had opened and a young woman came out, carrying in each hand a large candy bucket brimming with something that was not exactly candy.

"Give the old sow a good sheer of that, Seliny," said Stegg.

Lorenzo sprang forward, animated by a chivalric impulse. "Here, let me tote them buckets for you," he said masterfully, grasping the bails.

"You'll slop it on your pants," protested Selina, but she relinquished her burden, nevertheless, to Stegg's quite unconcealed amusement.

"Which-a-way?" the young man inquired.

"I'll show you, if you're bound for to tote 'em, but there hain't no need of it," the girl told him. Upon which, they

set forth for the hoppens together, Selina's prediction as to slopping being almost instantly fulfilled. "They're right hefty," she remarked.

"Not for a man," said Lorenzo loftily; but, in fact, he found the weight a considerable strain on arms, back and breath, and it was strictly necessary for him to walk heedfully. She had a pleasant voice, this girl of Stegg's, low, slow and musical, but it was not until he set the buckets down that he ventured to look at her; then he saw that she was decidedly personable.

Hazel eyes, mild and oxlike, beamed at him. The roses in her cheeks had no coating of tan to struggle through and her well-rounded throat was creamy white, although her bare arms were brown enough. She was not by any means slenderly built, but, on the other hand, she was not a fat girl. She dimpled when she smiled, which was when her father's voice reached them. Lucius Stegg's voice had a fine carrying quality.

"He's come after inguns. Ho, ho! Ho, ho, ho!"

Lorenzo colored a little and frowned. He was beginning to dislike Stegg.

"This hain't no chore for women folks," he said as he lifted a bucket to the boxed channel that led to the trough.

"There hain't no boys round," explained Selina, "excepting ——" She stopped and dimpled again. "But we-all is used to it," she added.

They silenced the squealing porcine chorus and returned to the house. Selina went at once to the kitchen and Lorenzo sat on the porch with Stegg and conversed agreeably until they were called in to dinner. It was a good dinner, including an abundance of hot biscuit and corn bread with accompanying preserves and jellies that reflected credit upon the ladies of the Stegg household. The potatoes were mealy, and the kraut was of a superior quality, and there were green onions, which Lucius archly pressed upon his guest at every symptom of flagging. Selina "waited table," and Ca'line, standing behind Lorenzo's chair with a cottonwood bough, dispersed the flies and occasionally tickled the young man's ear to the delight of the rest.

Lorenzo, while at first somewhat embarrassed by the tittering and the curious, if covert, regard of the overwhelmingly feminine family, presently recovered some of his self-possession and casually—very casually—mentioned his encounter with the redoubted Joe Stramm.

"Uh-huh," remarked Stegg with merely polite interest. "Hannah Moore, you behave now or I'll wear a strap out on you. Throwed him, did you?"

"Twicet running," said Lorenzo, his eye on Selina. "Jim Allen had figgered that Joe would wipe up the ground with me, but I ce'tainly fooled him. He allowed ——"

"Pa throwed a dep'ty marshal over the fence one time," volunteered Berenice. "Busted two of his ribs and his collar bone, Pa did; and another time ——"

"You, Berenice, shet your mouth on your victuals," Stegg reproved. "Twicet running! Sho!"

"Tell about the time the Davis boys lay-wayed you for to give you a hiding, Pa," urged Ca'line, her eyes sparkling with filial pride. "Pa broke one Davis boy's jaw with his fist and the other two he tuk by their necks and bing-banged their old haids together," she went on to explain.

"I'll bing-bang you!" roared Stegg. "Don't pay no attention to them limbs," he begged of his guest. "You was a-saying ——?"

"That was all there was to it," Lorenzo answered. He was considerably crestfallen. Nobody had seemed particularly impressed with his prowess and Selina had busied herself about the stove when he was halfway along in his thrilling relation. That might have been the perverseness of her sex, however. She might have simply counterfeited indifference. He had caught her looking at him more than once during the meal, and though she had properly averted her eyes he felt sure that there was no disapproval in their mild beam.

After dinner Lorenzo got his onions and departed, with a cordial invitation to return from Lucius Stegg and a last glimpse of the buxom Selina as she stood on the porch and shaded her eyes with her hand to look after him.

"Well, what did you think of Eliz'Ann Stegg?" asked Old Man Tucker that evening, leering at his son over his pipe.

"I didn't take no particular notice of her," replied Lorenzo.

"Sho!" ejaculated his parent. He smoked thoughtfully for a moment or two. "I allowed you might take a shine to her when I sent you over," he resumed. "A right likely gal, seemed like to me. Stegg says she can plow as much as he can in a day, and run the furrows straighter. Didn't take no particular notice! Sho! Them others is most too young, and Seliny—Wes Hopkins is sparking Seliny."

"That runt?" Lorenzo was palpably disgusted.

Mr. Tucker grinned. "I allowed you must have took notice of something," he observed; "but sparking's a game any number can play at. All I want is for you to get you a gal that's some account—more'n to lop round and look interestin'."

"I don't need no woman for to do my plowing," said Lorenzo. "I'm able for to do that myse'f."

"Co'se you are," agreed his father. "If you was as willing as you are able you'd do more too."

"My idee is that a man has been give his stren'th for to save a woman from sech," Lorenzo proceeded.

"My idee too," assented Mr. Tucker. "For to save women and old folks. You'll save me a right smart if you'll go out and pitch that load of hay into the barn—less'n your stren'th is all give out. You'll need practice if you're a-going to do any co'ting at Stegg's."

Lorenzo said that he had no intention of visiting at Stegg's, but he went out and pitched the hay nevertheless, and the matter of Wes Hopkins' suitorship occupied his thoughts a great deal. Not that he had any notion of contesting the prior claim of the runt, but Wes *was* a runt and Selina was a right nice little gal. "Little" was the way that Lorenzo qualified her in his mind, oblivious of the fact that the young woman was as tall as he and probably outweighed him by quite a few pounds. A right nice little gal! Good looking too. Stegg was in great business, making her tote slops to the hawgs and sech. She ought to have a man that would do things for her and take care of her the way a right nice little gal ought to be took care of—a man with a stalwart arm and a wrist of steel. Not necessarily a big, brawny hulk, but a tight, well-proportioned, active young fellow; one who could unscrew the badly gawmed-up top of a fruit jar with his steely wrist. But Wes Hopkins!

"I'm Bound for to Admit That There's Times Now and Then When Men Folks is Handy to Have Round"

The suns of twenty days rose and set in aureate splendor, or under other meteorological conditions, and Laura-Jane Truwhitt, at the setting of the twentieth, occupied her splint-bottomed rocker on the front porch. At her feet, although removed at a perfectly decorous distance, sat a somewhat undersized young man with pensive light-blue eyes and an amiable expression. She was looking very well, was Laura-Jane. Give her a little time to primp and fix up, and she always could look well.

"I should think you'd be over to Stegg's this fine evening, Wesley," she remarked. "Selina will be a-looking for you."

"I was thinking some of going, but I reckon I won't be missed none to speak of if I stay here," Wesley Hopkins answered with his pensive and amiable smile. "Lorenzo Tucker, he's sort of cut me out with Seliny, seems like."

Laura-Jane bit her lip. "Sho!" she said with an affectation of lightness. "I reckon you're joking. Selina's got better sense than that. She's jist trying for to plague you."

"I don't b'lieve Seliny'd be mean enough for to set out to plague a body," replied the young man simply. "No, I reckon she's sort of took weth Lorenzo and he makes over her right smart—won't let her so much as lift a kittle of water off the stove when he's round. Totes all the water for her, and sech. Now I always figgered Seliny didn't need no he'p with them chores. She's powerful strong, Seliny is. I wouldn't be s'prised if she was stronger than what I am." He made this admission somewhat shamefacedly.

"I'd pin the dishcloth to a man that acted that-a-way," declared Laura-Jane with spirit. "I despise a Meddlesome Mattie. A woman ought for to do her sheer of work, seems like to me. Well, there's jest as good fish in the sea as was ever tuk out, Wes," she added consolingly.

"I never did have no luck fishing," said Wesley.

"You cain't never tell," Laura-Jane encouraged.

"And the best a fellow lands hain't noways as big as the one that broke the line and got away," continued the young man whimsically.

"It's better eating," Laura-Jane smiled. "Speaking of eating," she continued briskly, "I made doughnuts to-day and I'm a-going to fix a pitcher of lemonade. I don't need you to tote the water for it either, so jist you set there and wait till I bring it out to you."

She gave him another smile and left him. Wesley settled himself more comfortably with his back against a porch post and gazed absently into the deepening tree shadows.

"She's a right nice little gal," he murmured. "I wonder if she feels as bad about Lorenzo as I do about Seliny. Right good fishing weather though."

"This Hain't No Chore for Women Folks"

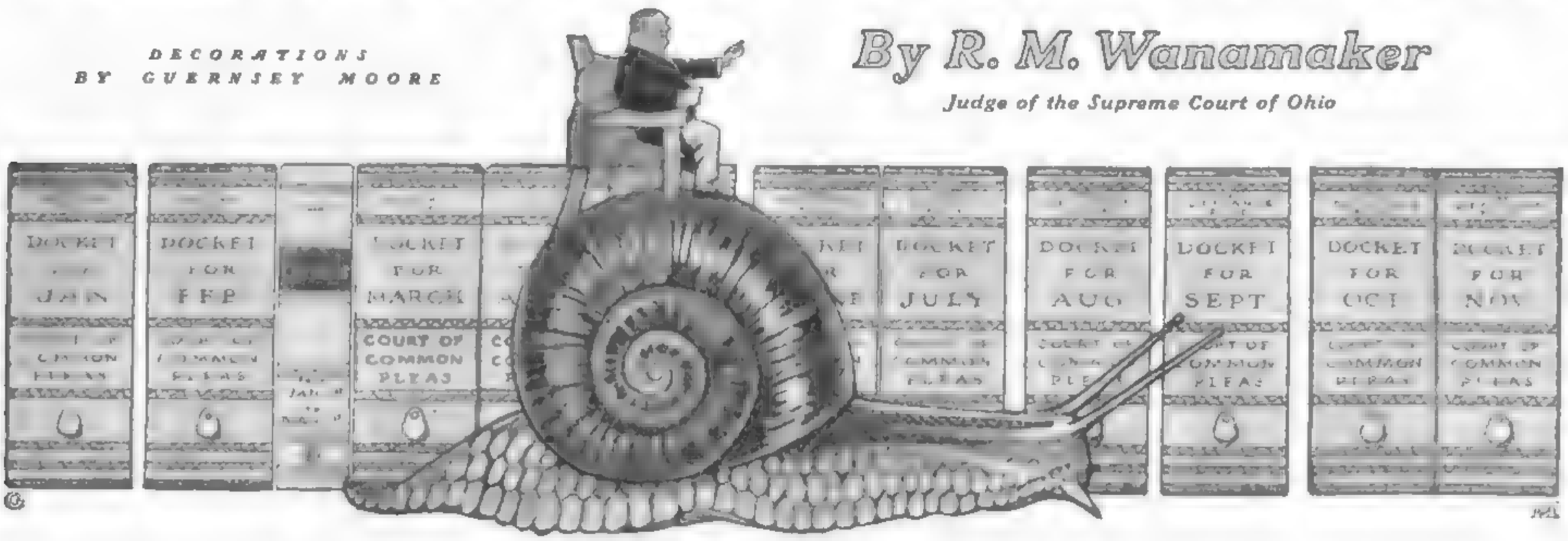
It was true, as Wes had said, that Selina Stegg seemed taken with Lorenzo. That young man had reappeared within two days of his first visit and had speedily established himself on terms of intimacy with the family, and his particular attentions soon became marked. Stegg had welcomed him from the first and made no secret of preferring him to Wesley Hopkins as a steady caller. "Wes is a right clever boy," Lucius admitted. "He means well. I don't know a boy round here that aims to do right more'n what Wes does, but doggone him, I cain't never get a hand's turn to speak of outen Wes. It's my belief he don't *like* to work." *(Continued on Page 49)*

THE MAN ON THE BENCH

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

By R. M. Wanamaker

Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio



DAVID HARUM, the old country banker from New York, has become famous in connection with his horse trade with the deacon. He knew horses and he knew dogs. Among other apt observations attributed to David is the following:

"A reasonable amount of fleas is good for a dog."

A reasonable amount of criticism is good for a public officer—even a judge. It keeps reminding him that, after all, he is only a public servant; that he must give account of his stewardship, as to his efficiency, the same as any other servant; that the same tests applied to private servants in private business should be equally applied to public servants in the public business, whether executives, legislators or judges—at least, this is the public view. Would it not be more wholesome if more public officers, especially judges, took the same view?

One of the most amazing as well as amusing features about the public criticisms of courts is the attitude of the bar and bench. They vigorously protest, and even bitterly resent criticism by the public and the press concerning courts and their failure to administer speedy and substantial justice.

Yet the lawyer throughout his professional career is almost daily engaged in criticizing the judgments of courts and in attempting to reverse said judgments. In short, notwithstanding his professional and political opposition to the recall of decisions, the lawyer is habitually engaged almost daily in an attempt to recall the decision of the court below. It would seem as though many members of the legal profession are not so much opposed in principle to the criticism of courts and the recall of their decisions, but rather insist that the lawyer shall have a monopoly of these privileges—something the public and press are not inclined to respect.

Is Justice Fairly Administered?

"TO . . . ESTABLISH justice"—those are the immortal words written by the Fathers in the Preamble of the Federal Constitution to designate the primary and paramount purpose of government.

A century and a quarter has since passed; but has justice been established? Is justice being to-day administered? Is it speedy and substantial? Is it efficient, equitable and economical? If not, why not?

These are some of the questions that have long been asked by a patient, patriotic people, but are still in the main unanswered.

Persistent publicity has done much to purge corporations of their abuses; but not until the powder-and-ball kind was aimed at some particular, culpable conditions as a fixed target were any reforms actually accomplished.

Persistent and plenteous publicity has been made against the delays of the law and failure of justice in our courts.

Probably no other phase of government has been more written and spoken about on the platform, in the daily press, the weekly journal, the monthly magazine—volumes, indeed, have discussed the question of Judicial Reform in some phase or other; but the charges to date have been little more than blanket indictments in omnibus phrase, falling short in failing to specify:

FIRST—The particular abuses complained of.

SECOND—The particular persons or defendants who are responsible therefor.

THIRD—Practical remedies to correct such particular abuses.

The criticism of our courts generally is so widespread and deep-seated that it is rapidly undermining public confidence in one of the most useful and necessary arms of our Government.

Some may say this criticism is only transitory, special, spasmodic, limited to disappointed suitors, the radical press and a small company of impractical reformers; but that is paying too much compliment to them as molders of public opinion, for these grievances are generally acknowledged and recognized by practically all classes of our people, and are even confidentially admitted among most members of the bar, excluding, of course, those who specially profit by the continued existence of such abuses.

At no period of our national life has there been so much general dissatisfaction and discontent with our administration of justice as there is to-day, most of which will be included in the following bill of particulars:

INDICTMENT

THE PEOPLE VERSUS THE COURTS } IN THE COURT OF COMMON SENSE AND COMMON CONSCIENCE

1—Too much delay.
2—Too many trials.
3—Too long trials.
4—Too much technicality and formalism in the law, to the sacrifice of speedy and substantial justice.
5—Too much ancient precedent and too little modern justice; too much rule and too little reason.
6—Too many appeals to the disadvantage of the poor and to the advantage of the rich.
7—Too much judge-made law, defeating the public will by pulling the teeth of constitutional provisions and bleeding our statute law to death by a superlatively strict interpretation.
8—Too much unauthorized and usurped jurisdiction.
9—Too much jug-handled justice.
10—Too little practical, progressive, humane common sense, suited to the spirit of our times.
11—Too long vacations.
12—Too much expense—all against the Constitution and the law of the land, and contrary to speedy, substantial, economical and even-handed justice.

(Signed) A True Bill.

UNCLE SAM,
Foreman of the Grand Jury.

This article deals principally with the trial court, and therefore will discuss the first three specifications set forth in the indictment, because they are more or less peculiar to the trial courts of general jurisdiction in all the states. The remaining specifications will be dealt with in a succeeding article, which will consider the final court of appeals.

Though these latter grievances are more or less in all courts, they are chiefly sustained and promoted by the court of last review. When that court speaks, all the inferior courts, as a general rule, are in duty bound to obey.

No officer in all our public life requires a higher order of talent, tact and temperament than the judge of the nisi-prius court of general jurisdiction.

For the cause of justice, if I had two men to place in judicial positions—one for the trial court and the other for the appellate court—I should take the brainiest, broadest, bravest one for the trial judge and the inferior one for the appellate judge, rather than reverse the order.

I know this is contrary to the usual practice in such matters; but I maintain that such a choice would make reasonably certain the fair, impartial trial guaranteed by the law of the land; while the latter would make such a trial highly improbable.

The trial judge needs not only a general and correct knowledge of the law, which is largely a matter of education, training and experience, the fruit of diligent study and intense application, but he needs much more. He needs know not only law but men and business of every variety; and the trial judge, above all other things conducive to justice, needs to know and apply a procedure that proceeds—in short, how to conduct the public trial between the parties so as to produce speedy, economical and substantial justice.

His duties as an adjuster of controversies and as an administrator of justice through an orderly and speedy short trial are vastly more essential than to be merely a storehouse of legal learning.

Speaking generally, law knowledge is made, is acquired; while administrative knowledge and skill are born.

We call him a judge—that is his title; but this is largely transitory and more or less the accident of politics. Before being a judge he was a lawyer; that is his profession. Professions ofttimes depart far from practice, and that is also true in the legal profession; but back of both the lawyer and the judge is the man on the bench.

The Law's Delays the Judge's Delays

IT IS the man's attributes of mind and qualities of heart that are always reflected in the judgment of the judge or of the court. Indeed, be it said to the shame of some of our states and sections of states, sometimes it is even the man back of the man on the bench who influences and molds the judgment from the bench.

What the manager is to the mill, the foreman to the factory, the superintendent and director to the railroad or the bank, the presiding officer to a public assembly, the schoolmaster to the school—that the trial judge is to the court.

There is the same difference in the output of an industrial mill as there is in the output of a judicial mill, both in quantity and in quality.

The appellate court can correct the trial judge's errors, causing an unfair trial or an unjust judgment; but the appellate court cannot correct his dillydally methods, his snail-like speed, his neglect or unwillingness to keep his docket from becoming congested, so that litigants have to wait one, two and three years or more before their cases are tried. During this time witnesses die, move away, forget, and the probability of justice being finally administered is greatly reduced as the years go by.

Then, after the case is finally reached for trial, things are so ordered and directed or permitted by the trial judge that the case on trial consumes one, two, three, four or more weeks in the trial, which should not take even that number of days—all at the expense of the parties' purses and the public treasury.

Three centuries ago Shakspere wrote the "law's delay" into Hamlet; yet it is still not only unremedied, but the evil is more aggravated than ever.

Generally speaking the law's delays are not the law's delays. They are the judge's delays. They are either directly committed by the judge or permitted by the judge, and they are, therefore, directly chargeable to the judge.

I know this is often charged against the lawyers; but lawyers cannot seriously delay trials unless judges permit it.

Entirely too much time is devoted in the trial court to mere dilatory motions and pleas that do not in any wise affect the real merits of the controversy. They are mostly frivolous and generally used for delay.

If the court were to adopt and enforce two rules: First, that such preliminary motion or plea be accompanied by a pertinent brief as to why such motion or plea should be sustained; and second, that the court be given discretion, where it clearly appears that such preliminary motion or plea was frivolous and merely for delay, to assess the costs for the same against the party filing it, there would be fewer motions and pleas interposed, and considerable time and expense would be saved to the court, the parties and the public.

The delays that occur during the trial will be considered under Specification Three.

Specification Two—Too Many Trials

THE trial judge ofttimes gets the idea that, being a trial judge, he must try all cases in court. Frequently he is like some members of the board of pardons who think that, inasmuch as they are a board of pardons, it is their duty to proceed to pardon, with too little regard for the public welfare or safety.

One-half of the cases brought into court ought never to be brought. The trial judge, of course, cannot help that. One-half of the cases tried ought not to be tried. That he can help.

The nisi-prius or trial judge ought first to be a minister of justice; and the administration of justice in the majority of cases demands an early settlement rather than a long trial. Often neither the amount nor the law involved justifies a trial; they are merely petty differences between the parties, ofttimes aggravated by bad blood and bitter personalities, in which trials ought to be avoided for the sake of the honor of the court no less than simple justice to the parties.

As war should be the last resort of a country to defend its honor, so a trial, which is often a great legal battle, should be the last resort of a court to establish justice between the opposing parties.

After cases are begun in court, settlements should be the rule and trials the exception. Too often this is reversed.

A very large percentage of the important cases in our courts to-day grow out of everyday business transactions. They are business questions and business controversies. Twenty times as many such questions are daily adjusted between business men in a simple, short-cut, practical business way, without bringing them into court, and frequently without attorneys. The trial judge should imitate their prudence in a sound business sense and adjust similar cases in court in the same way.

This does not require any additional legislation, such as the establishment of a new court or the creation of additional judgeships. We are suffering almost as much in this country from a surplus of judges as from a shortage of justice. In no other civilized country in the world are there so many judges comparatively as in the United States of America.

Let the judges we now have provide a rule whereby, as soon as a case is filed in court, each party may at once file a memorandum suggesting that he believes the matter in controversy could be adjusted by the friendly aid and intervention of the court, without further delay or expense.

Let such cases be at once put on a settlement list or assignment. Let the judges designate some one of their number peculiarly fitted by temperament, talent and tact to hear the parties alone—or, if they please, with their counsel—but without the expense of witnesses or further process of the court; and, after hearing a general outline of the controversy, the claims of the parties and the substantial differences between them, let the judge point out a way of equitable adjustment. This has been repeatedly tried and worked out to the eminent satisfaction of all concerned.

The judge is in a peculiarly favorable position, by reason of being fair, disinterested and having the confidence of the parties, to intervene, suggest, advise and render very substantial assistance.

In such cases as fail to reach adjustment up to this stage it will become necessary to get them at issue and ready for trial as rapidly as possible.

In addition to the settlement attempted by the court before issue, there is still a further opportunity for timely and advantageous settlement before the case is actually tried.

On calling the case for trial let the judge call the attorneys to the bench or his chambers and inquire as to the steps already taken toward an adjustment. In some cases it will be surprising to learn that, though the case may have been pending a long time, neither side has made any advance for an adjustment for fear it will be taken as a confession of weakness. The court here should promptly and vigorously intervene toward bringing the parties together.

In other cases it will be surprising to learn how little of real difference there is between the parties, which difference will generally yield to the friendly intervention and aid of the court.

This depends, however, very largely on the manner and methods employed by the trial judge. If he has the confidence of the parties as to fairness and integrity his tact and judgment will bring about many settlements that had theretofore been looked on as well-nigh impossible, saving time, labor and expense, not only for litigants, but for the public as well.

To accomplish these things the trial judge must handle the reins and the whip, and occasionally subject himself to the charge of using the big stick.

I can hear the echo of some attorney's voice: "What becomes of my fees if these trials be materially reduced in number or in time?" This rather selfish objection reminds me of those made by Demetrius and his fellow silversmiths at Ephesus, when Paul preached against the idolatry of the times—especially the worship of Diana. The silversmiths had a very profitable business in making images of Diana.

Specification Three—Too Long Trials

EVERY experienced and reputable attorney knows that the test of his fees is not the days he puts in, for that would reduce his professional standard to mere day labor. The prime test of a lawyer's services is skill and efficiency, whether in litigation or in settlement, and the benefits to his clients. These are often more substantial and certain through an early settlement rather than long-deferred and expensive litigation.

If the public could but know the enormous sums paid out of the public treasury to conduct our courts it would be perfectly astounded. I have known many instances where the cost of conducting the court during an entire term—including the jury fees, salaries of judges, court stenographers, court constables, and other attachés of the court—exceeded in dollars and cents the total amount of the judgments rendered. I am not including the expense of the parties to the litigation and their attorney fees.

A large part of this minimum of business at a maximum cost was due to the fact that the trial judge was devoting weeks—perhaps a month or more—to the trial of a case that should have been tried in a few days at most.

Let me divert your attention here long enough to make a suggestion for needed reform along a legislative line, in order to cut off much petty and foolish litigation that must needs occupy some attention and time of the court. If a law were enacted authorizing the jury or the court to add to the judgment a reasonable allowance for attorney fees, where suits were commenced without good cause and where frivolous defenses were made for mere delay, much litigation that is comparatively trifling would never be brought into court, and fewer sham defenses would be interposed to meritorious causes of action.

Indeed, in many cases substantial justice cannot be secured in any other way; for it often turns out that the amount involved is largely exhausted in payment of attorney fees. Parties who have a valid claim ought not to be chargeable with the necessary counsel fees to recover it where the defense is merely trivial or technical. Parties that have no defense in fact or law ought not to be permitted to make one on paper simply to punish the party having the valid claim by causing delay and the expense of a counsel fee. Such a law would substantially conduce to the administration of speedy justice.

Justice Riddle, of the High Court of Justice, at Toronto, Ontario, recently said before the Illinois State Bar Association, at Chicago, that he had tried "four criminal cases and seven civil cases and was home in Toronto before an American judge south of the international line had half his jury in a murder case." Justice Riddle continued: "In my thirty years' experience I never saw it take more than half an hour to get a jury. I have never known even a murder case—except one—to take more than four days."

In my own experience of seven years on the Common Pleas bench of Ohio the longest civil case, either with or without a jury, occupied but three days; and but three or four criminal cases occupied more than that time.

No other human institution commits and permits such a waste of time, labor and money in the conduct of its business as the average trial court. If the business man permitted like waste in his business usually he would be bankrupt within six months.

One of the biggest questions facing our trial courts to-day is how to reduce the time of trial so that speedy and substantial justice may be done at a minimum of cost to the public treasury and to the purse of the parties involved; for in the equation of justice there are necessarily two factors—the equities of the case and the economies of the case. If either factor is sacrificed the other must correspondingly suffer.

In the average civil jury case, which generally occupies more time than a chancery or court case, the cost to the public treasury for juries, salary of judge and court officers generally, together with the other incidental expenses chargeable to the county or the state, is easily one hundred dollars a day. The cost to the parties for attorney fees, service of process, and so on, is easily, in the average case of any importance, one hundred dollars a day more. So that, when the redress sought for and obtained has charged against it the enormous cost of the long trial to the public and to the parties, it is readily seen how justice is not only denied to the party entitled thereto but absolutely defeated; for in every trial one party must lose, and not unfrequently both parties lose.

Impaneling the Jury

WHERE and how is the time lost during the course of a trial to the prejudice of the public, the parties, the economies and the equities of the case?

There is too much time wasted in the impaneling of the jury.

In a personal interview with Justice Middleton, of Toronto, he made this observation: "We try cases here before you people in the States get your juries!"—a very wise and pertinent remark.

Let the trial judge impanel the jury. How many of you have not seen hours, days, and even weeks, whittled and wasted away by the examination and cross-examination of the veniremen in the jury box? The veniremen are very frequently treated in the voir-dire examination, as it is called, as though they were parties to the lawsuit—and

especially the adverse party to counsel who is conducting the examination. The veniremen is pressed and spurred to answer the most embarrassing questions, personal and hypothetical, presenting every possible phase of the case about to be tried, as to both fact and law; which amounts in the long run to forcing him into an attitude on the facts and the law that may very seriously compromise and handicap his free and impartial judgment on the merits of the case.

Counsel would not think of thus examining and cross-examining the trial judge who presides, though his power over the control of the judgment is a hundredfold that of the jury. There is no statutory rule in most of the states providing who shall inquire of the jury. It is purely within the discretion of the court who tries the qualifications of the jurymen.

As a remedy the court should briefly state the case and then inquire briefly as to the knowledge of the prospective jurors—first, as to the controversy; second, as to the parties and their counsel, covering the general field of inquiry touching their qualifications by reason of knowledge, relationship, and any other fact or circumstance pertinent to the case.

The court will excuse jurors who are disqualified by reason of interest, relationship, prejudice or improper predilection.

When he has good ground to suspect or doubt the juror's fairness and impartiality as between the parties to the lawsuit, and after having qualified the jury, so far as the court is advised, he then passes further inquiry to plaintiff's counsel and then to defendant's counsel.

In my own personal experience I found it very often happened that counsel on both sides were fully satisfied and had no further questions to ask concerning the qualifications of any member of the panel.

What good is accomplished by this?

1—It is a great timesaver.

2—Jurors are more impressed with the importance of being fair and impartial—much more so than if the attorneys conduct the inquiry.

3—It relieves counsel of much embarrassment in making their inquiry and challenge.

You say: "What is the authority for this procedure?" Well, we have no law prohibiting it, and I think that is true generally throughout the states; and it has, as its sanction, good, sound common sense, and is supported by numerous authorities, which may be found in almost any digest or encyclopedia under the head of Juries.

The statement of the case to the jury is often unduly prolonged by details.

What the jury and court want to have is a simple statement of the real points in controversy, boiled down in simple English, so that they may understand the precise issue between the parties.

After counsel have made their statements the trial judge should exercise a sound discretion by boiling down the real points in controversy from the pleadings and statements of counsel, so that a large part of the "paper case" will be eliminated and the real points in controversy reduced to but one, two or three important matters in dispute, to which the attention of the jury will be directed throughout the taking of the evidence.

Again, someone says there is no law authorizing this. That is true; but there is no law prohibiting it. Common sense, sound discretion, and the results in time and labor saving accomplished abundantly justify it.

With the issues thus simplified and confined to the real controversy between the parties, the taking of evidence

(Continued on Page 61)

SNOW STUFF

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE night train, westbound to the Coast, deposited a single passenger upon the Truckee station platform and slipped clicking down the railroad yards, its brilliant tail-lights gleaming above the snow. Winter air in the Sierra Nevadas is brisk and biting, and the lone gentleman thrust his fat hands into his overcoat pockets and looked about him with a mixture of curiosity and condescension. Plainly here was one unused to the provinces, and, by the curl of his lip, not particularly impressed with his surroundings.

On one side of the track was the short main street of Truckee with its thirty-seven saloons. On the other side was the swiftly flowing river, mirroring the lights of the Ice Palace beyond. The stranger shivered and drew his overcoat closely about him. In cold weather the overcoat proclaims the man, and this garment spoke loudly of Broadway check rooms and brighter lights than Truckee's. Its shell was of the finest melton, lined with undyed sealskin, while the rolling collar and the wide cuffs were of astrakhan.

Of the man inside the coat it is sufficient to say that he wore too many diamonds, had a bulge where his jawline should have been and dimples in place of knuckles. Everything about him suggested fatness and softness, and he wheezed when he lifted up his voice querulously:

"Here, you! Can I get a carriage in this God-forsaken hole?"

The station loafer whom he addressed chuckled from his perch upon a baggage truck:

"A carriage, mister? What for?"

"To take me to the hotel, of course. What did you think I wanted it for?"

The loafer jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

"Hotel's right across the street," said he. "Folks mostly walk it."

The man in the fur coat grunted, picked up his suitcase and then put it down again.

"Carry this for me!" he commanded.

"Sure!" said the loafer, scenting a quarter.

As they were crossing the slushy street, the newcomer planting his patent leathers gingerly, a startling succession of noises rose on the quiet air. First came a long-drawn howl, and before the sound had died away among the pines and tamaracks a dozen tongues answered it. The stranger paused, irresolute. The clamor swelled and grew in volume until the whole night seemed to quiver with it. The man in the sealskin coat recognized the sound. He had once staged a Broadway musical comedy called The Queen of Saskatchewan, and the phonographed howlings of a wolf pack had been the hit of the piece.

"Wolves!" said he, and looked back at the depot as if meditating flight.

Miss Manners Freed Her Right Arm With a Desperate Jerk

"Naw!" said the loafer, grinning. "Not wolves, but the next thing to it. There's a movie outfit up here makin' Alaska stuff, and every stable in town is full of them darned malemutes and huskies. They fight all day and howl all night, but outside o' that I guess they're all right."

"Oh, the dog teams, eh?" said the stranger, evidently relieved. "They belong to the Titan Company?"

"Yeh, that's the name of the outfit. There's been five or six companies here this winter makin' snow pictures, but this is the biggest of the bunch. They got skin canoes, seven or eight sledges, fifty dogs, fur clothes till you can't rest, an' even a lot of Japs that they dress up like Eskimoses."

"And what do you think?" said the loafer five minutes afterward to the keeper of the bar in one of the thirty-seven saloons: "Here I'm givin' all this information to the general manager of the company—the Main Finger, just out from New York. Golly! He sure did jump when them malemutes started singin'!"

While the loafer was spending his newly acquired quarter in a manner that seemed good to him, Mr. I. Gordan—for so he wrote himself upon the hotel register—was asking the clerk the usual question of his kind.

"What's doing in town to-night?"

"Well," said the clerk, "there's the saloons and the Ice Palace. That's about all."

"The Ice Palace?"

"That's the building across the river from the depot—they flood the floor with water and let it freeze. Best ice skating in the West. You'd better see that—it's worth while."

"New York is full of ice rinks," said Mr. Gordan.

But a night-owl cannot go to bed as long as the lights are burning, and as the thirty-seven saloons were not inviting, to the Ice Palace Mr. Gordan wended his way. There was a visitors' gallery, but Mr. Gordan believed in being seen as well as in seeing, so he sat on one of the benches reserved for the skaters and his overcoat created a mild sensation among the mackinaws and sweaters. He was too fat to skate, and soon he regretted that such was the case. The regret came after the discovery of a trim young person in a woolly white sweater and a short skirt, who skated alone, performing miracles of grace upon the glassy floor. Mr. Gordan was an expert on feminine charms—had he not selected the broilers for many a musical comedy show?—and his piggy eyes brightened as they followed the lithe, darting figure.

"One swell little gal!" said Mr. Gordan to himself. Then he addressed the man who sat on the bench beside him. This was a weather-beaten individual in a mackinaw coat, heavy boots and a knitted cap. In this northern disguise his best friends would never have recognized Mr. R. Buchanan Parvin, moving-picture cowpuncher. In fact Buck often had difficulty in recognizing himself.

"Who's the chicken skating alone?" Mr. Gordan spoke with Forty-second Street familiarity. "The one in the plaid skirt."

Buck looked sharply at Gordan before he replied.

"What if I said it was my wife?"

Mr. Gordan became almost confused, but only because Buck continued to regard him with an unwavering eye.

"I didn't know—I didn't mean ——" he began, stammering.

"Well, as it happens she ain't my wife," said Buck, "and she ain't no chicken neither. Here's a tip that won't do you a bit of harm: This ain't a chicken country. It's only once in a great while that we see a pig out here too." Having made his meaning very plain Buck turned his back upon the stranger.

"Huh! The village cut-up!" said Mr. Gordan.

"No-o," said Buck, who was rolling a brown-paper cigarette; "but if you want to do well in this town you better tread light and sing low." After his cigarette was lighted he turned and puffed the smoke into Mr. Gordan's eyes. Mr. Gordan moved to the other side of the rink. Being a person of one idea at a time and persistence along certain lines, he was rewarded by the information he sought.

"She's an actress—the leading lady with the movie company. Kind of cute, ain't she?"

Mr. Gordan smiled a fat and oily smile.

"I knew I'd seen her before!" said he to himself. "That's Manners, of course!"

An actress! Mr. Gordan sat down to wait, for he knew all about actresses. Of a type unfortunately not rare in certain brightly lighted precincts directly south of Yonkers, he had been associated with musical-comedy productions for many years, hence that knowledge.

"The legitimate, the merry-merry and the movies, they're all alike," mused Mr. Gordan, watching Myrtle Manners cutting figure eights in the middle of the floor. "They're all alike!"

Mr. Gordan was scarcely qualified to speak for the movies, as his experience of film people was limited. An uncle with a keen nose for the dollar had left him a block of stock in the Titan Company, and it was this block of stock, together with a persuasive line of conversation, that had won for Gordan the position of general Western manager, with powers extraordinary.

"Montague and the rest of the directors are spending entirely too much money," said Gordan. "I'll go out and look round awhile on the quiet and see where expenses can be cut down."

"Well, be careful," warned Seligman, the vice-president and actual head of the company. "Don't make any changes without consulting me. A director is a kind of a czar, Izzy. Montague is worse than a czar and he spends money like a Pittsburgh millionaire, but he makes great pictures. Whatever you do, don't antagonize Montague. The fellow has got now offers from three or four other concerns, and we can't afford to lose him."

Mr. Gordan may have seemed half asleep as he sat upon his bench, but he knew when Myrtle Manners left the floor. He was waddling at her heels when she started for the hotel.

"Oh, Miss Manners! One minute!" he called.

The young woman paused, estimated Mr. Gordan with a swift glance and resumed her way.

"Wait! It's all right!" he wheezed reassuringly. "It ain't what you think at all. Wait!"

Miss Manners waited, and Gordan approached.

"My name is Gordan," said he. "I'm the new Western manager. I guess you've heard of me all right. Just got in on the train, and I saw you skating and recognized you from the pictures."

The young woman bowed, but she did not see the fat hand that was offered her.

"You acted as if you thought I was trying to kidnap you," chuckled Gordan. "We might as well get acquainted now as later, hey? How's Montague getting along with the snow stuff?"

"He is at the hotel working on a scenario," said Miss Manners. "He can tell you better than I can."

"Oh, never mind him now," said Mr. Gordan. "Plenty of time for business to-morrow. Kind of quiet up here, ain't it? Nothing to do in the evenings. I suppose there ain't a restaurant in this town where we could have a little supper, hey?"

"If you are hungry," said the young woman, "you can get sandwiches in the railroad eating house."

"What do you do for a good time?" demanded Gordan.

"We work mostly," said Miss Manners. "That reminds me that we make an early start in the morning. You'll excuse me, I'm sure. Good night."

There was no catching her. Mr. Gordan chuckled as he watched the indignant swirl of the plaid skirt.

"Got a temper, have you, girlie?" said he to himself. "Well, I've seen 'em with tempers before."

As he prepared for bed Mr. Gordan told himself that Truckee would not be so bad after all.

"They're all alike—actresses," said he as he turned off the light. "They're always upstage until they know you. Now this Manners, I'll bet she's a good feller when she gets acquainted."

II

IF MR. GORDAN had been an early riser he would have witnessed an interesting sight in the departure of a moving-picture company equipped for snow stuff. The historic Donner Lake was to be the scene of the day's work, but at the hour of starting the general Western manager was peacefully slumbering.

The gray dawn brought the sound of wheels and a six-horse coach, which drew up in front of the hotel. The conveyance was for the leading people and the extra women. A dozen Japanese coolies, carefully selected for their heavy features and high cheekbones, plodded by muffled in furs. These were the moving-picture Eskimos. Each Jap's face was painted a ghastly yellow in order that the natural brown of the skin might not offer too great a contrast when photographed against a snowy background.

"I Could Lick All the Gordan Family—and I Will if This Fellow Bothers You Any More"

Next came the dog teams, three in number. Buck Parvin, driving a gee-pole team, was in the lead, maneuvering seven tail-curled and frisky malemutes for the benefit of the few spectators upon the sidewalk. Buck was made up as an Alaskan musher. He wore a drill parka—a long, loose garment that covered him from neck to knee, serving as a protection against wind and cold. The hood and cuffs of his parka were of fur and his feet were incased in mukluks, rude sealskin boots bound about with thongs. The snowshoes he would wear later were strapped upon the sledge. With one eye on his audience and one eye upon the malemutes Buck straddled the tug behind the wheel dog, and the pop of his thirty-foot whip mingled with his sharp commands.

"Mush—mush on!" he yelled, and the dogs leaped into their collars, moving ahead in a straight line.

"Mush—haw!" The lead dog swung obediently to the left.

"Mush—gee!" The malemutes turned to the right.

"Whoa!" Every dog stopped in his tracks, seemingly waiting for something. There are only five commands that move an Alaskan dog team, and the most important one is the one which Buck forgot to give. Almost immediately the third dog in the line nipped his neighbor smartly on the haunches, and in less than two seconds the seven malemutes were piled in a furry heap, rolling, yelling, snapping, snarling and biting.

"Darn it!" said Buck. "I forgot it again!"

He leaped into the midst of the mêlée, kicking, and striking right and left with the butt of his whip. The sidewalk loafers came reluctantly to his aid, for an angry malemute bites promiscuously, and order was at last restored and the traces were untangled.

"Down!" yelled Buck. "Down, you devils!" The dogs dropped in the snow, fur bristling, quivering to renew the combat, but obedient to the fifth and most important command.

"They're just like football players," explained Buck. "If you don't holler 'Down' as soon as they stop moving they begin scrapping among themselves. They're the fightin'est dawgs in the world. I reckon I've refereed fifty battles this week and been bit a million times. You, Skookum, down!"

"Yes, and some day they'll kill each other and I'll have to dock you a hundred apiece for 'em!"

Thus spoke fur-clad authority in the person of James Montague, director. The loafers looked upon him with awe, and not without reason, for he cut a dashing figure. His parka was of reindeer skin, double thickness, the inner slip being of reindeer fawn, soft as velvet. The immense hood of the garment was lined with fox tails, and the skirt was bordered eight inches deep with patches of many-colored furs sewed in intricate patterns. This border represented months and perhaps years of patient labor by the light of a blubber lamp. It was the parka of a great chief, and Montague wore it like one, for was he not a czar? Then, too, he had cast himself for the heavy in the picture he was making, and, directorlike, he was dressing that villain in the best the company wardrobe afforded.

"Mush on, Buck!" said he. "You should have been started an hour ago."

Miss Manners, also in parka and furs, touched the director's arm.

"Jim," she said, "Gordan is in town."

"I know it," said Montague. "He left his card for me. Who told you about it?"

"He introduced himself last night." Montague read the meaning behind the words and cocked one eye.

"He did, did he? What's he like?"

"Just about what you said he'd be. I suppose he'll want to see you this morning."

"If he wants to see me," said the czar, "he can come to Donner Lake. I'll leave word for him." He plunged into the hotel and reappeared almost immediately, fuming. "I can't waste a whole morning's good light jawing with a man who doesn't know enough to stay in New York where he belongs. Come on, folks! All aboard!"

By eleven o'clock Montague had completed five scenes and was rehearsing a sixth—a ticklish bit of action involving the upsetting of a loaded sledge upon a steep sidehill. Four times he had attempted to get the desired effect, but without success, and he was perspiring under the fox tails and using language. Perhaps this was why he did not see a fat gentleman roll out of a sleigh and flounder toward him.

"Try that again, Buck!" shouted Montague. "I want that sledge to turn clear over and start down the hill. And you go headfirst into the snow—and stay there!"

Buck started his dogs, and Montague, conscious of a puffing and wheezing at his elbow, turned to confront Mr. Gordan.

"Well?" said the director, who had forgotten Gordan. "What do you want?"

Mr. Gordan introduced himself, and it seemed that he wanted several things, including an explanation of Mr. Montague's conduct.

"You got my card; why didn't you wait at the hotel?"

"Because I can't waste the entire morning," said the director shortly. "No, no, Buck, not a bit like it! Rotten! Have I got to come up there and show you how to make a fall?"

"But I left my card," sputtered Mr. Gordan.

"Don't You See I Got to Make Another Set-Up? If You Want to Walk Round Get Behind the Camera!"

"I'll talk to you presently," said Montague; "just now I'm busy. Stand back, please."

In this Montague was within his rights. During the actual making of a picture the director is absolute and brooks no interference. A stage manager listens to the voice of the angel who pays for the production; a moving-picture director spends thousands to obtain novel effects, and holds himself accountable only to the high court of results achieved. It is of record that a director once pulled the nose of a great magnate, pulled it in the presence of the entire company and five hundred extra people, and the magnate apologized. He had tried to tell the director his business.

"Stand back, please!" said Montague.

Mr. Gordan stood back. After a time he spied Miss Manners sitting on a blanket under a tamarack, and Montague was allowed to proceed in peace.

Noon came and the lunch was unpacked. Mr. Gordan drank scalding coffee out of a tin cup and gave further proof of the authority vested in him.

"I see that you had a six-horse team to come out here with," said he. "Is that necessary?"

"What do you want these people to do—walk?" demanded Montague. "They'd get here so tired that they wouldn't be able to work. In the time it would take 'em to walk it I can make three scenes worth a thousand apiece to the company. The coach costs me twenty dollars a day. Anything else you'd like to know?"

In the afternoon Mr. Gordan established unfriendly relations with another important member of the company. Snow stuff tests the patience as well as the resource of a camera man and Charlie Dupree had been sorely tried that day. He had just succeeded in planting his wooden triangle and setting the tripod upon it, preparatory to "shooting across" an expanse of virgin snow. Miss Manners, fleeing from the villain, was to cross that unbroken surface on snowshoes.

When everything was in readiness for the scene Mr. Gordan, thinking of something he believed Miss Manners would be pleased to hear, trudged heavily across the snow in the line of focus, and Dupree squealed with rage.

"Aw, now you've tracked it all up!" he cried. "Don't you see I got to make another set-up? If you want to walk round get behind the camera!"

"Don't be fresh, young man!" said Mr. Gordan sternly.

It was Miss Manners who said the last word on the subject of the general Western manager. Returning from her nightly spin at the Ice Palace she saw a light in the hotel parlor that Montague used as an office, and tapped on the door. Montague came out into the hall, a pipe between his teeth. His usually jolly face was haggard and lined with weariness.

"Well, girlie," said he, "what is it?"

"Jim," said the young woman, "I'm not finicky like some of these moving-picture actresses, am I?"

"Not a single finick!" said Montague heartily. "You're a good little sport, Myrtle."

"I try to be; but there's a limit. I know the movie game, Jim—the woman's end of it. We all have to stand for unpleasantnesses once in a while, annoying little things from people who don't understand. It's all in the day's work; but ——"

"See here, what's the matter?" interrupted Montague. "Tell your Uncle Jimmy, and he'll fix it up in two shakes."

"I don't know whether you can or not. It's Gordan."

"What?" ejaculated the director. "Has he been bothering you?"

"Only in little ways so far. He seems to think that his position with the company gives him privileges." The girl laughed nervously. "Jim, I don't in the least mind holding hands with a nice man—I rather like it; but this fat, soft creature—B-r-r-r! He gives me the shivers!"

Montague whistled softly to himself.

"I'm not a baby, Jim. I can take care of myself, as you know. If he was an ordinary masher I could slap his face and send him about his business; but he's the Western manager and that makes it difficult. He can make trouble for all of us, and he's the kind of a man that'll do it. How strong is he with Seligman?"

"Pretty strong, I'm told," said Montague ruefully. "He owns a chunk of stock in the concern; but if he owned it all he wouldn't have any right to annoy the women in my company. I'll give him a good bawling-out the first thing in the morning."

"No, don't do that, Jim; there's a better way. I'll avoid him as much as possible. You see he doesn't know any better. Chorus girls are the only stage people he knows anything about, and his ideas are wrong. He thinks that all he has to do is to flash his diamonds and make a conquest. Don't say a word to him, but keep your eye on him."

"I'd like to punch his head!" said Montague.

"He wouldn't know what he was being punched for, and you mustn't get in bad on my account, Jim. Perhaps he won't stay but a day or two longer. If I can't make him keep his distance I'll come to you."

"All right," said Montague. "But don't you take any more freshness from him understand?"

"I won't. And don't stay up any later, Jim. You ought to be in bed. You look worn out."

"I'm fit as a fiddle!" said the director with a grin. "I could lick all the Gordan family—and I will if this fellow bothers you any more. Good night, dear."

"Good night, Jim, and thank you."

The director watched his leading woman until her door closed behind her. Then he turned back into his office, and sitting down at the table dropped his chin in his hands.

"This moving-picture game is like a lot of other things," he soliloquized: "it would be all right but for some of the people in it!"

III

"WHAT next? For the love of Mike, what next?" complained Buck Parvin as he sat upon his sledge and eyed the seven malemutes reproachfully. "I thought I'd done about every fool stunt that a movie actor could do, but this snow stuff has got me treed and out on a limb!"

"What ails you now?" asked Ben Leslie, the property man. "Seems to me you're always kicking about something!"

"I reckon you'd kick, too, if Jim made you the fall guy," said Buck. "The first time we get a good snowstorm he wants me to lay out in it till I'm all covered over. I says to him: 'Be reasonable,' I says. 'Why can't you pile a lot of snow on me and get through with it quick?' 'Because,' he says, 'it's got to be drifted snow, and we can't pile it so it'll look natural.' 'Have a heart, Jim,' I says. 'I'll freeze sure!' He only laughed. 'You're supposed to be froze,' he says, 'and I want you to look the part when they dig you out!' Can you beat that, Ben? Jim is too darned technical to suit me. There ain't one man in a million that knows what snow looks like when it drifts over a body, but Jim he makes his picture for that one man!"

"That's why he's an artist," said Ben.

"Maybe so," said Buck sullenly; "but if they go planting me in the snow for a couple of hours they're liable to have a sure-enough corpse when they dig me out."

"Well," said Ben, "Jim has got his troubles too."

Buck looked across toward the river where the camera was planted. Montague was detailing the business of a scene to Miss Manners, and proceeding under difficulties by reason of the fact that the general Western manager was interrupting him with suggestions and loudly voiced opinions.

"I never saw Jim take so much gab from anybody," said Leslie. "I guess it's because this bird is a big mogul in the New York office."

"Ain't he the pest though?" grinned Buck. "I've seen towns where they'd throw such a smoke on that feller that it would darken the sun for forty-eight hours. And fresh? Holy cat, do you know what he calls Myrtle? Little One! He does on the level! He better not get too gay with that lady or she'll haul off and poke him in the nose. She's husky, that girl is, and hard as nails, and I've seen her give that fat man a couple of looks that would have stopped anybody with a nickel's worth of sense. How does a man like that get a job managing anything?"

"I give it up," said Ben.

"Now then, Myrtle," Montague was saying, "we'll rehearse that struggle scene. You've fired the last shot in your gun and I'm closing in on you. You stop on the bank of the river and face me, registering fear. Just before I step over the line to grab you, club your pistol—take it by the barrel. As I come to you with my arms out strike at me hard. I'll dodge it. When I take hold of you resist all you can—fight me away from you. It ought to run about thirty feet, and at the end of the scene you sink down in the snow in a faint."

Together they ran through the scene and Montague stepped toward the camera to give instructions to Dupree.

"One minute!" said Gordan. "I—I wasn't quite satisfied with the way you played that scene, Montague."

"You—what?" Montague turned on him like a flash.

"You didn't put enough snap into it to suit me," explained Gordan. "Not enough fire. I know how such a scene should be played, and there was something lacking. Miss Manners she did fine; but your work—well, it didn't get across with me, that's all."

It was the last straw. Manager or no manager, this was the end. Montague opened his mouth, but before he could speak Miss Manners was tugging at his parka. He turned to look at her and was arrested by a singular gleam in her eye. There was a reason for that gleam. Mr. Gordan, pursuing his usual system with "actresses," had passed from words to deeds. During the lunch hour he had attempted to kiss her behind a pine tree, and had laughed when she raged at the insult.

"You'll get over it, dearie," he had said. "They always do."

"Jim," said she sweetly, "if you will let Mr. Gordan show us what he means he may be able to suggest something that will strengthen the scene."

The general Western manager puffed out his chest.

"Now you're talking!" said he. "I can show you all right. I don't know as I could put it into words exactly, but I could act it out for you, Montague. A little more fire; a little more snap. Get me?"

A swift glance passed between director and leading woman; the latter nodded almost imperceptibly.

"Go ahead!" said Montague gruffly.

Mr. Gordan stripped off his overcoat and tossed it behind him. Then he buttoned his cutaway coat and patted his chest.

"Now then, girlie," said he, "get back there by the river bank and fight just as hard as you want to."

Miss Manners took up her original position, the swift water of the Truckee River behind and below her, and turned to register fear.

"That's great!" said Gordan, removing his hat and throwing it after his overcoat. "Keep looking right at me, girlie! Now, Montague, here's the way I'd play this scene."

Mr. Gordan advanced over the side line, crouching as well as a fat man may, his pudgy hands hooked in front of him like claws. From a distance of five feet he sprang, which was not exactly what Miss Manners expected, and the revolver was pinned at her side. One fat arm encircled her waist, its mate wrapped itself about her throat. She struggled violently to free herself, but Gordan only laughed and held her closer.

"This is what I mean, Montague!" he panted, and forcing the girl's head back bent to kiss her. Montague leaped forward, but he was not needed. Miss Manners freed her right arm with a desperate jerk and, using the heavy revolver as a hammer, struck with all her strength. The general Western manager grunted like a smitten ox and, reeling blindly backward, plunged into ten feet of melted snow water.

Half an hour later a very wet and vastly uncomfortable fat man awoke, to find himself careening toward Truckee behind seven malemutes.

"Don't wiggle so much!" commanded Buck Parvin. "I had to tie you on to keep you from falling off. . . . What happened? Why, you forgot the business of that scene you was playing. You was to dodge when she swung the gun, and you didn't do it. . . . Huh? Why sure it was a accident! You don't think a lady like Miss Manners would bust you that way a purpose! I was standing right there and I heard Jim run over the scene with her. 'Hit at me hard,' he says. 'I'll dodge it.' Then you set Jim's cue out and went in to show him how, but you forgot to duck your head. It all comes of not sticking to

(Continued on Page 53)

"The First Time We Get a Good Snowstorm He Wants Me to Lay Out in It Till I'm All Covered Over"

A WILD-GOOSE CHASE

By Edwin Balmer

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

The Flames Burst Higher From the Little Viborg and Threw Over the Ice a Ghastly Glow of Flaring Red

XIII

WHAT time it was Geoffrey could not tell when he was awakened; but all was still black dark and the wind was shrieking outside when a scream, a man's scream of terrible alarm, startled him up. He listened for it again and it came with a word this time:

"Fire!"

It rang through the ship, and almost before it was uttered Geoff jumped down. He had got into his bunk with his clothes on, so he was dressed all but for his coat; his boots were against his feet as he sprang to the floor. He stooped and pulled them on.

"Fire!" he shouted, and now the smell of it told him the alarm he heard was real. "Price, fire!"

Latham was sitting up in his bunk. Geoff's hand, going out in the dark, found the man's shoulder.

"I heard it," said Latham, and shook him off.

"The gasoline!" cried Geoff as he straightened. "Three thousand gallons of gasoline!" He beat on the partition between his cabin and his sister's. "Meg, are you up?" he called. "There's fire, do you hear?"

"I heard," his sister's voice came back strongly.

Geoff rushed out from the cabin and on to the deck. The tramp of feet and the commotion already had told him that the men from the stern of the ship were about. A black cloud of smoke, which he smelled and felt rather than saw at first, was rising from the engine room. Now the red glare of a flame burst out below it and he saw men's big forms battling it with buckets. He rushed to them to help; the apparatus and hose of the patent fire extinguisher tangled his feet. The extinguisher tanks were emptied; they had been tried and had been inefficient. McNeal, seeing Geoff, bawled to him to get into the bucket line. Overside on the ice, where Linn had chopped a hole, he was filling pails and handing them up to the fire fighters on the deck. Geoff seized one of these and threw it on the fire and Latham came up behind him.

It made too many men emptying the buckets for the one man filling them. McNeal's hand grasped Geoff's shoulder as he came to the rail and pushed him over to the ice.

"Help Linn!" the skipper commanded hoarsely, and Geoff bent to his work beside the cook. As he filled the pails through the ice and lifted them up, he counted the men snatching them from his hands and rushing with them away from the rail. There were five; all the men were there fighting the fire. Margaret came once to the rail with them, tried to raise a filled bucket, found that she could not and swiftly got herself out of the way. Geoff looked about as he lifted up the pails and no longer saw her; then toward the bow he heard the sound of something falling on the ice. The flame flared higher and in the terrible blazing light he saw Margaret throw over bundles of clothing and disappear to the forward cabins again for more.

There was no choice, as far as safety might be concerned, between her task in the still unblazing forward part of the ship and his and Linn's post on the ice at the ship's side. The flames in themselves were not the direct danger to any one; it was the tanks of gasoline the hundreds and thousands of gallons still stored in the engine room and the hold. They made the whole ship one great bomb, an explosive of total destruction for every one anywhere on board or near by, if the fire reached those tanks.

The fire was blazing hottest now in the engine room, where the tanks lining the walls nearest the fire had been emptied by the demands of the engine. But the fire, in spite of all the water thrown upon it, no longer was blazing in the engine room alone; it was creeping into the hold and burning among the boxes where the emptied spaces had made a chimney for the draft. There the gasoline was stored in great twenty and fifty and hundred gallon containers all about the sides of the ship. The flames were not yet blazing against them, but they could not be kept away for many more minutes. Then two thousand eight hundred gallons of gasoline—as he stooped and dipped his buckets into the icy water desperately and straightened and handed up his buckets, seized the emptied ones and stooped and filled again, Geoff remembered the exact estimate of the amount remaining—two thousand eight hundred gallons of gasoline would go together.

Fear, terror, made him weak, and he dropped a pail he had filled. He tried not to think of it, but to work, work, work. As long as the men going down into the flaming hold would stay, he would stay. Linn, the cook, beside him, bent again and again steadily to his task. They could scarcely see each other now for the smoke, and could not see at all the men who seized the buckets from their hands. These groped, choking and calling for direction through the thick, black cloud. Geoff called back and Linn shouted beside him, and hands blundered down and felt for the filled buckets, lifted the weight from the men on the ice and went away. Either Geoff and Linn were working better or the smoke so slowed the work of the others that the buckets no longer were being emptied as fast as they could be filled; a row of full pails stood unseized upon the deck. Geoff yelled to the cook, sprang up and seized the bucket he had filled and took it and flung it on the fire.

Big, heavy men blundered by him, choking or calling direction and encouragement to each other. McNeal was there in the thick of it—big, hoarse-voiced McNeal, steady and swift with his strong arms. Michaelis, the Danish mate, fought beside him. Geoff made out Brunton and Koehler; then no more. The fifth man was not there now—Latham. Geoff could not see; he could not be sure; any one might be lost in the smoke. What had happened to Latham?

McNeal, as he passed now, missed him too and called for him.

"Latham!" his voice shouted. "Latham! Where are you? Are you all right? Latham, answer!"

He listened while he seized another pail of water and threw it, but no shout came back in return. McNeal shouted again; and after him Koehler.

"I saw him going down the last time I passed him," Koehler called.

"To the hold?" demanded McNeal.

"Toward the hold," Koehler shouted.

McNeal emptied the bucket in his arms and seized a coat which had been flung on the deck. He bound it about his head.

"Keep on with the water, boys," he called. "I'm going down to look for him. Geoff," he turned and commanded, "get your sister away! The Viborg goes any minute now! Get that girl away!"

He dived into the thickest of the smoke and disappeared.

It was plain indeed that the ship must soon go—in any minute, as the captain said. The fire was gaining steadily. How near it was to the gasoline tanks could only be guessed, but it must be very near. There was no longer a chance of saving the ship, that was clear; but the men with the buckets would not yet admit it. Yet Geoff dropped his pail and turned forward to look for his sister. In one way he had forgotten her while he worked with the water; in another way he had been thinking of her. There was no use in taking her away from the ship if the others all were to stay and be lost with it. It would mean for her merely slow death alone by starvation or freezing if the men and the ship were lost, instead of the instant destruction and annihilation with them when the fire reached the gasoline. But he stumbled forward to find her. He groped through the smoke and his hands found a figure.

"Meg!" he called.

"Geoff!" her recognition came back.

"Get off the ship!"

"When you all do!" she returned to him firmly.

"We're going in a minute—right away. Meg! Think of the gasoline!"

"I know!" She had her arms full of a bundle she was saving; she flung it out on the ice. "But I don't go till you do!"

McNeal's voice shouting in hoarse, choking command rang over the ship.

"Everybody get away! Get away!" he bawled. "The fire's got to the tanks; they're heating. Get away!" And he disappeared again below.

"What's he going down again for?" Margaret called, fighting Geoff as he tried to put her away.

"For Latham—he's missing. Koehler thought he might be in the hold."

Geoff felt his sister's grasp become convulsive on his arm.

"Call him back, Geoff!" she cried. "Oh, call him back! Price isn't below. Call him back!"

"Where is he?" said Geoff.

"Call him up—call McNeal up!" she implored wildly. "Tell him Latham's off the ship. I know it!"

Geoff dashed back into the smoke clouding from the hold.

"Jerry!" he shouted. "McNeal! Jerry, Latham isn't there. Come up. He isn't there!"

"Sure?" came from the hold.

"Come up!" Geoff reached down and his hand caught McNeal's and pulled him up.

"Off the ship!" he shouted then, as he came up through the smoke. "Everybody away! Get off! The fire's got to the gasoline!"

McNeal stooped and picked up something from the deck; then going round the little ship he saw that no one else stayed. He drove Geoff off before him and jumped down on the ice.

The flames burst higher from the little Viborg and threw over the ice about a ghastly glow of flaring red, a glowing circle that showed the scurrying figures of the Viborg's little company stumbling away over the ice.

"Farther away! Faster!" McNeal made a trumpet of his hands and commanded; and the flames ran up the masts from below and flared out in the rigging. Then a roar and flash from lower down, and a mighty burst of blue, exploding flame smothered over the red and hurled through the air all about great billets of burning wood. A greater burst of flame followed this; and forward and astern, as the first exploding tanks blew up and lit the rest, the gasoline flew into flame, shattering and strewing the little wooden ship into fragments of fire, which shot high into the Arctic night and were scattered in all four directions far over the ice, while the ship burst and burst again with the detonation of the tanks till the last blue eruption strewed the deck boards, bits of beams and spars of the Viborg into blazing heaps or streaking splinters spluttering on the frozen sea.

XIV

FOR a moment after the last explosion, as for the instant following the bursting of the first tank, the rush of the flaming gas seemed to smother the fire in the wooden hulk. But at once the red and yellow flames leaped up again, finishing their work of destruction of the oil-soaked wreckage of the ship and the supplies left in the frame of the hull. Figures, fiercely fighting to save some of these, came close

and hacked holes in the ice through which to dip the buckets they had kept and get water to throw upon the roaring blaze.

These men were plainly recognizable in the glare from the flame. Latham was among them, Geoff saw; but some one was missing; there were only six.

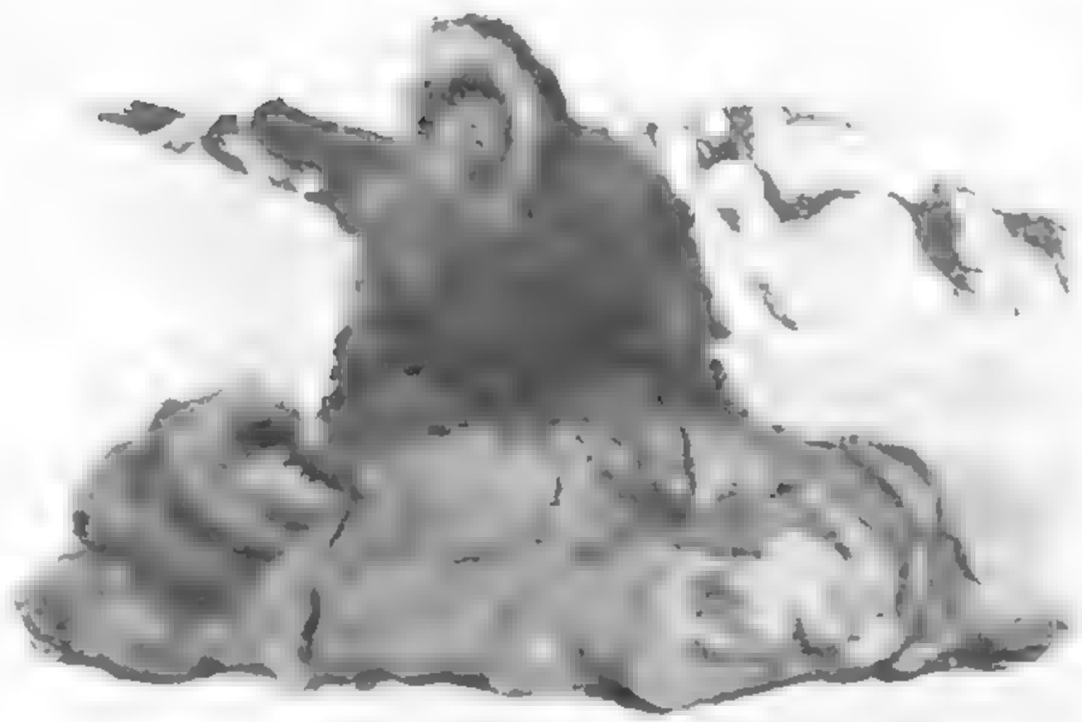
He recognized Koehler next to him, and was about to call to ask him who the missing man might be when the doctor dropped his bucket and demanded of him instead.

"Where's McNeal?"

The skipper was the one not there.

"Where's McNeal?" Koehler called to others.

They ceased their useless work and looked about. McNeal certainly was missing.



Koehler Left the Skipper in Margaret's Care and Joined the Others

A little distance from the ship in every direction big splinters of spars, broken boxes, other material scattered from the Viborg by the bursting of the tanks, blazed and smoldered on the ice. Beside one of these glowing piles lay a dark figure stretched out which, as Koehler recognized with a cry, was the figure of a man. He ran to it and stooped, pulling it away from the burning wood beside which it lay, and with his hands the doctor crushed out the sparks that still gleamed in the charred clothing.

"It's McNeal!" he announced to the others. He bent and made a quick examination. "He's not dead!" The doctor voiced his relief. "He must have been struck by that." He motioned to the burning wood scattered by the explosion of the tanks. "It knocked him out and set his clothes on fire: but there's still life in him."

Indeed, while the doctor worked with him the skipper of the burning ship stirred. As sensation first returned to him he writhed with the pain of his burns and cried out; then, recovering himself, he opened his eyes and saw his ship blazing, and about him the faces of his crew.

"Go back!" he screamed to them hoarsely. "Get back and save what you can!" His voice cracked as he tried by his tone to enforce his command. "Every man get back there. I'm all right."

The doctor could do all that might be done for McNeal at that moment; so the other five went back to the ship, leaving only the girl with the injured man and the physician. Yet the return of the rest nearer to the ship proved useless. The whole hulk of the Viborg was in flames, devouring food, supplies and gear, and cartridges popped in the blaze. All about the ship on the ice were boxes or fragments of boxes and other material scattered by the explosions. Most of these piles were burning, so the five men went about smothering these fires before they returned to the ship to watch, helplessly, the burning down of the fire till they could come close enough to poke and rake under the charred timbers of the smoking ruins for such supplies as might not have been destroyed entirely.

As the light of the fire diminished, the slow, dull dawn of the Arctic day was breaking. Koehler, having done what he could for McNeal, left the skipper in Margaret's care and joined the others about the ruin of the ship. Solemnly and silently the six searched the charcoal and ashes. As the daylight strengthened, Geoff for the first time considered his own state and saw the condition of the others. He was blackened from head to foot with smoke and smudge; his hands had been burned, the pain shooting up his arms at every move, and his fingers twinged and gave him agony. But his burns were nothing compared to those of Brunton and Michaelis. These men, however, worked beside him without mentioning their hurts even to each other. Michaelis merely turned his face away when some twinge of pain threatened to make him grimace; and Brunton, defying his hurts to disable him, hummed loudly to himself between his gasps.

Amid a smoldering heap Koehler now found a box of surgical supplies and medicine, most of which had been saved by the heavy steel case. He brought it to where McNeal lay on the ice wrapped up in a blanket and watched by Margaret.

Doctor Koehler treated McNeal's burns, then turned to attend to the others.

As Koehler required each man to be examined Geoff found himself estimating each by his hurts. Not only Brunton and Michaelis but Linn too had suffered seriously. Koehler himself was burned about his hands and face. Beside these Geoff felt shame as he came up. Latham did not come for examination at all. As Margaret rose from beside McNeal, Latham met her and they walked a little away. Geoff followed them and came close as they halted. He heard his sister speaking.

"You were overcome by smoke when they missed you," she was saying to Price. "I found you unconscious on the deck and pulled you up and got you down on the ice. Do you see? I got you down on the ice and you came to yourself there. That was how it was, Price!"

Geoff came no nearer. At first but one idea possessed him. Latham had deserted when the fire began getting dangerous; and Margaret was arranging for him an explanation of his absence when McNeal, believing he was below, had twice gone down to the hold to get him. Then as Geoff heard Margaret repeat her explanation it seemed rather that she must be telling Price what really had happened, and that Price had been overcome, as she said, and confused as to what had occurred till she now told him. Yet as Geoff recalled Margaret's words in the last moment before they abandoned the ship the first idea again seized him.

Geoff retreated from them. Latham and Margaret turned back to the others and, rejoining them, repeated their tale, which no one questioned. Indeed, it was not strange if Price had been overcome by smoke. Rather it was remarkable that the others, having taken the risks they had, still had escaped. For another period Geoff's doubts were removed; and yet again they returned. He could not mention them to any one else either to dismiss or to confirm them. If Latham really had been overcome and helpless, Geoff could not be forgiven for suggesting another idea; and if Price and Margaret were now lying it was better to let the lie stand.

What did Margaret's action mean if she was lying for Price and, knowing he had run away, was defending him before the others? It must mean that Margaret, having given Latham her word to be his wife, already was acting in spirit as his wife. What he did, she did; his honor had become her honor; and she, as his wife, not only would not bear witness against him but would deceive and lie to save him.

As Geoff realized this he knew that his sister would not tell him the truth about Latham even if he asked her. Margaret, when she gave her word to Price, had drawn away from the rest, even from her brother. She made herself one with Latham. Nothing more convincing could have told Geoff that when she pleaded for continuance of the search for Eric Hedon it had been without hope of finding him for herself.

Geoff, his burns dressed, set himself with the others to gathering together and counting up such salvage from the fire as might prevent their calamity from becoming complete. Besides, there was immediate need of setting up a shelter for McNeal.

The very small part of their stores that had been sent ashore the day before of course had been saved. If these had been selected with any anticipation of immediate disaster they would have been better chosen; as it was, the men had taken off the first boxes that offered. Several of these contained dog feed; also there were a few cakes of pemmican and a few cans of fuel. These cans were the greatest treasures, as all the oil left on the ship had been burned. One portable aluminum stove was recovered in repairable condition. Of other essential supplies they regained a case of cartridges and a few rifles not seriously damaged. All the clothing had been destroyed except the little Margaret had saved from the forward cabins. The lack of skin clothing was most serious, and scarcely less so was the loss of the skins and materials for proper tents. Every one wore the garments he had worn the day before; but these were not Arctic winter clothing. Moreover, McNeal's clothes had been burned on him; and Brunton's and Michaelis' outer garments were charred through. Inventory showed that after patching and repairing all that had been saved there was scarcely a single suitable winter outfit for each person. There were blankets that might be used as substitutes for the lost tents.

The seven dogs that survived out of the twenty-six taken from Greenland had been put ashore the day before and therefore were safe, and so were three sledges. After all food and other supplies had been gathered and inspected it was estimated that there would be proper provision and fuel for the whole party for something like three months.

"Of course that means," Koehler said quietly, as they finished bringing up the salvage to the station on the shore, "that we can't go through the winter on what we have. We've either got to live off this land or move to land we can live on."

"Live off the land?" Geoff repeated, looking up over the snow-streaked black rocks. If the caribou hunt had seemed to him fruitless yesterday when it was suggested to provide a delicacy for the party, now such a hunt as a necessity was dismaying. "I don't believe even an Eskimo can live here."

"Then we've got to find where they are living and live like them—get our clothing as well as food from animals."

By unspoken consent Koehler had assumed command of the party after the disablement of McNeal. The skipper was conscious continuously now and quite clear in his head but entirely unable to move himself. When he was brought into the hut built from the wreckage of the ship the operation was agony. Koehler would not commit himself as to how long it must be before McNeal might be about. Brunton kept on his feet and did his best to work, but it was plain that he would be of little use for a long time; and Michaelis used only one arm. But as these injured men went about their work, neither on that day of disaster nor later did Geoff hear any man inquire or complain as to who might have been to blame, by neglect or otherwise, for the fire. And Geoff understood the reason for that. The one who was to blame, must remain with the small party now facing privation, perhaps death, on account of the fault which caused the fire. It must be more than enough for that man himself to realize it. To bear besides even the silent censure of the others would be unendurable.

XV

GEOFF often wondered what the others thought; for though they might not once speak of it, they must be thinking. To Geoff himself the cause of the fire was plain. It had broken out just where the heat of a lamp or spontaneous combustion from the oil of cleaning rags would

Geoff Made Certain of Seeing a Large Animal and Watched It Come On

have ignited gasoline leaking from the tanks which McNeal had ordered Latham to examine, and which Latham had said were all right when Geoff reminded him of them after their quarrel the evening before.

All day they worked, building the shelter of stones and wood and walling it up with such boxes and cans of their supplies as they had saved. Later in the winter, in an extremity, they might become Eskimos in the plan of their shelters; but now, building from the material of the ship, they divided their hut into two rooms for temporary occupation. With not enough dogs for two teams, with McNeal helpless and Brunton and Michaelis in bad shape, thought of transport to another position was impossible for the present. Hopeless as the land looked, they must stay there for the present and do their best to live off the country. That day for the first time there was actual suffering in the party. As they gathered for meals—McNeal, who was unable to sit up, was fed by Koehler or Margaret—for the first time the food had become rations, dealt out no longer without stint and in amounts up to inclination or appetite, but in measured portions estimated by Koehler as each one's proper allowance. And there were no more generous scraps and leavings to throw to the dogs, but these were fed as carefully from the supplies set aside for them.

Joking about measured portions was better than silence in pretended disregard of the new situation; but the jests, though made lightly, brought up always a vision of the few counted weeks in which food was sure. The jokes became forced and soon ceased. That night, as the wind howled without, it blew the snow no longer against the stout sides of a ship, but through the crevices and cracks in the walls and roof of an unsteady hut; and Geoff at least shivered as he lay at the end of the row of the seven in the larger room. Of what was his sister thinking alone in her little room just beyond?

Definitely that day she had identified herself with Latham. By her attitude now she made it impossible for any one, even her brother, to take her part against Price. Geoff remembered his speculation of just twenty-four hours before as to how Latham would face real hardship. Well, apparently that was about to be tried out.

The next morning he and Price, as the most active of the party, took the best two rifles and set out on the hunt. The temperature was well down toward zero, but with the day the wind again had gone down. As the two tramped over the snow-covered ground the day was not distinctly colder or in itself more uncomfortable than some when these two had hunted together for moose in the woods of New Brunswick or of Maine. There they had spent many days as vainly, in respect to getting game, as the days during which they hunted here; but there was no sport in this hunting. In place of the missing sense of sport Geoff felt a thrill and stir at the thought of the needs of the party looking to his rifle for food supply; but this did not in the same way seem to seize Latham. He could not tell how Price might have acted if they had found game; for day after day they went out, separated, and each hunted alone farther and farther from the camp, but returned always after darkness with nothing or almost nothing.

"Saw some funny little whitish things like calcimined prairie dogs to-day," Geoff reported as he returned weary after a long day which had taken him many miles from the hut.

"Good. Next time you see them bring them in," Koehler directed

"What are they?"

"Lemmings."

"What're they?"

"If you must know, a sort of ground rat; but call 'em lemmings. It sounds better and we may be eating them."

The partly crippled men had set hooks through holes in the ice. They got some fish, but only a few. There were no signs of seals and, therefore, no bears on that part of the coast. On certain days Koehler substituted for either Geoff or Latham in the hunt. He had no better luck except in the matter of bringing in lemmings.

Each day the hunters kept a lookout for cairns; and each night, as they returned, Margaret questioned them whether they had seen any heaps of stones or sign that any man had passed. She never forgot this; but asked now merely in the manner of a loyal friend deeply concerned. Geoff, watching Latham, saw that her thought of Eric now stirred Latham as never before. The fact that Margaret had promised herself to Price and had shown in her attitude that she considered herself cut off from Hedon, though they found him, seemed only to increase Latham's jealousy.

But no cairn and no sign of any man's passing was discovered except once. Geoff and Koehler had been hunting all day together. Mile after mile they had marched over the barrens down the coast without sign on sea or shore of any life or anything that stirred except the snow as the wind circled and sucked it up. They had chosen a direction of travel not taken by either of them before, but along the coast where Latham had hunted alone.

"He's right about this shore." Geoff referred to Latham, speaking to Koehler. "It's the most God-forsaken bit I've dreamed of; and since coming up here I've added considerably to my material for God-forsaken dreams."

Koehler smiled. "I don't think any animal, much less any people, ever could exist here."

Koehler led on quietly. The coast there was deeply indented, with rises of rock on the capes making bold headlands to be seen from far off. The doctor pointed to a cape ahead.

"Take your glasses," he directed, "and see what's on that point. No, I don't mean to look for any moving thing," he said, as Geoff whipped out his binoculars. "Is that a cairn there or what?"

Two of the Beasts Seemed Giving Battle to the Other Three to Keep Them Away From the Still Heap on the Ice

"A pile of stones certainly!" said Geoff, handing the glasses over; "but not exactly like a cairn. Do you make it out?"

"No," said Koehler, screwing down the glasses and swiftly leading the way toward the object.

A heap of stones it certainly was, and an artificial heap; but also it was not a cairn. The snow had drifted up about it so as to cover two sides; then, coming close and allowing for the shape of the pile under the snow, Geoff saw what the object was.

"A stone house!" he cried in astonishment to Koehler.

The doctor nodded and went up to examine it. A stone house indeed it was, standing all by itself on that grim, rocky point. It was about ten feet square, with a dome-shaped top and a door that was drifted full of snow. Plainly it was old, very old, and had not been occupied—or at least it had not been restored or rebuilt—for many decades; or, since time works changes slowly in the Arctic, that stone house might have stood in that condition for a century as well as for a decade. If it had been there a century, so also might it have looked over that Arctic ice a thousand years ago. There was absolutely nothing to denote its age or when last it had been inhabited. There it stood alone on that dreary gray coast; and as far as the eye could see in either direction there was not another structure or sign of habitation. The utter loneliness and desertion of it in that white waste brought Geoff's shoulders up in a shudder.

"What is it?" he appealed to Koehler. "An old Eskimo house?"

The doctor shook his head. "No Eskimos ever built that or lived in it. You've seen their summer tents in North Greenland; and you know in winter they live in snow igloos."

"Then who built it?"

"The Eskimos say spirits."

"Spirits?"

"Yes. What does it remind you of?"

"Remind me?"

"Yes; think of Greenland."

The mention again of Greenland brought recollections. The stone house was in some features very like some dwellings that had interested him. Now he knew.

"Doctor, that's the sort of house the old Norsemen built in Greenland. That's the way the lost people of Greenland built on the hills behind Julianehaab!"

"Exactly," Koehler said. "I wanted to know if you'd see it. It's been commented on before."

"About this house?"

"As far as I know no one's ever seen this house before. Of course, I mean white people, modern white people. But there are other single, lonely stone houses like this in other places in the North. Amundsen saw one; Stefansson passed one south of here; others have reported them. They all agree that these aren't Eskimo houses; and the Eskimos who see them say the same. And, more than that, you can't get an Eskimo to go near them.

"The Eskimos call these the stone houses of the spirits and say that powerful spirits, the tunrak, built them before human beings came."

Geoff stooped and broke with his hand through the drift in the doorway. He felt down through the snow to the ground and found some objects there. He wrenched something free and brought it up. It was a stone and he dropped it and felt under the snow again. He brought up another stone and then he found something different. It was frozen so hard into the ground that he broke it as he jerked it away. He brushed the snow and dirt away from it, staring as he tried to make out what it could have been. It was a queer little implement of copper and wood, a round wooden bit about two inches long with a wheel of copper at one end.

For a moment Koehler and Geoff studied it with bewilderment, trying to identify the little implement with some use that it might have had in the hands of the builders of

(Continued on Page 41)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $1.75 the Year (Except in Toronto, $1.50) Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 19, 1914

Security at Sea

THIS extraordinary war situation requires extraordinary government action. Both the British Government and ours have gone into the business of marine insurance. Under the shock of war, marine insurance as a private enterprise broke down; yet insurance is absolutely necessary if our surplus breadstuffs and cotton are to be sold abroad.

It was proper, therefore, for the Government to step into the gap. All it needed for that purpose was an Act of Congress, a set of account books and some printed blanks. When normal conditions are restored it can step out of the gap without loss or confusion, and the business of marine insurance will go on as before.

Government ownership of merchant vessels is a far different matter. There was a positive lack of marine insurance, and that lack could be supplied only by government action. There is no lack of ships. On the contrary, with the war's inevitable curtailment of international trade, there is probably a surplus of ships. What was lacking was security at sea.

With the allies in control of the Atlantic, and with England, Belgium and the United States ready to insure cargoes, there is every probability that security at sea will be afforded by other means, in at least quite as great degree as it could possibly be afforded by government ownership of merchant vessels.

And if the United States buys merchant ships now it will still own them when the war ends. It cannot return to its normal sphere when normal conditions are restored. It will be permanently in the business of marine transportation.

Experience shows that government ownership and private ownership almost never work well together in the same field. Government ownership of merchant vessels would tend powerfully to prevent any expansion of private ownership in that field. If our merchant marine expanded at all it would do so only as the Government bought or built more ships. A change of such moment in the policy of our Government should not be adopted for the purpose of meeting a temporary emergency that can be met better by temporary expedients.

Futile Politics

WE HAVE now an object lesson as to the extremely narrow field within which politics can act effectively. A large part of recent political action in the United States has been directed to reducing the cost of living. That is the final object of the whole antitrust campaign—to reduce the prices of staple commodities that enter into the cost of living, or to prevent an unreasonable advance in those prices. That was the whole object of tariff revision.

In the face of all that political action, we had in August the greatest advance in cost of living ever recorded within so short a time—an advance that put staple commodities up to the highest level since the Civil War.

By far the greater part of this advance was entirely unreasonable. The only warrant for it was that sellers saw a chance to gain an advantage and seized it. No combination brought it about, for it affected scores of articles at hundreds of points where no trust influence exists. It was a spontaneous effect of human cupidity. In a single week prices were increased more than they ever were lowered by all our political action.

Incidentally this jarred Congress—with its incurable faith in the fetish of a statute—into a series of ludicrous proposals: such as prohibiting exports of foodstuffs, amending the Constitution in order to tax exports, charging the President with the responsibility of saying when pork and beans were too high, imprisoning anybody who asked more for sausage and crackers than he really ought to ask.

We should like to see what a Congress that prohibited or taxed food exports would look like when the rural constituencies got through with it at a general election.

A Culinary Panic

COMMODITY prices in the United States have advanced to the highest level ever recorded on a gold basis—much above the level of five and six years ago, when discussing and denouncing the high cost of living was a national occupation. Taking the many staple articles that enter into Bradstreet's index number, the advance in a fortnight after war was declared amounted to thirteen per cent.

Generally speaking, this advance was quite unjustifiable. There was not the slightest reason, for example, to suppose that war in Europe would at all affect either the demand or the supply of poultry and vegetables in this country; but in a fortnight poultry and vegetables moved up from twenty to forty per cent. Even in rural districts, where local supply meets local demand, such advances took place. There was no conspiracy about it, and the causes are beyond the reach of the most puissant attorney-general. Everybody was excited about war; and through long habit war and food are associated in the public mind. A culinary panic occurred. People with food to sell marked up the price and people who had to buy food paid it.

There might reasonably have been some advance in sugar, but the price doubled in fifteen days—incidentally, according to Wall Street's calculation, netting the Sugar Trust a profit of eight million dollars. That was merely panic, for which the Sugar Trust was no more particularly to blame than anybody else.

The only feasible remedy lies in the hands of consumers. If they will cut down consumption of articles that have unreasonably advanced the price will fall. Wheat and sugar are the only staple food articles the distribution of which seems likely to be affected in a permanent way by the war. Probably the demand for the former will be increased, because each belligerent, with the possible exception of Russia, will wish to store up as large a stock of the cereal as possible. And the available supply of sugar will doubtless be decreased.

As to most articles, consumers are warranted in resenting an advance in price; but the resentment will not be effectual except as it expresses itself in a refusal to buy.

The Back-Action

GERMANY, Austria, Russia and France produce about four-fifths of the world's beet sugar and over a third of the total sugar. Great Britain imports about two million tons of sugar annually, and rather over a third of it comes from the countries now at war, Germany being the source of by far the largest supply. At the outbreak of war England began buying sugar wherever she could find it, particularly in New York, bidding the price up by leaps and bounds until it doubled within a fortnight. Three cents a pound on four thousand million pounds of sugar comes to a hundred and twenty million dollars. If present prices hold that will be the tax which British sugar users must pay because of the war.

Again, a great part of the world's gold supply comes from British-owned mines in South Africa, where the ore yields only about nine pennyweights of gold to the ton. It was the invention of the cheap cyanide process of extraction in 1890 that made it possible to work these low-grade ores profitably; but the potassium cyanide on which this process depends comes almost wholly from Germany, and that market is now closed. The mines are stocked for some months. After that another source must be discovered or England's main gold supply will be cut off.

Many middle-aged men will remember experimenting as boys with an army musket. One might hit the mark; but that was a secondary matter. The great feat was to fire the piece without having one's shoulder dislocated by the kick. It is that way with war.

Picking Up the Pieces

NATURALLY England feels the effect of war much less than any other belligerent. A private letter from Surrey, dated in the latter part of August, says: "Nothing in view here makes it seem possible that a great battle, with England engaged, is going on not many miles away. Even in the Strand one now notices little change."

The business shock was hardly more severe or more prolonged in London than in Chicago. Ten days after Great Britain declared war, in fact, the Bank of England was discounting paper in great quantities at from five to five and a half per cent when the Chicago rate was from six and a half to seven per cent.

Probably an important part of whatever commercial gains accrue from this war will fall to England. Germany's export trade—built up with such infinite toil and proudly pointed to as the natural corollary of a strong military policy—amounts to about two billion dollars a year. The strong military policy has now extensively shattered this export trade, and England is in a better position than any other country to pick up the pieces.

The United States, for example, has very slight and imperfect credit relations with South America. To create those relations when financial matters at home are under the stress of this war is a difficult undertaking. When our banks are curtailing credit at home is the poorest of times to extend credit to a new field; but England has the credit reorganizations and machinery ready at hand.

For us the war has the same effect as to many imports that a prohibitive tariff would have. It should stimulate the manufacture at home of articles hitherto imported; but, as to exports, it creates about as many obstacles as it does opportunities.

The Wheels Still Turn

IN THE first seven months of the current year building operations begun in a hundred and fifty-six American cities, as compiled by the Financial Chronicle, involved a total expenditure of five hundred and thirty-two million dollars, against five hundred and fifty-two millions in 1913 and five hundred and ninety millions in 1912—the latter being high-water mark. In July the aggregate was eighty-four millions this year against ninety millions in 1912.

Between 1912 and 1914 there is a broad difference. The former was fairly a boom period. This year we have been rather looking down our noses. The talk has been mainly of trade reaction—down-grade business. There has been reaction in trade, a down grade in business; but the wheels still turn.

Building is a long-time operation, looking ten to twenty years ahead. It implies real confidence and a comfortable surplus over immediate needs. Probably at least ninety-five of every hundred American citizens are going about their affairs substantially as they did in 1912.

The Grand Mountebanks

CERTAINLY when Russia intervened between Austria and Servia all the details of a military campaign had been settled between herself and France. Certainly, also, when Austria defied Russia she was assured of Germany's decision that this was a favorable juncture to precipitate the European war that had been impending for years.

In view of these self-evident circumstances there is ghastly humor in that final correspondence between Czar and Kaiser: "I thank thee from my heart for thy mediation," the sceptered mummer at St. Petersburg begins—doubtless after having considered by which routes Germany should be invaded—and subscribes himself: "Thy devoted Nicholas."

The actor at Berlin replies: "The friendship I inherited from my grandfather on his deathbed, for thee and thy kingdom, has always been holy to me"—and orders more wire entanglements for his beloved friend's troops.

The Emperor of Japan must deliver a solemn rigmarole to the general effect that attacking Tsingtau is a sad duty. How much finer if he had said, in simple candor: "Observing that Germany has both hands full we consider this an auspicious moment to kick her in the slats and grab her handbag!"

Of course, if emperors could understand what bad jokes they are they would resign.

The President's Triumph

ANY policy is entitled to be judged by its results; and by that test the President's Mexican policy is splendidly vindicated. A vagrant war item records that one Victoriano Huerta is marooned in London, presumably awaiting a chance to get into Spain. Little noticed amid bigger distractions, the Constitutionalists took peaceful possession of the Mexican capital.

The future, perhaps, is anybody's guess; but Huerta is out, and a government that has some show to restore settled conditions is in, and only a few American lives have been lost. The President and the Secretary of State were rather lonesome in adhering to the policy that has issued in this bloodless fashion; but when they look across at Europe they are entitled to deep satisfaction.

This country is horrified by the European slaughter. Everybody is horrified by war after it begins; yet only a few months ago we heard a great deal about the merits of taking a strong stand with Mexico, asserting our national dignity and the rest of the rigmarole that meant rows of American youths dead or wounded in a trivial cause.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

AFTER the esteemed citizens who made the regulations governing the getting of money out of our plethoric Treasury had thought up and prescribed every large and small impediment to that pleasing process their hair-splitting ingenuity could devise tending to make extraction intricate and red-tapesical, some one of them—name unknown but memory cursed for a hundred years—added one final and well-nigh unsurmountable barrier and named it the Comptrollership of the Treasury.

That man was a genius at making things more difficult. He was a connoisseur in the complicated. It stands to reason that he was the apotheosis of tightwadism also, for, as is well known, the aim and object of all our politics is to get money out of the Treasury. That is what we are in politics for. However, this person did not look at the game from that angle. He said to himself: "It is quite plain that our Congress will appropriate money, and that numerous patriots will seek to derive personal and other increment therefrom. Hence it is my duty, as the *in futuro* guardian of countless millions to be set aside for various purposes, to make sure that not a nickel goes to any seeker after pelf who cannot prove it belongs to him legally, mathematically, astronomically, scientifically, religiously, psychologically and by the rule in Shelley's case." So saying, he did so. As aforesaid, he stuck into our financial organization the Comptroller of the Treasury; and all you who think it is easy to garner gold from Uncle Sam, even after our liberal Congresses have appropriated a billion of it for a year's expenses, are invited to make a try.

We speak of our profligate Congress, and such it may be, but no person ever spoke of our profligate Comptroller of the Treasury. That gentleman is the Official Tightwad. He is not only the watchdog of the Treasury, but a kennel of them. Every person who seeks to spend a modicum of our tax receipts must show him, and any person who has spent any of said income, and seeks to recover, must show him twice. And, as has been hinted, it is not easy to make the required exhibitions. Not easy, I said. Almost impossible is better. Not that the Comptroller isn't willing, you understand, but that he is so frightfully pernickety.

Now then, by some strange genius of selection it has so fallen out that our comptrollers for a good many years past have been to the business born. I say this because the present one, and the one who held the job for years and years before him, came from Indiana. As is well known, of all men, Indianians are tightwads. I have had a reasonably extensive acquaintance with Indiana citizens extending over many years. I never knew but one who was not prudent, even to the point of frugality, and he didn't show it until he got to Paris, when he blew up with a loud report and has since claimed Pittsburgh as his native heath.

An inspired selector selected Bob Tracewell, of Indiana, for the place, and Robert dared and double-dared them to get any of it for a long space of time. Then, time and politics mutating, it became necessary to give a good and provident Indianian Bob's job, so they reached out and grabbed Judge George E. Downey, sometime of Rising Sun, and he sits where Robert sat and he sits exactly as tight as Robert did—this being a just tribute to a thrifty state, it seems to me.

Regulating Payments, From Mills to Millions

EVERY appropriation bill that passes through Congress, whether for millions or mills, has tacked to it the phrase "out of money not otherwise appropriated." There is where the Comptroller comes in. He is the boy who decides what money has not otherwise been appropriated, and, if so, why or why not, and when and whether and which and wherefore. Also, the Congress puts in a little slug of precaution—apparently Congress is afraid of itself—which ambles along in this wise: "Provided, further, that no part of the money herein and hereinbefore appropriated shall be expended," and so on and so forth, until it takes a surgical operation and a decision by the Comptroller as long as an Interstate Commerce rate decision to get a cent.

Do not think that the Comptroller plays any favorites. The President cannot get his salary check until the Comptroller O. K.'s the pay sheet, nor can the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Nor can any charwoman. Nor anybody else.

If the Comptroller doesn't think you, or any person, are entitled to the money you can't have it, and what he says goes. He is as final as finality.

The Government's Official Tightwad

Moreover, if you should have the desire to pay into the Treasury some tainted money, say, you couldn't do it until the Comptroller said you might. In addition to having the say as to what moneys shall be paid out, he also has the say over what moneys shall be taken in. Not long ago, when the United States sold a couple of warships to Greece, thus promoting the cause of international and world-wide peace by giving Greece the warship "age" over her neighbors and by getting the extra coin wherewith to build ourselves another dreadnought—strictly for peace purposes both ways—the Comptroller had to pass on the transaction. It was his to say whether the proceeds of this peaceful, peaceable and peace-promoting transaction were acceptable and the kind of money we should have. He decided we could take the money, thereby relieving some fears that we might have to give it to Villa or some other war-hating person.

Inasmuch as our laws are made by lawyers mostly, the said laws are made for lawyers. It is plain to be seen that a straightout, noncomplicated, understandable law would profit little to the lawyering class. If laws were written concisely, and without entangling provided-furthers, the lawyers would be compelled to engage in other pursuits. Hence our lawmakers operate on the same theory that used to prevail in Mexico—and probably does yet if any trains are running. If so be you left a grip on a seat in a railroad car in Mexico and a peon came along, the peon promptly threw the grip out of the car window. He couldn't use it himself, but some other peon might find it. So with our laws. Not many of our lawmakers practice law, being concerned with politics mostly, but they make the laws so their fellow lawyers can get plenty of practice out of them and thus uphold the dignity and effectiveness of justice.

To this end the provided-furthers and the out-of-money-not-otherwise-appropriated embellishments are added. And the character of the problems that are tackled by the Comptroller may be imagined when it is known that frequently appropriations made in money bills are so balled up with legal terminology that it is a wonder anything escapes from the Treasury at all.

Doubt is a common attribute of the minds of humanity, but it is never so common or so prevalent as in the minds of disbursing officers. A disbursing officer always is in doubt, for the very good reason that he is responsible to an exacting government for the moneys given to him to disburse, while said government isn't responsible to him for a nickel. Moreover, no man has a whack at a disbursing officer who does not endeavor to make that harried person disburse. It is plain enough. The function of a disburser is to disburse. Wherefore, let him disburse. And to that end all sorts of claims are made on each and every one of him, and all sorts of plausible arguments put forth tending to show that the desired disbursement is legal, in full accord with the intents and purposes of the law, and that to withhold the money would in each particular case work grave injustice and hardship on the person needing the cash.

The Editor of Expense Accounts

SO WHEN a disbursing officer gets a claim that seems to him to impinge somewhere on some provision of some law or on some precedent established, he asks the Comptroller of the Treasury about it. If the Comptroller tells the disbursing officer he can pay the money the disbursing officer pays it, for the Comptroller's decision is the last word and relieves him of responsibility. This applies to everything, from battleships to bandannas. Likewise, the Comptroller decides whether a man traveling on the public service may pay a tip of a quarter or whether he shall pay only fifteen cents. He passes on all expense bills, and fixes all rates for meals and cabs and all that sort of thing. He says whether it is legal to expend seven millions for a building, and decides whether a shoeshine shall cost ten cents or five.

The only appeal is to go to Congress and get a special act passed directing the Treasury to pay the money. When it is known that there are claims of this kind that have been before Congress for practically a century, it will be seen just how much of the decisive is in the decision of the Comptroller.

During the year just passed Judge Downey handed down some nine hundred decisions, settling the legality of claims over which there were doubts. There was no instance in which the Government got the worst of it. The Judge is a stern and simple man, and no three-dollar dinners can get past his blue pencil. He formerly was a judge on the circuit bench of Indiana, and his father sat for some years on the supreme bench of Indiana. He runs true to Indiana form, and it is safe to assume that no governmental money will be wasted on extravagances while he has the veto power. If you cannot show the Judge you needn't come round.

Paying the Piper

WHAT might a first lien on the labor and natural resources of Europe be worth? A second lien on part of the labor and natural resources of the United States is capitalized at ninety-five billion dollars. The productive activities of American mankind, applied to the natural resources of the country, yield enough to support ninety-five billion dollars of stocks and bonds issued by corporations that report to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. But the Government's lien comes first, and the toll which the Government levies might be increased enormously without sensibly slackening the national production of wealth.

The total wealth of Great Britain and Ireland a hundred years ago was less than the wealth of New York State in 1904, as estimated by the Census Bureau, and less than a sixth of the present wealth of that state. But to finance the Napoleonic wars Great Britain borrowed two and a half billion dollars. At the same ratio she could carry to-day an increase of fifteen billion dollars in national debt. The war of 1870 increased France's debt by nearly two billion dollars; and France forty years ago was far less rich than to-day.

To finance the present war will involve problems and burdens such as no Western government of the present generation has had to deal with. But the difficulty will not arise from inability of the nations to carry the burdens; the margin on that side is great. The difficulty will be to find the capital to replace that destroyed by the war. Taxes can be raised; but raising up subscribers to the bond issues will be less easy.

MENTOR
Comfort Underwear

Mentor is the good old name for good new underwear—for every member of the family—for every taste and purse and season.

Under the quality guaranty of one name, it offers you as broad a choice in underwear as you demand in outerwear.

For men, Mentor Closed Crotch Union Suits are made in silk, wool and cotton, from full athletic to long sleeves and ankle lengths—seven styles. Crotch always closed—always comfortable.

For women, the exclusive Mentor Rose Trim adds a style touch that every woman will appreciate doubly—for its looks, and for its comfort. The Rose Trim lies flat, stays flat, and won't curl, fray or ravel in the wash.

For children, there are many styles, grades and fabrics, with Mentor comfort features just as carefully provided as in the larger garments.

Mentor is made in the country. It is clean, wholesome, sanitary. It is the kind of underwear you can enjoy by being unconscious of it while you are in it.

Mentor is sold by dealers who put quality before profits. If your merchant does not carry Mentor Comfort Underwear, write us and we will see that you get it.

The Mentor Knitting Mills Co.
Mentor, Ohio

LONDON IN WAR TIME

(Continued from Page 9)

They had a general review of the fleet one day, at which the king led the reviewers. The people of England thought that was a mere maneuver, a display of the glory of England on the seas. So it was; but it was more than that. It was the last massing of the fleet before it left in the night for a destination unknown—before it went away to war. It was as much a war movement as the bombardment of an enemy's port, and it happened before any one except those in the inner circle had the least idea there would be a European war.

I left New York on August first, and there were some English officers on my ship who had been called home—naval men and army men and reservists. England was not actually at war until August fifth, and Germany was barely officially so at that time; yet one of those English officers came from the Pacific Coast and another came from British Columbia. They had been called in long enough before war was declared to enable them to make a week's journey, counting the wait for a ship, and to start from New York five days before the general English public had any idea that England would be at war. It was so with the Germans. Apparently the Germans had decided on this step weeks ahead of its actual demonstration, for I know German shipping masters who had been warned in the middle of July, and every ship that had gone out of New York some time before our ship left had on board Germans and Austrians who had been called back to the colors.

Technically the assassination of the grand duke by the Servians lighted the match, but in reality this war has been impending for a long time, possibly for years. Two years ago next November and December, when I was in England and Germany, the military authorities thought war would come within a short time. Then all preparations had been made, short of entering into actual mobilization and combat.

Of course this is not unusual, for there is no country, even our peaceful United States, that has not complete plans for offense and defense against every other country in the world with which war is even a most remote possibility. Plans of campaign against many nations, all worked out to the minutest detail, are in possession of the American General Staff of the Army and in the Navy Department; and similar plans have always been a part of the preparations of other nations.

Not a Brass-Band War

The broad details of a war against Germany have been in the vaults of England for years and years, revised constantly; while the preparations for what was known to be inevitable were a matter of wide knowledge in Germany. That part of it is not unusual or significant; but the thing that is unusual and significant in the present crisis is that the military authorities of England, for example, knew for weeks that England must fight, and that they made many preliminary arrangements and carried out many preliminary plans without the knowledge of the general public.

Even now only a very small proportion of the English people have the slightest comprehension of what is being done. I have not yet been in France or Germany; but if those countries are in the state of efficient preparedness that England is—and they probably are—this war has begun like a championship prize fight, with the combatants trained to the minute, and not like a free-for-all fight by two gangs in the street.

Moreover, the training—in England, at least—was done in what seemed the most casual manner, without fuss or flurry or publicity. That is the most amazing thing about it from the American viewpoint that lack of publicity. Imagine, for example, the gathering of considerably more than a hundred thousand soldiers in and about New York, their mobilization, equipment and their disposition somewhere, anywhere, without the American people's being fully and extravagantly informed of every movement! One regiment could not march out of New York without that march being detailed in the papers. And yet, here in London, within the past fortnight, large numbers of troops have gathered and have left in the night, silently,

Preachments on Tailoring by KAHN of Indianapolis

STYLE is like a window through which you look without being conscious that it's there.

True style doesn't shout—it whispers. It neither pats itself on the chest, nor on the back. It doesn't cry: "Gaze on me!" but is modestly content to be what it is.

You cannot fasten style to clothes as a boutonnière to your lapel. It must be interwoven with the fabric and interstitched with the tailoring. It isn't one thing, but the sum total of many little things.

Style has always been set by the Custom Tailor, and always will be, for he decrees his own distinctive fashions for men of wealth and leisure, to whom personality is precious and cost is negligible.

Kahn-Tailored-Clothes
$20 to $45

are custom-measured and custom-fitted for *you* alone, from silky-nap, tufty-wool fabrics expressly loomed for merchant tailors. They are finger-worked the old-fashioned "sure-stitch" way, which differs as widely from machine work, as your hand-written signature from a rubber stamp.

Your *Kahn-Tailored* Suit or Topcoat for Autumn may be drafted after one of our custom-correct fashion drawings, or it may, if you wish, interpret the "I" and "My" of your own whim. Either way it will have that *piquant personality* and that *happy harmony* with your taste and type which only custom-tailored garments can bestow.

To-day, go to our *Authorized Representative* in your town and be measured for your *Kahn Custom-Tailored* Autumn Suit or Topcoat. Our Seal, reproduced below, is in his window and more than 500 exclusive Merchant-Tailoring Patterns are in his shop.

Kahn Tailoring Company
of Indianapolis

Our Fashion Catalogue Is FREE

Write for it Today

Ask for Catalogue No. 64 G We pay all Mail or Express charges.

We Satisfy you or Refund your Money

Here Are Some Bargains

5G58 Smart Winter Coat in ... made of imported ...

5G59 Sailor Shape Hat ... Plush and crown of ...

6G61 Hand made Dress Turban ... holding to place the high Ostrich fancy in ... Price, $3.98

BELLAS HESS & CO
WASHINGTON, MORTON & BARROW STS.
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

under orders to go somewhere—to go to fight; and not a soul in England, except the military authorities, knows officially where they have gone or what they are doing.

You see a squad of men marching here under command of a corporal, or a detachment there, or a few companies, and now and then a full regiment with a band and all the paraphernalia of the field. They go by while the people stand silently on the curb, marching up one street and down another. And—presto!—they have vanished. Not a newspaper prints a word of their movements. Not an official bulletin hints at where they are. Not a line is given out of what this or that detachment may consist. They are all soldiers and they are sent away in His Majesty's service. That is sufficient for the authorities; and the people accept it and make no protest.

The censorship is of incredible rigidity. More than that, the English newspapers, which might gather on their own initiative details of these things, have been put under orders to print nothing; so nothing is printed. For weeks and weeks stores were transported to Southampton and to Plymouth and other naval bases, and similar military and naval preparations made, down to a detail that is almost as miraculous in its completeness as it is inclusive, so far as this island is concerned. Things were done that were revolutionary. Not a word was printed. Organizations were perfected. Vast and complicated plans were carried out. Those immediately affected were cognizant; no others were, except the authorities.

I have seen a good many of these preparations, or the effects of them, and after the war is over I shall write of them; but now I am as rigidly under the censor as any other, and in time of war one must do what the warriors tell one to do. When the story does come out of what was accomplished in the way of silent preparation before this war actually came to a head, and what was swiftly executed after it broke, it will be seen that if the Germans thought England was unprepared the Germans were woefully misinformed. England was ready, up to England's full capacity for readiness.

The Vanishing Legions

Foreknowledge of what was going to happen was not a matter of days, or weeks even, with the military authorities and the newspapers. The bulk of the members of the Ministry would not believe what the hard-headed naval and army men told them; but that did not deter the naval and army men from getting ready. Still, the newspapers printed only the barest details; and England, as a whole, was as astonished at what was deemed the sudden outbreak of the war as the United States was. And after the war came the papers continued to print only the barest details.

What England knows of events of the war is exactly what the government desires England to know—no more and no less. Early in the war there was printed a story about a big battle in the North Sea between English and German ships. It was not true. Instant and severe denunciation came in the House of Commons and in the House of Lords for the publication of that dispatch, and meek apology, and the censorship was made more rigid.

The fact is, all countries—or all countries where the newspaper press plays an important part with the people as in England, France and Germany—have practically the same restrictions in force. It was decided long ago that when this great war came it should be a war with no extraneous trimmings, such as war correspondents and detailed stories of military movements, and harrowing yarns about brave soldiers torn by shot and shell; and there was to be no strategy revealed or any publication made that might give aid to the enemy.

There is not a writing man with the fleet—not a man who can in any possible way send back a word about what the fleet is doing. There will not be a man with the army who can send back a word of what the army is doing until that word passes a triple censorship. If the English have a victory that victory will be announced in terms that seem fitting to the authorities; and so with a defeat. War news is positively prohibited by the Germans; and the French have put so many barriers round the work of sending other than official information to the press that any correspondent who tries to accompany a French army wastes his time.

There is not the slightest doubt, if there should be any such detailed publication of

(Continued on Page 29)

"Cook could you spare me a little, please?"

Artful minx! Bound whatever happens, to have *her* fill of this tempting and satisfying dinner-course—

Campbell's Tomato Soup

And right here is the moral for every solicitous mother—anxious first of all for the physical welfare of her children.

Their normal appetite, nine times in ten at least, is a safe guide to the food which does them good.

The genuine wholesomeness of this perfect soup is what makes it so irresistible to the unspoiled appetite of young and old.

Do *you and yours* get the full advantage of this fact as often as you might? How about dinner *today*?

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

1876 1914

Elgin Wonder Tales

A veteran who chased Sitting Bull

and fought the wily Filipinos

Brigadier General Frank Taylor, United States Army, Retired, contributes a chapter to Elgin history which is typical of Elgin performance at home and abroad. This story needs no comment. A photograph of the watch is shown above.

GENERAL TAYLOR says: "You are quite within bounds in advertising that 'Elgins that have seen service for 20, 30 and 40 years are not uncommon.' I have had my Elgin since 1876, have carried it in Indian campaigns and in the Philippine Islands; in fact, wherever service has called me. As far as keeping time goes, it is as good to-day as ever."

This watch is enclosed in an eighteen-karat-gold case, which was originally machine turned, but through much carrying has worn smooth, and was purchased in 1876, when the General was a Lieutenant in the United States Army. He has carried it constantly for thirty-eight years, covering his entire military career as Lieutenant, Captain, Major, Lieutenant Colonel and finally Brigadier General. It always has kept and is now keeping excellent time, and has been in constant use except for an occasional cleaning.

This watch has seen severe service. When it was first purchased the General was serving under General Crook in the engagement against Sitting Bull. In that campaign they had no tents, and for forty days were obliged to sleep on the ground, a good part of the time in the rain, but this dampness did not in any way affect the movement of the watch. In 1900, when the General was serving in the Philippines, due to the damp weather there the hands of the watch rusted, but on taking it to a jeweler it was found that the movement was in perfect condition and that only the hands needed renewing.

Your own jeweler is an Elgineer—master of watchcraft—and he knows Elgin Watches through and through. He will certainly recommend them to you, and supply you with the exact model you need. Write us for booklet which tells more of these stories and illustrates leading Elgin models.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, Elgin, Illinois

Elgin Watches

LORD ELGIN
The Masterwatch
—here illustrated.
$135 to $85.

LADY ELGIN
A Dainty Timekeeper
—pendant and bracelet.
A wide range of prices.

G. M. WHEELER
The Foremost
Medium Priced Watch.
$50 to $25.

B. W. RAYMOND
The Railroad
Man's Watch.
$80 to $32.50.

You dont have to Raise the Cap

To know of the Efficiency and Reliability of

K-W MARK

Road Smoothers

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Quickly applied to your Ford Car

¶ It's true you can see the strong, flexible steel spring and the smooth fitting piston, but the K-W trade mark is your assurance that you are getting the best in design, workmanship and material. K-W Road Smoothers are built up to a standard and not down to a price.

¶ They give comfort on the roughest roads because they combine the three essential features necessary for lasting comfort. The helical spring takes up the shock, the air chamber with its smooth working piston checks rebound, and the anti-side motion links prevent side rocking,—make for your safety and save the parts of your car.

¶ Every K-W Road Smoother is thoroughly tested and perfectly built and of the right materials—high grade, heat-treated drop forgings; electric smelted, chrome vanadium steel springs (not ordinary spring steel); and extra heavy phosphor bronze bushings throughout give long, lasting service and make possible our broad guarantee.

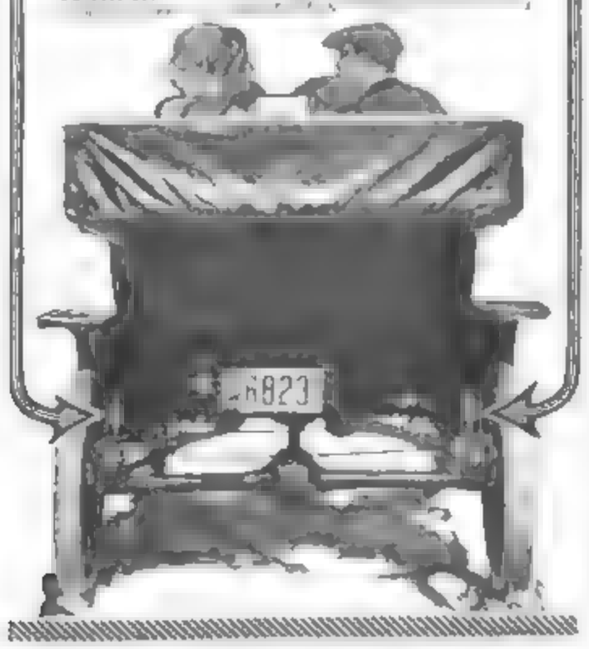
¶ Beware of Imitations. The K-W is the **only** Road Smoother. K-W Road Smoothers are sold by dealers who know the difference everywhere, **at one price.**

$25 SET OF FOUR ONE FOR EACH WHEEL

If your dealer cannot supply you send [illegible] on receipt of

THE K-W IGNITION Co.

2507 Chester Ave. CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S. A.



(Continued from Page 27)

army or navy movements, and comment and criticism of the armies and navies of any of the countries engaged in this war, as there was by the American press at the time of the Spanish War, that responsible editors and writers would be imprisoned and mayhap shot. There is nothing in this war for the word painters and the sob sisters and the amateur strategists. It is a real war—a real war and the greatest war the world has ever known; and every person throughout the nation is expected to take his part in it.

A principal part of the war is to withhold information and to refrain from guesses, or the printing of rumors, or the dissemination of gossip, or the premature exposition of plans and procedure. So far as that goes every man in the writing or publicity trade in any of those countries is as much an enlisted man as a soldier, and as strictly subject to military orders. And so are the people who do not go to war, but who desire to know about it. They must be content to know when the authorities say they shall know, and not before.

In other wars there were not so many restrictions; that was because there were not so many mediums for dissemination of information. Now, with wireless, and the telegraph, and airships, and dirigibles, and high explosives, and submarines, and superdreadnoughts, the terrors of war have increased a hundredfold; and the restrictions of the people who are passively engaged in it through the accident of birth have been quadrupled.

Moreover, there is a perpetual and acute danger from spies. Travel and commerce between the nations now at war have been as unrestricted for years as travel and commerce between the states comprising the United States. At that, with all this apparent friendliness, each nation has maintained a large number of secret agents in every other country. Therefore, the English papers are filled with stories of the doings of German spies, just as the papers of the other countries tell of the doings of spies of the enemy within those countries. To that end, also, the reservoirs and the railroads and the lighting plants are heavily guarded; for a desperate man with a high explosive might do more damage within the confines of London by blowing up the reservoirs or the lighting plants—so far as actual suffering and loss of life are concerned—than an army in the field.

Searching for Spies

This spy and espionage question is far more serious than appears on the surface, as the results of it have been and will be far more serious than can be printed now or perhaps ever. Though the English authorities kept no such strict account of their alien population as was usual in Germany and France, they were by no means in ignorance of the presence of secret agents of various sorts and nationalities; and they have acted promptly and effectively in many instances, but no word has been made public.

The editors of newspapers in England know, from their correspondents, of various terrible occurrences in parts of their country and elsewhere, but they print nothing save warnings to beware of German spies. It is so in Germany and in France. Not the only toll taken by war is the toll of the battlefield or of the fight at sea.

Suspicious strangers, and some not suspicious or suspicionable, are watched carefully, not only in London but everywhere. As soon as war was declared, all through rural England and in the provincial cities the local police officials began recruiting, and circulars were issued to householders and to farmers instructing them what they must do. Regulations and precautions along the coast were strict. The interior and coastal guarding preparations are as perfect and as effective as those in London and elsewhere for the mobilization and sending away of the ships and men.

What was done and what is being done is vastly interesting, but impossible of description at this time because the censorship forbids, and I am bound by censorship limitations as to such matters; but it all shows that this is no hit-or-miss or helter-skelter affair, as was our puny war with Spain. It is a long-considered, carefully-thought-out, cold-as-a-wedge preparation.

Nothing matters but war. No individual's interests or comfort or convenience are considered. The king, who stands for the empire, is paramount. Flaming from every

ADD lines and angles and curves. Combine them properly and you have Style.

But—

Misjudge one line by even so little as a fraction of an inch and your Style becomes commonplace.

Great undertakings command great leaders. The huge canal commands a master engineer. The great newspaper commands an editor whose words are quoted the country over. The Kirschbaum business, extending into cities, towns and villages from coast to coast, commands—naturally—a great Designing Department. It is headed by a man whose fashion forecasts are always authoritative

And Kirschbaum Style *lasts*—can't pucker out—can't fade out—can't wrinkle out.

For Kirschbaum Clothes are guaranteed to be all-wool, fast in color, shrunk by the original London cold-water process, hand tailored and sewn at all points of strain with silk thread.

Gentlemen, the Kirschbaum models for Fall and Winter are now ready.

A. B. Kirschbaum Co.

Philadelphia

Kirschbaum Clothes

$15 $20 $25 and up

"Look for the Guarantee and Price Ticket on the Sleeve

Copyright, 1914, A. B. Kirschbaum Co

The Short Cut to Pipe Joy

Hard smokers go to P. A. like they're being salaried for using matches. They light up after breakfast and make smoking their 'tween meal nibble, all day, 'cause Prince Albert won't parch their vocals nor their tempers. You stuff some gentle, lovable

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

into your home-trained jimmy pipe or roll it into corking good cigarettes and see why men keep coming back for more P. A. The bite's taken out by a patented process that sent the pipe-grouch to the scrap-heap to stay. Put a humidor of P. A. in your home. There's an absorber in the cover that keeps your pipe-fuel moist-like and pipe-fit. It's the real joy jar.

The tidy red tin, 10c, and the toppy red bag, 5c; also pound and half-pound humidors of P. A. sold everywhere.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

blank wall are royal proclamations containing long lists of articles useful in warfare, or for the comfort and to aid the efficiency of the troops, which can be commandeered without recourse; proclamations stating that the king can requisition every ship, to the ultimate English bottom; proclamations making strict definition of contraband of war; proclamations urging the people to enlist; proclamations for the colonies, for the banks, for financial affairs, for every phase of the life of England on which war impinges—and that means nearly every phase of English life, of course. The last drop of English blood must be at the service of the king. When it is necessary to open a vein that vein is opened, and no heed is paid to whose vein it is.

And the great tragedy of it is that the men who are going to battle are young men—almost boys. I saw a regiment of them on Victoria Street the day before I wrote this. It was hot—blistering in the sun. They came along, dressed in thick khaki suits of a greenish yellowish tinge, in heavy marching order, carrying their knapsacks, blankets and camp equipment; and each had a great belt of cartridges swung round him.

It was pitiful! They had their muskets, butt end up, over their shoulders, and their faces were red, parboiled with the heat; the sweat streamed from them. They looked straight ahead, eyes staring front, while the band did its earnest best to cheer them along with a lively marching tune. Some of them were palpably distressed from the heat and the weight of their equipment—some of them almost staggered; but they kept their eyes to the front and marched as bravely as they could, for they were going to fight for the empire. Going where? Not one of them knew. Not one of the hundreds along the curb knew.

No Business in the Shops

So it has been from the beginning and so it will be to the end. They come and they go, and no word is known of their coming or their going. The ships steam out of port stripped for action. They disappear on the horizon and, save for the messages that flash back to the Admiralty, not a word is known of them but such few words as the Admiralty may give out.

There is no doubt, of course, before this article reaches print in America, because of the slow processes of communication enforced by this very policy of silence, that there will be news, and much of it, as to what all these preliminaries meant. I am speaking now only of the beginnings. I am trying to tell of the most amazing development of the modern science of warfare—the development of the policy of silence. Here is London, with its great newspaper press and its seven million people, and England with her forty millions, and the press of the provincial cities—England, with her multitude of mediums for publicity—in silence, dense and profound, during the movements of the men and the ships that are to hold her imperially or allow her to become a subject nation; or, at least, a nation held in hostage! It would seem incredible if it were not the marvelous fact observed by every person in England at the present time.

And when you pass the Admiralty you see the wireless on the roof guarded in every way, with guns and with men, and barricaded. At Whitehall Court you see monoplane airships poised on the roofs ready for instant flight. The telegraph wires and the telephone wires, which are owned by the government, first deliver every syllable sent over them to the censors before any syllable gets to the outside world. Scores of messengers in khaki uniform dash about the city on motor cycles. Officers rush here and there in automobiles. Information is coming in every minute, and orders and information are being sent out; but not for the public. War is paramount! The government tells nothing, whatever it may know.

There was no flurry over the declaration of war on England by Austria. That was discounted long ago. The newspapers gave short paragraphs to it, and the only outside notice apparently taken of it was the pasting of slips of green paper on the proclamations requiring aliens of German birth to register at appointed places—green slips which said tersely that the requirements in the proclamations applied to persons of Austrian and Hungarian birth as well as to Germans. It was not even an episode in these days of epochal events.

I went into some of the big stores yesterday. There were no customers. A few Americans were buying a few trinkets, but

Delicious Appetizing Satisfying

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

Keeps after opening

From red, ripe tomatoes piquantly seasoned with pure spices

Contains only those ingredients Recognized and Endorsed by the U.S. Government

Our Soups, Jams, Jellies, Preserves, Meats, Canned Fruits and Vegetables are equally as high quality and satisfying as our Blue Label Ketchup

Write for our instructive booklet "Original Menus." A postal mentioning your grocer's name, and this weekly, will bring it.

Curtice Brothers Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

In Color and Flavor

both—to please the eye as well as the palate—

Mapleine

is unique. It is particularly appropriate at this season for making *maple cakes, desserts, ices and dainties.*

Adds zest and color to meat gravies, soups, etc.

Your grocer sells it.

1-oz. bottle 20c. 2-oz. 35c.

Send 2c stamp for our booklet "Mapleine Dainties."

Crescent Manufacturing Company
Dept. E 1 Seattle, Wash.

Manufacturers-Jobbers

Dealers-LOOK Here's a Real, High Grade Serviceable SOUVENIR That Your Trade Is Bound to Appreciate

Golden Rule Pocket Knives are not of the common, [illegible] They are hand forged made of genuine English razor steel [illegible]

AGENTS Make Big Money Selling Golden Rule Knives to Your Friends.

[illegible] Every piece, including knives, razors, strops and cutlery specialties, is covered by a binding guarantee. We will [illegible]

GOLDEN RULE CUTLERY CO., 502 W. Lake St., Dept. 148, Chicago

Draperies That Will Not Fade

The windows of a home invite the first look of a visitor. If the draperies are faded and shabby, the effect of the whole room is spoiled. But

ORINOKA
Guaranteed
SUNFAST FABRICS
For Drapery and Upholstery

defy sun and washing, and always remain bright and fresh as when new.

They are made in the greatest variety of artistic designs and colorings, are guaranteed absolutely fadeless, and are wonderfully inexpensive. The Biltmore, New York's newest and finest hotel, is draped with these fabrics. Send for free book, "Draping the Home," and name of dealer nearest you.

ORINOKA MILLS
158 Clarendon Bldg.
NEW YORK

For Your Protection Insist on This Guarantee:

These goods are guaranteed absolutely fadeless. If color changes from exposure to the sunlight or from washing the merchant is hereby authorized to replace them with new goods or refund the purchase price.

This Tag and Guarantee on every Bolt.

DAVIS DELICACIES
From Ocean, Farm and Orchard

The best fish in the world are brought to our dock at the moment of highest perfection. We get the most attractive and delicious fish, to you fresh from the boats—in hermetic packages, with the sea flavor retained.

The best vegetables in the world are brought to our dock, after being packed, according to our standard, where they grow, in order to insure proper freshness.

The best fruits in the world are unloaded at our wharf from Native Orchards, the South, the Pacific Coast and Across the Seas.

No matter where you live, we guarantee to bring to your door Nature's choicest products from Ocean, Farm and Orchard *packed as they grew and packed to keep.*

We sell direct to you—never through dealers

DAVIS DELICACIES

Express free on $3.00 orders east of Kansas

OUR SEA FOODS range from the Mackerel fresh or salted, Codfish (fresh or salted), Salmon, Lobsters, Crabs, Clams and Shrimp of our native waters, to the specialties of Italy, France, Portugal and the North Sea Ports.

OUR FARM PRODUCTS include all the good things that grow in and near the ground, also our [illegible] dried meats, pork and beans and other New England goodies.

OUR ORCHARD SPECIALTIES are gathered from the selected crops of American and more Tropical Climes.

All are of a quality rarely found even in the best markets.

We are glad to send, upon request, our descriptive price-list telling of the many [illegible] we handle and how [illegible] Our *Book of Receipts* is an authority. Fill out coupon today and begin to [illegible]

Frank E. Davis Company,
74 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.

Please send me [illegible]
Name
Street
City
State

the shop people all said that business was practically at a standstill. The merchants have ceased advertising to a great extent. The only places where there were any evidences of business were at the two Army and Navy stores; and in those women bought whole pieces of flannel, and balls of yarn for stockings, and that sort of material, to be turned into clothing for the soldiers. The lace counters, the frippery counters and the gown departments were deserted. The women of England were there buying materials for shirts and underclothes and socks for their men, and bolts of cotton and gauze and other materials for use in the hospitals—the women of England, who met the event with the same outward calm as the men.

There is no complaint and no criticism. Of course I do not know what the news of a great reverse to the allies or a slaughter of the English or the loss of some of the ships might mean, or what that news would produce; but in the beginning the English accepted the war with what seemed to be almost stolidity. They took it as it came. They neither shouted nor cheered.

I saw a transport go out the other day jammed with men going somewhere. The soldiers lined the rails. There were many women on the docks. The soldiers cheered little and the women wept little. It was all in the spirit of "Good-by and good luck! A safe and victorious return!" But there were no hysterics about it.

As I write this I doubt whether the bulk of the people of England realize what is happening. Indeed, much as I have seen of it, it seems like a dream to me—vague, unformed, inchoate.

No Popular Demonstrations

Here I am in England and England is at war—a war that cannot fail to change the map of the world, and cost thousands of lives and millions and millions in treasure—and three weeks ago war seemed as remote to the superficial view as the millennium! And London, the center of the European world, shows no outward sign; nor do the people of London and England know anything of it, save that the Germans must be defeated!

The only signs of enthusiasm I have seen I saw a day or so ago on the Haymarket. Two French officers, in full uniform, walked up the street, and a crowd of two hundred men and boys followed them and cheered them; while passers-by in taxicabs, in busses and in automobiles waved friendly greetings to them. Nor are there any great demonstrations in the music halls and at the moving-picture shows. Of course all the orchestras play patriotic airs, and these are cheered; and at the picture shows are shown pictures of the Czar and the President of France and the King of the Belgians; and all are decorously applauded.

One thing I noticed was that the picture of the Kaiser was not shown to be hissed. They cut that out. Also, an order has been issued forbidding any pictures in the moving-picture houses that show war scenes other than a fleet sailing, or something of that kind. It is not the intention of the authorities to have a repetition of the pictures of the War in the Balkans of two years ago, when heaps of dead and wounded were shown, and all that sort of gruesome thing.

Furthermore, the English are not so self-sufficient as they have been. The war has made a temporary temperamental change at least. I have never seen in this country, which I have visited many times, such unfailing courtesy, such regard for others, such consideration, as is shown by the English, not alone for Englishmen but for all others. War has leveled the whole people to one cohesive mass, with a common foe; and each man helps his neighbor as he can.

The recruiting for the second army of one hundred thousand men, asked for by Lord Kitchener, is going on regularly. The days are bright and sunshiny. The parks and gardens are abloom with flowers. The food prices are a little higher. Finances are being adjusted. A moratorium has been declared. Money is easy to get if one has money-getting credentials. England is at war, but England is quiet about it; and the war itself is the great silence thus far.

Any day there may come the shock of a defeat or the glory of a victory. Any day the whole top of the nation may blow off. Any day there may be bad news or good news; but until that day comes England is grimly waiting—waiting; and saying nothing and knowing less.

These Tools Have the Punch of Quality.

Yes, sir! They *have*. They'll make you want to take the exercise you ought to have. They'll give you pastime and they'll give you diversion. Even hatchet work will put glow into your body and a sparkle in your eye. The use of tools will make every muscle work and work right—backward, forward, to and fro, arms, legs and back. Tools are a fine gym and

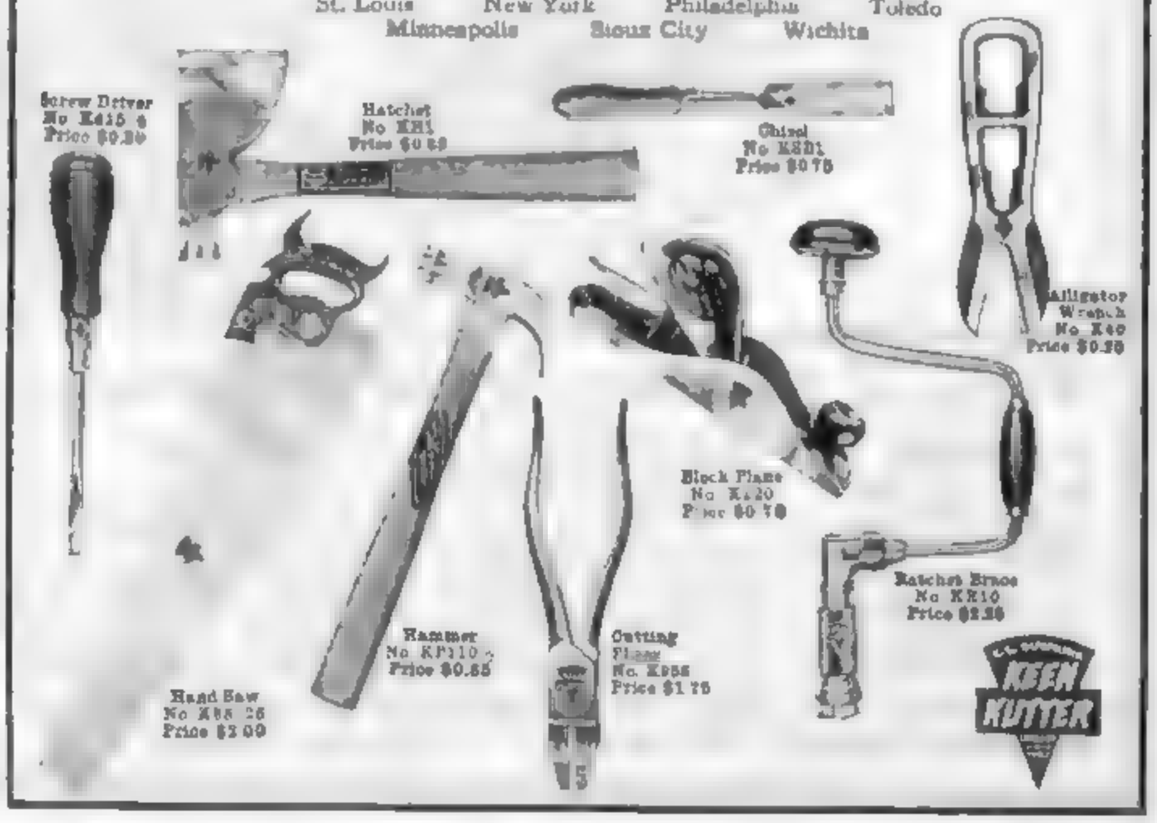
KEEN KUTTER

Tools have the punch of quality that makes them stand up to their end of the job and *prove* themselves every time you use them. The edge on any Keen Kutter blade holds. The live steel *responds* to the will of the user in accuracy and speed, in clean-cut work. Yes, you *can* learn to use tools, have the pleasure of owning furniture of your own handiwork, and get the real fun in home craftsmanship. Keen Kutter tools are sold with a strict guarantee. If any Keen Kutter tool fails to give satisfaction, the dealer is authorized to refund the money.

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten"
Trade Mark Registered. E. C. SIMMONS.

If not at your dealer's, write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY
St. Louis New York Philadelphia Toledo
Minneapolis Sioux City Wichita



Overland

$850

MODEL 81
With ELECTRIC STARTER
And ELECTRIC LIGHTS

A few of the many Model 81 Features

30 H. P. motor
Stream-line body
Ample room for five passengers
Electrically started
Electrically lighted
Electric horn
High-tension magneto
All electric switches on instrument board of cowl dash
High-grade upholstery
Thermo-syphon cooling
Five-bearing crankshaft
Rear axle, floating type
Extra long underslung rear springs
106-inch wheel base
33" x 4" tires
Demountable rims—one extra
Left-hand drive
Rain vision ventilating type windshield
Body color: Brewster green with ivory white striping
Complete equipment

HERE is the unexpected!

An Overland—electrically started, electrically lighted, stream-line body, powerful, large five-passenger touring car—priced at only $850! This is the first car of its size, capacity, power and electrical equipment to sell below $1000!

Probably this model, better than any previous Overland, demonstrates and proves, once and for all, the decided and vast economy of producing automobiles in great quantities.

Certainly never before has such big and exceptional value, at such an unusually low price, been offered.

Though the price is lower than ever the quality is maintained throughout. All materials, metals and best. All steels are accurately analyzed microscopically and mechanically tested before production starts. We could use more precaution and precision. Model internally as it is externally.

This newest Overland has the gen body design. Its snappy, superb and our master designers.

The body color is Brewster green It is neatly trimmed with fine hair-line

Model 81 Prices

Two-Passenger Roadster . . $795 The larger four cylinder Overland (Model 80) $1075
Prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio

THE WILLY

workmanship are of the very
d in our own laboratories and
ed for hardness and strength
ıl purchase nor produce with
181 is as fine and as finished

uine fashionable stream-line
stylish lines are the work of

always so rich and attractive.
striping of ivory white.

The electric starting and electric lighting equipment is one of the most reliable and best established on the market.

There is also a high-tension magneto, which is independent of the starting and lighting system and requires no dry cells.

This car rides just like it looks—beautifully. The new, long, improved underslung rear springs give maximum riding comfort. No jolting or jarring on the road—just absolute ease and smoothness at all times. Tires are 33" x 4" all around. Never before has a car at this price come equipped with such large tires.

It seats five adults comfortably, without crowding. It is a big, spacious five-passenger car. It has the famous Overland 30 h. p. motor, of remarkable strength, speed, durability and economy, developing more power than you will ever require.

With left-hand drive, center control, 33" x 4" tires, demountable rims (with one extra), electric head, side, dash and tail lights, electric horn, top, top cover, speedometer, robe rail, foot rest, jack and tools, and windshield, this car at this price is destined to be known as the greatest motor car achievement of the season.

Demonstrations are now going on all over the country. Dealers are taking orders for immediate delivery. See the Overland dealer in your town today.

Handsome Catalogue on Request. Please address Dept. 26

Canadian Prices—Model 81

The larger four cylinder Overland (Model 80) $1425

Five-Passenger Touring Car . . $1135 Two-Passenger Roadster . . . $1065

Prices f. o. b. Hamilton, Ontario

BY INVITATION
MEMBER OF

The Overland is the car selected by the Race Leaders of the World Association as prizes for the leading salesmen of the world.

S-OVERLAND COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ontario

DODGE BROTHERS · DETROIT · U·S·A

DODGE BROTHERS

Detroit

have manufactured as many as 225,000 sets of motor car parts a year. This means millions of pieces, large and small. They have established costs on every piece, every part, every operation.

They know, to the fraction of a cent, the most and the best it is possible to get out of men, material and machinery.

With this exceptional experience and equipment, Dodge Brothers should be able to show in the motor car they will market this Fall *how much it is possible to give.*

THE ALETHEPHONE

(Continued from Page 6)

He noticed that her breath was coming fast. At last she said in steady, resonant tones:

"Pray that I shall never yield to wanting happiness; and pray especially that I shall never hurt you." Her voice trembled and sank with the last words.

At that moment Helms knew that, more than earth or heaven, he wanted Mary Bayliss; and he believed that if he spoke then he could have her. He started up; the words were on his tongue—when some inexplicable paralysis of the will fell on him. What was he, to undertake her happiness! He stood in silence and the moment passed.

Suddenly she looked at the little watch the fourth time.

"The last minute has gone—more than gone," she said. "Really, I must go." She held out her hand. "We won't say good-by; it's only for a few weeks."

"No; we won't say good-by," he said. There was an ache in his throat. "I'll be back before we know it."

"It's only for a few weeks," she repeated. "Good-by!"

"Good-by," he said. "Good-by! God bless you!" He bent over her hand and kissed it.

She went slowly to the door without speaking, opened it and went through. A wave of loneliness and pain swept over him. He wanted now to call after her; but no sound came, and he sank down in his chair and watched the door swing slowly to. Breathless, he sat and waited for the click of the latch.

VI

THE door did not click shut however. It must be, thought Helms, that Mary Bayliss had gone softly away, leaving it ajar. And then, while he was considering getting up to latch it, the thin crack began to widen. The door was opening again!

She had not gone. He could see her now, standing in the doorway in her furs, gazing at him with strange, passion-clouded eyes. He rose and waited. The fire crackled irrelevantly in the overcharged silence.

Slowly, like a sleepwalker, she came back into the room and took an irresolute, fate-compelled step toward him; then another. His eyes were fixed on hers, but neither spoke. At last she stood before him.

"I can't go now!" she whispered.

"You must never go!" he answered.

She gave a little cry and threw herself forward. His arms closed about her. He knew at that moment he had beaten life—that he held the promise of the universe in his arms! Time and circumstance seemed swept aside by the rush of elemental forces.

It was after seven when she glanced at her watch again.

"Your engagement to drive?" he said. They looked at each other and laughed.

Just before she left Franz came in with Helms' supper.

"He seems better this evening," said Franz.

"He is better!" she answered.

"It is the spring that is coming," said Franz. "Spring is the best medicine."

"By the way," said Helms, "we are not going South to-morrow."

Twice she reached the door, came back and clung to him, and kissed him.

"Until four o'clock to-morrow?" he said.

"You'll be here? You won't be late?" she answered.

"I late!" He smiled. "I shall begin to wait for you before you reach the street."

All that night Helms lay like some growing thing that spring had touched and made tremulous with life. After all these years she had come, that mystical other half of his being, and life at last was truly beginning! All other facts that had affected his personal existence grew dim in the light of this one and seemed but incidents leading up to it. She was the great explanation of all things and their justification.

Once he wondered how such a woman could have endured a person like Touchard to the point of engaging herself even to motor with him; but such riddles do not weigh heavily on a man who lies awake in the new joy of loving and being loved.

VII

AT THREE o'clock the next afternoon Helms was sitting in the easy-chair before the fire, watching the clock creep on to the momentous hour of four. To pass the time he got up and went to the laboratory. He wanted to make sure that Mylius had come back from lunch. He was worried about him. The man had been acting queerly the past few weeks.

Helms feared that Mylius' wife was ill again, though he denied it. He reached the laboratory and found that Mylius had not come back, which was strange; for when his wife was sick and he went home to Brooklyn to lunch he always left word or telephoned. Helms stood and drummed with his fingers on an apparatus table, considering various aspects of the matter and especially an odd thing which had happened that morning.

About ten o'clock he had gone to the workshop with the news that the Southern trip was off. The old man had started as he came in, uttering such an exclamation of surprise that Helms had said:

"Mylius, you look like a boy caught stealing jam!"

At that moment there had come a soft knock on the door that opened from the laboratory into the passage leading to the elevator. No one used the door, and in three years Helms had never heard a knock on it. Mylius muttered something about peddlers and opened it slightly. As he did so a voice said "Good morning!" and he shouted in answer, "Mr. Helms don't want any shoe laces!" and slammed the door shut.

Now the voice that said "Good morning" was not the voice of a peddler. It was a voice Helms had heard before, but where or under what circumstances he could not remember. As he stood drumming on the table he seemed almost on the point of being able to put a name to it. Then it eluded him again and he went back to the library. The clock said ten minutes past three. Ten minutes of his hour of waiting had gone.

Just at quarter past three the telephone rang. He was on his feet when Franz came in to tell him he was wanted. He went to the instrument with a fluttering of the pulses. Of course it was Mary Bayliss! Either she was coming before she had said or she would be late. He took up the receiver. To his surprise an excited voice said:

"This is Mylius. Quick! Write down this number!" He gave a number in West Fifty-seventh Street. "Haf you got it?"

"Yes; but what's the matter?" said Helms.

"You must get here in twenty minutes it is life or death!"

"But what has happened?"

"I haf not time to tell. Some one is coming!" was the answer.

There was a click in the receiver. "Hello!" Helms called. "Hello!" But Mylius had hung up. "It's his wife, of course," thought Helms. "She's had another attack." He considered a moment, looked at his watch, and ordered Franz to call a taxicab immediately. He left no message. He could be back by four, or else he would telephone.

On the way uptown he tried to make out what Mylius could have meant by the words "Some one is coming!" If the place was a private hospital, as he surmised, who could interfere with the man's right to telephone?

The chauffeur turned into Fifty-seventh Street and ran along the curb looking for the house number. As the taxicab stopped Helms saw a door open a few inches. He went up the steps. It opened wide enough to admit him. He went in and stood facing Mylius in the dimly lit hallway.

"If a manservant comes," the old man whispered excitedly, "talk as though you were my assistant." He led the way upstairs, then down the passage to the little hall bedroom. They went in and he shut the door. "*Ach Gott!*" he exclaimed. "You have come in time!"

"Just what is the situation?" asked Helms. "Of course I realize that Mrs. Mylius is very ill."

"My wife?" said the old man. "What has she to do with this?"

"Isn't your wife here?"

"My wife is in Brooklyn. She is not ill."

"Then what does all this mean?" Helms demanded.

"There is what they call a pool in B. R. P.," Mylius answered. "Untold millions! We were to get half the profits, and for nothing—no risks, no outlay!"

"Mylius," said Helms, "are you crazy or am I?"

"I am sane!" the old man answered. "We could have made millions solely for half an hour's work—for finding out whether those they call the insiders are going to sell or buy. The machine is here, and at four o'clock a man was to come here who is in the pool."

Then Helms understood.

"Who has put you up to this?" he demanded sternly.

"This is the house of Mr. Amos Touchard," said Mylius.

Immediately the shoe-lace peddler was explained. That voice at the door was Touchard's!

"About three weeks ago," Mylius went on, "he came to me and said he wanted to make some money for you and all of us. He knew about the Alethephone from Miss Bayliss."

"I see!" said Helms. "So you and he were going to make the first practical demonstration of it as an instrument of burglary?"

"It is the way of all business," said Mylius. "You are a child about business; but that is neither here nor there. This plan for making money is over. There is something more serious to be attended to.

"Listen!" he went on, lowering his voice and speaking in German. "I am an old man. I knew your father and your mother, and I have known you since you were a little boy. For years I taught you, until you grew beyond me; and when you became my master I followed you to a new country and became your assistant. I was with you when you fought Rudesheim. I have been with you through your illness. Through all your troubles I have watched and prayed that the clouds might part for you. I have eyes, and of late it has seemed that the sun was breaking through. Am I mistaken?"

"Old friend," said Helms, "you are not mistaken!"

"I thought not. Now listen again! I have been married fifty years and it has all been good; but one thing I've learned, a man must protect the woman God has given him from those who would despoil him. You fought Rudesheim, but it was then too late. There is no use locking the stable when the horses have gone."

"What are you driving at?" said Helms.

"An hour ago," said Mylius, "that man Touchard and I set up the machine. I remained in this room. He went round into the next room, the library, to turn on the electric fan so as to drown the noise of the generator. It is still going. This door into the hall was open and I saw a manservant come up the stairs bearing a letter, which he put on a silver tray as he entered the library. At that moment I put on the receiver and when Mr. Touchard opened that letter he was in the field of the machine. As he read it I, Mylius, also read it; also his thoughts about that letter." The old man paused and looked impressively at Helms.

"I don't see what business you had to intercept Mr. Touchard's private letters," said Helms.

"Wait!" said Mylius. "A moment later Touchard came to this room and said: 'Mr. Mylius, will you please go out for an hour? I've got to go out, myself. Be back at four sharp and come right up to this room. Lock this door when you go out and take the key.' I knew from the letter that what the man wanted was to be rid of me from half past three to four. I said to him I would go out in a minute—as soon as I adjusted the machine. He hurried downstairs. When he was gone I hurried downstairs, too, and telephoned you."

"But why?" asked Helms.

Instead of answering, the old man put his hand to his ear.

"Hush!" he said. They could hear some one opening the front door with a key. "That is Touchard returning." He noiselessly locked the bedroom door.

"But I have no business here," said Helms.

Mylius turned on him fiercely.

"You must do as I say! Wait, and be silent!"

Touchard's heavy tread had begun on the stairs when the front doorbell rang shrilly. They heard him pause halfway in his ascent, then hurry to the top, and then toward them down the passage to the bedroom. He tried the door, making sure it was locked, and then went round to the door by the head of the stairway and entered the library.

The reason for his precautions, assuming that he wished privacy in the library, was apparent as soon as he entered that room. His movements could be plainly heard. The alcove opening, which had formerly made the little hall room a part of the library, had been blocked merely with bookshelves. On one of these shelves, hidden by books, the transmitter of the Alethephone had been planted. The doorbell rang a second time and they could hear a heavy manservant hurry through the hall below to answer it.

"Put on the receiver!" whispered Mylius, "and learn for yourself about that letter and the things that concern you." Helms drew back and Mylius gripped him fiercely by the wrists. "You would listen for a serpent creeping to destroy innocent life?" he said. "This man is worse. Put it on!"

It only then dawned on Helms what the old man's overwrought and melodramatic insinuations had reference to. For the moment he was uncertain whether to be amused or annoyed. He shook his wrists free and stood debating how to extricate himself from the situation.

Meantime they heard the manservant in the lower hall opening the front door and presently mounting the stair. It seemed to Helms that some shadowy second person was also ascending—a man of light, elastic movements, whose step was all but lost in the heavy tread of Touchard's butler. Reaching the library door the servant knocked. Touchard called "Come in!" and a moment later a woman's voice greeted him.

The old man turned to Helms with a look that said: "I told you so."

For an instant Helms stood stockstill. The woman was Mary Bayliss!

"He has put a spell on her," whispered Mylius.

"Hush!" Helms answered. "It is quite clear. She has come here to tell him that she is to be my wife. They have been friends since childhood."

Mylius looked at him incredulously.

"Do you believe she would come to his house to tell him that?"

"You will see," whispered Helms.

In the other room she was saying:

"Why the electric fan in March?"

"Smell of pipe smoke," was the answer.

"Amos," she said, "I'm sorry you waited for me yesterday."

"I think you ought to be," he answered. "I waited an hour! Why didn't you telephone?"

"I want to talk to you about that and several other things."

"Do you see?" whispered Mylius.

"Listen!" Helms answered. "There will be nothing you may not hear." And then on the impulse he whispered: "Give me the receiver!"

He knew there was nothing she could wish to hide from him; yet here was the opportunity to use the Alethephone for himself as he planned for others. It would make assurance doubly sure. He adjusted the headpiece.

"The first thing I want to talk about is Grace," she was saying.

The instant before the words were uttered Helms was conscious of them. They had come to him as she had described the experience—like smoke filtering up through wet leaves. He felt her mind flow and merge into his.

"What's on your mind about Grace?" Touchard asked.

"Simply this: Why don't you send for her? She would come back."

"No," said Touchard. "Grace would never come back, and I don't want her."

"I am sorry about that," Mary said slowly. "Terribly sorry!"

"Why?" he demanded. "Let's be honest. Why should any one be sorry?"

"I don't think I care to talk about that," she answered; "but what I do want to make plain, Amos, is this: I want you to put me out of your head."

"Oh, that's what's on your mind!"

"Yes."

After a moment's silence he said with forced humor:

"You think you're a bad influence for me?"

"I know I am!" They could hear Touchard laugh softly. "There's nothing real between us," she went on. "You know that."

"If we're going to talk this way," he said, "we'd better go down to your motor. There's a man likely to come into the next room any time now to fix the electric light."

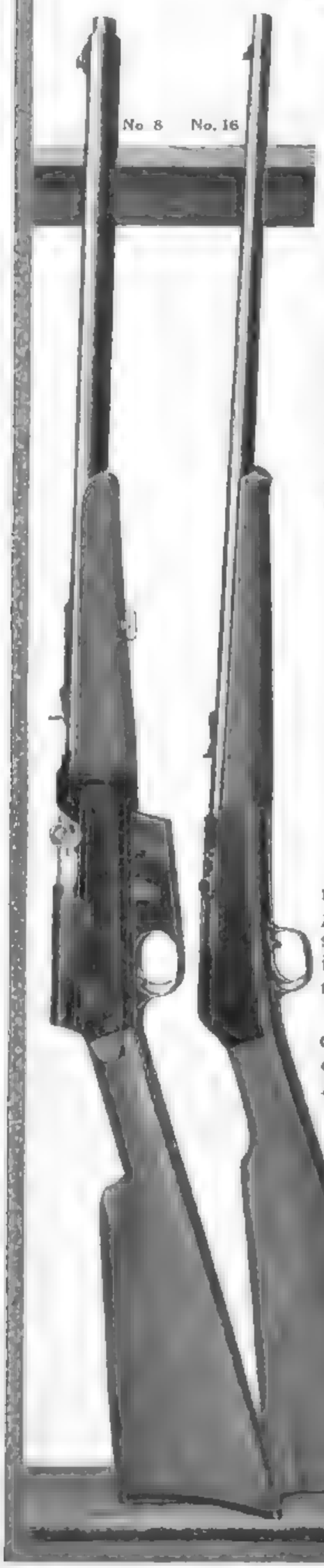
"He can hear anything I'm going to say," she answered. "I'd rather stay here until I finish. I shan't be long."

"Have your own way. Say it!"

"I rather think I have said it. I want you to stop sending me flowers every day.

Love's Choicest Treat
Is Vera Sweet
SHE is the embodiment of the world's most delicious, tantalizing flavors, imprisoned in palate-enchanting morsels of purest chocolate. She is—the delight of young and old—the choice of fastidious candy lovers.
A box of Vera Sweet Chocolates is a mystic key of sweetness, ofttimes opening the treasure trove of Some One's affections.
The gods, had they tasted them, would have proclaimed Vera Sweet Chocolates more delicious than nectar and ambrosia.
So, for yourself or as a gift, select—
RAMER'S Vera Sweet CHOCOLATES
Flavors of Infinite Variety
In each dainty shell of Vera Sweet Chocolates waits a delectable, tempting surprise. They offer an incomparable variety of flavors—some so subtle as to elude a name. Therein you will find your favorites—and new ones that will win you to Vera Sweet forever.
Meet Vera Sweet Today
Ask for these unusually toothsome chocolates at your confectioner's or drug store. If you do not know where to find Vera, enclose a $1 bill in a letter, and we will parcel post you a beautiful, bountiful box of the most wonderful confection you have ever tasted.
A. M. RAMER COMPANY
Winona, Minn.

Remington UMC



Now— the Remington-UMC Autoloading Rifle in the .22 Caliber

EVER since the *High-Power* Remington-UMC Autoloading Rifle first began to show its remarkable shooting quality, men who go in for .22 caliber shooting have been asking *when* we would be ready to give them an Autoloading Rifle in their favorite caliber—and *here it is*.

Remington-UMC Model No. 16

Sixteen shots, handling Remington-UMC Autoloading .22 Cartridges *(rim fire)*. Hammerless. Magazine in stock. Remington-UMC Solid Breech. 22-inch Remington Steel Barrel. Straight Bar rear sight *(adjustable)*. White Metal Bead front sight. Take-down simple and easy—no tools needed. Weight 5¾ pounds.

Each shot fired by simply pressing the trigger, with the same *dependability* in firing, ejection, and reloading that is giving the Remington-UMC *High-Power* Autoloading Rifle and the Autoloading Shotgun their leading place with sportsmen all over the world.

All that we regret is that we cannot now offer enough of these rifles for *complete distribution*. We are trying to see that no one who wants a rifle for immediate use shall have to wait until more of them can be got ready.

Your Remington-UMC dealer has one, or can get it for you if you and he *act quickly*—the dealer who displays the *Red Ball Mark of Remington-UMC*, the Sign of Sportsmen's Headquarters in every town.

REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.

299 Broadway, New York

London, England Windsor, Ontario

No. 8—High-Power Autoloading Rifle, 5 Shots—for .25, .30, .32 and .35 Remington Cartridges.

No. 16—.22 caliber Autoloading Rifle, 16 shots—for Remington UMC Autoloading .22 Cartridges *(rim fire)*.

I want to be friends with you, Amos, but I want you to stop making love to me."

There was silence for a moment. They heard him strike a match. He was lighting a cigarette. Then:

"What's happened?" he demanded.

"Nothing has happened!" she answered. "Some things have taken place; but that's neither here nor there. If anything had happened, as you say, it could make no difference to you."

"No difference to me?" he repeated.

"Exactly!"

"Well, now," he said, "I'll tell you something that's going to happen. This afternoon Grace is going to get her divorce in the French courts. There's the cable from my lawyer in Paris."

"I'm sorry about that," she answered; "but, Amos, it can't make any difference with what we are to each other."

"You are talking in a funny way, Mary. You know what's in my mind—what's been in my mind all along."

"If I do you had better not remind me of it."

There was the flick of a cigarette striking the fireplace and the sound of a heavy man springing to his feet.

"But, Mary," he began in a low, passion-muffled voice, "do you understand ——"

His voice dropped to a whisper. They could hear no more; but Helms, with the instrument, felt her recoil.

"Marry you!" she cried. "Heaven help the woman that marries you, Amos!"

They heard him laugh.

"Well, the two who've tried it have had a hard time." She said nothing. "Of course I shouldn't laugh," he went on presently. "I've been to blame, and all you've said about Grace is sweet and good of you; but, Mary ——"

His voice dropped again and they could not hear—only Helms knew that he was pleading and that she was listening in pity. Half a minute later they heard her say:

"The thing for you is to buck up, Amos! Play the game! Stop this divorce by cable and make Grace happy."

"You know that I could never make Grace happy!"

"You could try," she said slowly. "Amos, there is a lot of good in you. Take a brace and bring it out."

"What else have I been trying to do this last year! Haven't I been doing better?"

"Yes, you have been doing better."

"And you're going to chuck me and put me on the loose again?"

"But, Amos, I can't make your life over for you; you've got to work it out yourself, like everybody else."

"So you're going to chuck me?" he repeated.

"I can never marry you, Amos, even though I wanted to once."

"Mary," he interrupted hoarsely, "look at me! Look me in the eyes! Now tell me what is in your heart!" She made no answer. "Tell me what is in your heart!" he said again.

"He is charming her," whispered Mylius excitedly.

Helms put his hand to the adjustment screw. Something had happened. His sense of her had become blank. The thing was out of order or she had moved out of the field. He tried the adjustment both ways, but nothing came. The silence in the other room still continued. He tore the receiver from his head.

"The thing has stopped!" he muttered. "It's broken down!"

Mylius bent over it, examining the mechanism. Then Touchard's resonant voice said:

"Are you going to tell me?"

"I must go," she answered in a strange, despairing tone. "I must go."

"You must tell me first."

Mary Bayliss made no answer.

"He is charming her!" Mylius said again.

He seemed to meditate breaking into the room through the bookshelves. Then they heard the front doorbell's shrill rattle from the back part of the house.

"Some one is coming," she said. "Let me go!"

"Wait until he comes upstairs; then go down quietly. It's better not to be seen."

"Do you think I care about an electric-light man's seeing me in your house—or any one else?"

"Well, I do."

"Then pretend that you're out," she answered and hurried from the room.

Mylius had gone to the window.

"That was the postman who rang," he whispered to Helms. "Touchard no doubt thinks it was me. What shall we do? He is waiting in the other room."

"Do what you like," said Helms. "I am going."

He unlocked the bedroom door and went swiftly downstairs. From the lower hall he heard Touchard call Mylius. As he closed the front door behind him Mary Bayliss' motor drove away. He looked for his cab. It was not to be found. He hurried to Fifth Avenue to get another taxi. Vehicle after vehicle passed, the little flags always down. It was twenty-eight minutes past four when he reached his rooms.

"About fifteen minutes ago Miss Bayliss was here," said Franz. "She inquired whether you had left a message."

"She left no message?"

"No."

He waited half an hour and telephoned the Bayliss home. A servant answered.

"Miss Bayliss left word that she will telephone Mr. Helms at half past six. She is lying down."

As he hung up, Mylius came in.

"I had a hard time getting away with the machine," he said. "I told him it had broken down and he accused me of what they call double-crossing him. Who do you suppose the man was who came?"

"The man in the pool that you and Touchard were going to rob?"

"Yes," said Mylius. "It was Henry T. Bayliss' father!" He waited for the effect to sink in. "I tell you, look out for that man Touchard!"

"Mylius," said Helms, "I want to find out what was the matter with the Alethephone this afternoon?"

"I will not be put off!" cried Mylius. "I tell you again that you had better look out for that man!"

"Of course I'll look out for him," said Helms; "but don't get excited. Let's go at the machine. What do you think could have happened?"

"There is nothing the matter with the machine!" said Mylius.

Helms looked at him in surprise.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that when you had gone I tried it and it was then working perfectly, with Touchard in the field. You can verify my results," he added sarcastically, "for Mr. Touchard informed me that he was going to the Bayliss residence at half past nine this evening."

"Don't think I question your accuracy in regard to the machine," said Helms; "but to satisfy my curiosity let's set it up and test it out."

Five minutes later Mylius opened a book that lay on the table and Helms, with the receiver on his head, was aware of German verses coming up through the mists of his subconscious mind. It was Faust's exclamation:

Oh, never yet hath mortal drunk
A draught restorative
That welled not from the depths of his own soul!

He looked gravely at Mylius.

"It is working now," he said; "but unquestionably it stopped with me at Touchard's house, and I want to find out why. There's something strange about this, Mylius."

"You were unstrung," said the old man, "that is all; but to satisfy you, to-morrow I will take the machine apart and test out the installation."

VIII

AT TWENTY minutes past six Helms was sitting in the firelight, waiting for the telephone to ring, when Franz brought in a note. He turned to his reading lamp, but before he saw the writing he knew it was from Mary Bayliss. He read:

"*My dear*, I have had a strange and upsetting experience, and I am in bed trying to grow calm and find myself. By to-morrow I shall be able to understand it all and tell you what it means. To-night I am fighting for strength to do the right thing in the right way. Don't worry; it will be all right. Forgive me for not waiting this afternoon. I know how cruel it was. I will not telephone at half past six. It is impossible in this house to be sure that one is not overheard. I will come to you to-morrow morning about eleven. If I can come earlier I shall telephone. Know that I love you always. God keep you and help me!

MARY."

Helms touched the paper to his lips. Presently he went to the desk and wrote for an hour, telling her his part in the

strange adventure of the afternoon. Then he changed his mind, burned the sheets and wrote:

"*My dearest:* More than you can guess I understand what has upset you. All that you do is right. My faith in you is beyond words. Until to-morrow."

This he sent her. That night he slept peacefully, with the blissful sense of her presence wrapping him. He rose more vigorous than he had been in many weeks. The conviction was still strong within him that life was beginning in a new and miraculous way. He had no fears, no premonitions of ill.

On the breakfast table, by the newspapers, lay an envelope addressed in her handwriting. Franz was passing him sugar for his grapefruit.

"When did this come?" he asked.

"About five minutes ago."

"Oh!" he said and helped himself to sugar. He thought: "She is writing to bid me good morning and to say she is coming sooner than eleven."

Franz went to the kitchen for his eggs and Helms opened the envelope.

"How can I tell you what has to be told?" he read. "Things have happened so fast that I am dazed. I am sure of nothing except that I have tried to do right. Oh, believe I have tried! I cannot tell you things in detail now. It is a long story, going back many years; and now it seems as though my fight against it has always been hopeless. One thing only is clear to me – it is better for you that I should do as I am doing than that I should marry you."

Helms paused and stared blankly at the wall. Then he read on:

"I know in my heart that I should feed on you like a vampire and in the end break your great, tender heart. Anything is better than this. There are things in my nature I do not understand, but I know I must overcome them. It is all dark and inexplicable, except that I must leave you for both our sakes. Last night I was married to Amos Touchard. I can never hope to make you understand why; but try to believe that it was the right thing for me to do, as I believe it. He needs my help and I need to give what he needs to receive.

"We are sailing at nine o'clock—in a few minutes now. My heart is aching for you. My eyes are wet. It is so inexplicably cruel; and yet there is no other way. It would be more cruel if I married you. I should hurt you more deeply. But to think that twice this same trouble should come to you and the second time through me! I have your blessed note of last night. It cuts like a knife; and yet I am doing right as I see it. I will write to you again if I find that I can explain what all this means. I have no more time now. God keep you always is my prayer! I shall always love you. M."

Franz came in with the eggs. Helms tasted one of them and rose, the letter in his hand, and went to the library.

"Mary married to Touchard!" he was muttering. "Unbelievable! Absurd! Impossible!"

A gray dawn came back to him, that dawning which followed the night he had paced away in the ancient house of his fathers after he received the news that Maria Sophia had left him. With that new day came a kind of peace, a recognition that there was nothing to be done—that it was all over and life was still good. It was the crystallization of his philosophy of facts; but now, for some reason he did not understand, with the same apparent state of facts, the situation was different.

She herself, the essential Mary, had not gone away and never could. He would deny it to the end! It was no more possible for Touchard to possess her than for water to possess fire; yet he knew that if the thing had happened to some one else he would have called the man mad to question the plain, undeniable fact that she had gone.

Late in the afternoon he was in the act of mending his fire when he abruptly dropped the stick back into the woodbasket and went into the laboratory.

"Mylius," he said, "don't bother any more with the machine. I am of the opinion now that it did not break down yesterday. I have another idea about the matter."

"You realize that you were agitated," said Mylius. "It was natural. But soon we shall have the wedding and then all will be well."

Helms said nothing. The next day, when the newspapers published the news of her marriage to Touchard, Mylius came to the library door, his great mouth working. Helms raised his hand.

"Nothing has happened," he said, and Mylius went back.

"This must be what they call faith!" he said to himself, and smiled.

IX

TOWARD the end of June a letter came from Venice.

"*My dear,*" it began: "It is growing a little clearer to me, though not yet wholly clear. How is it with you? I look off across the bay at sunset and wonder how you are and what you think. I begin to realize that all that has been had to be! The blessedness of your love never could have brought me happiness! Something tells me I had no right to it.

"There are things in my nature that must be overcome before I can be myself or before I have the right to be happy. I have always wanted too much to be happy. I have tried to tear happiness out of life by main force. I have wanted to have everything on my own terms. I now see that life was too easy for me and made me believe that this was possible. It is only lately becoming plain why happiness cannot be gained in this way; but all along I have known I was wrong.

"I knew I was wrong when I went back to you that afternoon after I had said good-by. It was weakness. I was too much tempted. It seemed at the time that the wonder of you could save me from myself; and the very next day I went to pieces. Sometime if you will let me I will tell you about that day. Of course I never can ask you to understand it all—especially the way I did it; and yet somehow I believe you will understand.

"I have been spending my days this past week in sight-seeing—Amos has been in Paris on business—or I go to the Lido and sit on the sand in the sun and think. Don't forget to have the little yellow porcelain mended! The piece is behind the clock on the mantelshelf. I may not write again for a long time. I have a strange feeling that my ordeal is coming soon, and my chance! God bless and keep you! M."

After three days he wrote:

"I have taken the yellow porcelain to be mended. There is just one thing that matters. Do what you believe is right! Whether I understand is of no importance. I believe in you. Some day you will believe in yourself. Then you will come back and we shall truly begin."

Three weeks later there came a picture post card from Carlsbad, with the one word "Thanks!" After that nothing more.

A year passed, and then another. Helms went into commercial inventing to pacify Mylius and followed up the wireless burglar alarm with other devices—toys, he called them; but they made money. The third year without news was drawing to a close. He decided to make inquiries. On the sixteenth of January he went to Doctor Williams' office.

"Grippe, I suppose?" said Williams. "Everybody has it."

"No," said Helms. "I want Mrs. Touchard's address."

"That," said Williams, "at the present moment is the Atlantic Ocean."

"When do they land?" said Helms.

Williams shot a queer look at him.

"You evidently haven't heard. Touchard is dead."

"I haven't heard. Tell me."

"It appears," said Williams, "that he went to Cairo, with a lady called Baroness Something-or-Other. About six weeks ago he died of typhoid and the Baroness buried him. Mary was in England. She docks to-morrow on the Germania. How have you been?"

"First-rate," said Helms, "or you would have seen more of me."

Helms went back to his room and called Franz.

"We don't seem to have had any flowers lately," he said.

"We have had no flowers for years," said Franz; "since that time you were sick."

"Get some!" said Helms. "Get a lot of roses and lilies of the valley, and freesias and violets. I like flowers."

When Franz had gone he opened a drawer in his desk, took out a package and removed the paper. It was the yellow

Distinctiveness without paying anything extra for reputation

Moline-Knight cars now in the hands of private owners have made good. Every claim made by us has been substantiated.

Moline-Knight represents progress The Moline-Knight sleeve valve type of engine represents today the greatest real, substantial progress in motor construction.

It is individually distinctive, a powerful, reliable, silent car—engineered with surpassing skill—built in small quantities with great care—finished in a high class manner, matchless throughout—and *nothing added to the price for reputation.*

This is the motor that made the phenomenal 337 hour non-stop run in the laboratory of the Automobile Club of America, New York, averaging 38 horsepower under load and at the end of the test reaching 53.6 horsepower at 1682 revolutions per minute.

The Moline-Knight is distinctive and is a car that is instantly recognized on the boulevard. It is symbolic of reliability, comfort and luxuriousness, and is as near perfection as human brains, energy and automatic machinery are possible to make it. All steels, wood, upholstering, leather and other materials used in the Moline-Knight cannot be better because the world's markets and craftsmanship have not yet produced anything superior.

Get our literature Because of our limited production—not over 1200 cars during 1915—and the increasing and insistent demand for Knight Motored cars at a fair price—the Moline-Knight 50 H. P., Four-Cylinder at $2500 will be oversold early. So write at once for descriptive booklets and get acquainted with this splendid car.

Dealers If you have been selling a high grade car, write us at once for advance information regarding Roadster, Sedan and Limousine to be added to the Moline-Knight line. We will require a limited number of high grade men to market our entire production.

Moline Automobile Company

East Moline, Illinois

MOLINE KNIGHT

Knapp-Felt Soft Hats and Derbies in the proper shapes and colorings for Autumn are being shown by the best dealers everywhere—Four Dollars—Knapp-Felt DeLuxe $6—C&K Grades $3.50 and $3

Write for "The Hatman"

The Crofut & Knapp Company
251 Fifth Avenue New York

Authorized makers of Dobbs & Co's Fifth Avenue Hats, agencies for which will be found in many principal cities.

Any Mop Makes a Good Polish Mop

If used with 3-in-One. This is the way: Dampen mop in water and pour on a small quantity of 3-in-One. After that you are prepared to work wonders on hardwood, painted and linoleum floors, without tiresome getting down and up. Dampen a bit of cheese cloth with

3-IN-ONE OIL

and you have an ideal dustless dusting cloth. Oil hinges, door locks, window catches, etc., with 3-in-One and you end all nerve-racking noises.

3-in-One is an ideal oil for sewing-machines and all light mechanisms, a splendid furniture polish, and a sure preventive of rust and tarnish everywhere.

Sold in hardware, grocery, drug, bicycle and general stores. 1 oz. bottle 3 oz. 25c. 50c. Also in Handy Oil Cans, nickeled for household use, 3 oz. 25c. Dictionary of uses and sample bottle sent free. Write us a postal, and we will send one by parcel post and a trial can of 3-in-One for 5c.

FREE A generous sample and Dictionary of uses.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
42 EUM. Broadway, New York

3-IN-ONE OIL

porcelain that had come from the mender's more than two years before.

"I suppose this is folly!" he said to himself; but he put it on the mantelpiece.

x

THE next day was the day of the great blizzard that winter. Late in the afternoon Helms was sitting in the armchair by his library fire. Darkness was falling. The high tower trembled in the gale. The driven snow was beating on the windows. He heard the doorbell ring and Franz go to answer it, and then voices—a woman's voice speaking to Franz and Franz exclaiming. A moment later the door was pushed open and Mary Bayliss came in. She nodded to him and began to stamp and shake off the snow.

"Will you hang this coat over a chair?" she asked, and went on taking off her wet veil. "What a day!" She glanced round her. "And what roses!" she added. He took the coat and she stood gazing tremulously into his face in the glimmering dusk. "You look a little pale," she said; "but I think you've gained weight."

"I'm very well," he said. "Let me look at you in the light." He went toward the button.

"No!" she cried. "Not yet! I know how I look. I'm a thousand years old. Let's talk first."

He came back to the fire and put on another log.

"Well?" he said, and there was silence.

"It is hard to begin," she said, "isn't it?" She gave a nervous little laugh. "I had hoped you had improved the Alethephone so that we shouldn't have to talk, but could just sit here and know each other's thoughts. What have you been doing with it? I haven't seen anything about it in the papers."

"It's been locked up in the cupboard," he answered.

"You don't mean that you've given up your wonderful schemes? You don't mean that it's failed in any way?"

"I don't know quite what I mean. I've been waiting for you to help me. Something happened that I don't understand. The machine developed an unforeseen limitation the first time it was put to a real test. I shall have to tell you all about that some day."

"Why not now?"

He considered for a time.

"Very well," he said, "if you wish it. It's somewhat personal."

"How can that matter?"

"You remember, I suppose, that day before you went away—the afternoon you went to Touchard's house?"

"Of course," she murmured.

"Well, I was in the little alcove room next his library, with the Alethephone."

Mary Bayliss gave an exclamation of amazement.

"You were there!"

"I'll begin at the beginning," he said; and he told her how it had all happened. "What I want you to do now is to remember," he went on. "And one more thing—I must ask questions."

"Yes! Yes!" she cried. "Ask every possible question. We must go to the bottom of it. We must dig it all out into the day."

"The first is a very direct question: Did you know that afternoon before you left the room that you were going to marry him?"

She looked him frankly in the eyes.

"Yes," she said; "before I left I knew."

"But you told him it was impossible."

"I know. It was very strange!" After a moment's pause she added: "If you had the Alethephone you ought to be able to understand."

"That's the very thing we're trying to settle," he answered. "If you can, answer my questions. Do you remember Touchard's asking you what was in your heart?"

"Yes; just at the end Amos looked at me and said: 'Tell me what is in your heart!' He said it several times."

"Yes," said Helms; "and just at that moment the Alethephone suddenly stopped working!"

She looked at him, trying to understand his meaning.

"Did something get out of order?"

"That's the whole question! I thought so at the time, but I'm very sure now that it couldn't have been out of order. You didn't leave your chair and get out of the field?"

She thought for a time, then shook her head.

"No; I didn't get up until the end until I left the room. I can see it all in my mind's eye."

"One of two things must have happened," said Helms: "the machine must have broken down, which we know was not the case, for it was in working order a few minutes later; or, at a certain point, what we call your consciousness must have ceased to emit vibrations to which the diaphragm was sensible and which it could transmit. Tell me, as well as you can remember, how you knew you were going to marry him and when."

"It was very strange!" she said slowly. "Even at the time I realized that it was strange. A moment before Amos told me to tell him what was in my mind I was thinking how impossible it would be for any woman to marry him and be happy, and how utterly useless! I knew that no woman could ever put an end to the things which were wrecking his life. If he was to be saved it would have to be by something within himself."

"Yes, yes; that is right. I got all that through the Alethephone," Helms said eagerly.

"Then, while he was speaking," she went on, "suddenly my mind seemed to stop! And 'way down, deep, deep down below my mind, a voice began to whisper: 'You will marry him, Mary! You must marry him!' It frightened me. And then I remember I called out to him that I must go, and ran out."

Helms was gazing at her, his eyes burning with excitement and surmise.

"I thought that if I could get to you," she continued, "you could save me from myself, and so I hurried down here; but I know now that you could have done nothing. It all had to be just as it was! I know now that God was speaking to me from deep down inside; that I had to go through it all for my own sake and for yours; that I had to find myself—become what I really was meant to be—through suffering. Every one thinks I was a fool. My family think I threw away my life. I tell you, George, I found it! It's only now—it's only since I've been through all this—that I've become myself!"

"It must be so," Helms murmured as though thinking aloud; "something deep down below the mind, below thought—call it God or instinct, as you will. It was the prompting of life itself stirring in the bud of consciousness, emitting vibrations too subtle for our diaphragms. Yes; it all had to be. This is the mystery of life and the use of pain."

"But why should you have had to suffer too?" she said. "That is something I can't understand."

He smiled.

"I have had as much to learn as you. It is not enough to love. One must know how."

"How should one go about beginning to learn?" she demanded.

"I suppose there are as many ways," he answered, "as there are human souls; but for me it was through hope and faith, and chiefly in learning how to disbelieve in facts."

The fire had died away. The room was dim. He stretched his hand toward her. Presently he felt her hand meet his, lay itself in his palm and come to rest.

xi

THERE were two questions they discussed academically in after days without arriving at conclusions. In regard to the Alethephone, she argued that he should patent it and put it on the market. Even though it were powerless to register and transmit the deeper, unfolding impulses of human guidance, and so conquer pain and error by knowledge, it was, nevertheless, an amazing invention. In answer he pointed to the first practical use to which Mylius and Touchard had endeavored to put it; and so it still lies locked in a safety deposit vault.

The other question was in regard to Maria Sophia.

"If," said his wife, "you had believed in her when she went away as you believed in me, would she not have come back to you again?"

"The only correct answer to that," he replied, "is in your own heart, as it is in mine. I am coming to believe that neither logic nor facts have much to do with the art of living."

And there the matter always rested.

THE END

Borden Regulations Raise Quality of Milk

Said the head of one of the largest systems of butter factories in the Elgin district:

"Whenever the Borden Company enters a dairy country the standards of milk production are raised. Everyone who buys milk for any purpose would rather buy it in a country from which Borden's draw their supply because there the conditions are sure to be ideal."

The safeguards insisted upon by Borden's are just as beneficial to the farmers as to the public. The result is better and richer milk, and for that better and richer milk Borden's pay a higher price.

Dairymen who desire to produce good milk are rapidly becoming convinced that their own interests lie in an adherence to Borden's requirements.

The Borden milk products, which include Condensed Milk, Evaporated Milk and Malted Milk, are sold by all grocers everywhere, while in certain sections fresh milk in bottles is distributed by wagon deliveries.

To the public, therefore, the name Borden guarantees that the purity of the product has been safeguarded from the very source.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.

"Leaders of Quality"

NEW YORK

High Grade Bicycle Tires $2.48 Each

Matchless Production

Lower Cost of Best Rubber

Master Equipment and Goodyear Methods

All Mean a $4.25 Value for this New Low Price

Goodyear Quality Through and Through

Riders have been paying $4.25 and more apiece for other standard makes of bicycle tires. But now comes this Goodyear-Akron Bicycle Tire—a tire of genuine Goodyear quality throughout. A truly high-grade tire in every particular yet priced at about one-half what other high-grade tires cost.

And this is why: In the great Goodyear tire plant—the world's largest—up to 10,000 pneumatic tires are made every day. That means master equipment, master methods, master workmen, and minimized manufacturing costs.

Besides this, Goodyear gives you the advantage of the drop in rubber prices that has come in the last three years. Also the advantage of low Goodyear profit, which last year averaged but 6½ per cent.

GOODYEAR AKRON Bicycle Tires

Remember that in the automobile tire field Goodyears hold top place. In the motorcycle field Goodyears also lead—three of every four of this year's new machines being Goodyear-equipped. And now these Goodyear-Akron Bicycle Tires promise to win the leadership in their field.

Goodyear Construction

Who can make a better tire than Goodyears? Why should you pay *more* for such a tire when you can't *get* more? You can buy two Goodyear-Akrons for about the price you pay for one tire of other standard makes. Lesser prices are made, but poor tires are poor economy.

Dealers Sell Them

Dealers everywhere are stocking Goodyear-Akrons. The plain tread costs you $2.48 per tire. The Non-Skid, $2.75. Ask your dealer for them. If he hasn't them, order from us direct. Buy no tire until you have seen Goodyear-Akrons, and have learned what a beautiful *quality* tire we offer you—a tire that is guaranteed. Legions of riders are coming to Goodyear-Akrons.

Start your tire economy now by ordering now.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Dept. 224, Akron, Ohio

(1756) Dealers Everywhere Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

PRESIDENT MATHESON
endorses the Curtis work for boys

In a recent letter to us, President K. G. Matheson, of the Georgia School of Technology, writes:

"I can say that I have noticed the sons of well-to-do parents engaged in selling your paper, and I commend the work as making for independence and energy among our boys."

You are invited to ask for a copy of "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" an illustrated booklet of unusual interest which explains the work which President Matheson approves. A postal card or letter will bring it to you with our compliments. Address:

The Sales Division, Box 612

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

RATING EMPLOYEES

By Roger W. Babson

II. Group VI—For Workmen

IN MY search for systems of rating workmen engaged only in manual labor I have had the greatest difficulty. I have found several factories that have various methods of spurring on the employees, of increasing their efficiency and of marking the results. Most of these, however, are unworthy the name of system and are impossible of description.

Once I was present at a meeting where a very violent discussion was started by a prominent manufacturer, who claimed that no headway could be made toward rating employees until the labor unions assumed a different attitude from that held at present and were willing to consider means of really increasing the efficiency of men. This well-known man was fearlessly answered by a labor leader, who took the position that the men would willingly be rated as soon as the directors and officers would agree to submit to a similar system. Said this labor leader:

"Efficiency, like charity, must begin at home. Instead of starting at the outside and working in, it would be much more efficient to start at the inside and work out. I do not doubt that the outside of the cup is inefficient, but how about the inside? When efficiency engineers now visit factories they devote all their attention to the workmen and have nothing to say about the efficiency of the president, treasurer and board of directors.

"Personally I believe most inefficiency exists to-day among the boards of directors who operate the big corporations; while many of the officers hold their positions not by their brains and ability but on account of certain stock they have inherited from their great-grandfathers. Whenever an efficiency engineer can be jointly selected by the employees and the directors, with the understanding that he is to rate the whole bunch, from the president to the office boy, you will find the workman willing to take his share of the medicine."

Like every red-blooded American, I believe in labor unions and collective bargaining; in fact, without cooperation among workmen their condition would be pretty bad to-day. But if the unions are retarding legitimate and worth-while experiments toward producing efficiency and rating men they are making a great mistake. There is only one way that the cost of living can be lowered by increasing production and decreasing waste.

The amount of money left after a workman pays his bills at the end of the month depends not on wages or on prices, but on the relation between the two. This means that in working for an increased wage the workman should likewise strive to render greater efficiency; otherwise the prices of commodities will increase proportionately to wages.

In talking with a labor leader relative to the systems of rating men, he used the argument that increased efficiency offsets the advantage obtained through shorter hours. I suppose this man had in mind the idea that any rating system that would increase production would tend to decrease the demand for labor. At first thought this is a natural conclusion; but if carried out logically it will be found to be absolutely wrong. In fighting for shorter hours the workman has been justified, and consequently has won; but all his efforts for the elimination of machinery have failed. The reason for this has been that the introduction of machinery, though temporarily decreasing the demand for labor, has resulted in so greatly lowering prices and stimulating demand that the ultimate result has been greatly to the advantage of every one's pocketbook at the end of the month.

In closing this division of my subject let me say that all intelligent methods of rating workmen will have the same ultimate advantageous effect on every one as has the introduction of labor-saving machinery. We can all become richer only by producing more riches and wasting less—there is no short cut; in fact this applies to all of us, in whatever work we are engaged or in whichever of the foregoing six groups our daily work may be classified.

FORD CARS RIDE EASY

when equipped with this special Ford model HARTFORD CUSHION SPRING, **made by the pioneer and world's largest shock absorber manufacturers.** HARTFORD CUSHION SPRINGS give the needed resiliency to make Ford springs work ideally. Put them on **your** Ford and ensure easy riding no matter where you ride. The

Hartford CUSHION SPRING
SPECIAL FORD MODEL

is a marvel of efficiency. Careful study of Ford requirements and exhaustive tests preceded our offering it to Ford owners. The immediate, widespread demand plus Hartford manufacturing facilities enables us to make the price extremely low without any sacrifice in quality. $16 per set of four complete, ready to go on your Ford. Easy to attach.

GUARANTEE: "Money back if not satisfactory." Under this broad policy the HARTFORD products are sold. Any article of our manufacture not proving satisfactory after 30 days' trial from date of purchase, can be returned and the purchase price will be refunded.

Address Department 1 for miniature catalog

HARTFORD SUSPENSION COMPANY
Makers of Truffault-Hartford Shock Absorbers
190 Morgan St., Jersey City, N. J.

WASHBURN
MANDOLINS—GUITARS

EASY TO PLAY!

[illegible] were written especially for the Mandolin or Guitar. Prices from $15 to $150. Sold by leading music dealers [illegible] Washburn beautiful catalog which gives [illegible] of the instruments.

Lyon & Healy
World's Largest Music House
31-33 E. Adams Street CHICAGO

FEET ACHE? Nathan's Famous Non-Metallic Arch Supports give immediate relief to tired feet, aching body and add strength to weakened muscles. Fit any shoe—are invisible. Write for booklet. Nathan Anklet Support Co., 89 Reade St.

We never fully appreciate a peaceful home 'till th' neighbors next door or over th' way get t' fightin'. Jest now "My Country 'Tis of Thee" hez a kind of a "Home, Sweet Home" sound to it.

Velvet Joe

GOOD-WILL is a whole lot more stable basis for peace between men or nations, than peace conferences will ever be.

As a force for peace there's nothing like VELVET, The Smoothest Smoking Tobacco.

VELVET, your pipe and yourself will form a Triple Alliance for the preservation of friendship and good-will and the repelling of invading troubles and worries.

For there's an aged-in-the-wood mellowness about this cool, slow burning, fragrant Kentucky *Burley de Luxe* that puts peace into your pipe.

Start a peace conference *now* by purchasing a tin of VELVET.

½ Actual Size

5c Bags 10c Tins
One Pound Glass Humidors

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Copyright 1914

A WILD-GOOSE CHASE

(Continued from Page 23)

the lonely stone house. Then Koehler took it and holding it in his hand pointed out its use.

"Geoff, it's half an empty spool of a film camera!"

"What?"

Koehler repeated. Geoff still gazed dazedly. With his mind still filled with thoughts of the ancient people of Greenland he was slow to recognize his find. His senses came to him and he knew that any bit of wood not left recently must have decayed; and he saw the object was what Koehler had said, half of the spool upon which is rolled the film of a hand camera. As he himself exposed a roll of film and prepared his camera for another, he had seen scores of such little wooden and copper spools. And here, lying in this hut was one of them, which must have been manufactured in the state of New York within a few years.

Some one taking a snapshot had used up a film roll there, broken the spool, thrown it away after changing films, and gone on.

Geoff stooped again excitedly as he realized that and struggled through the drifted snow for some other object. He found the other half of the spool, which had been broken off; then nothing more rewarded him.

"Who dropped that, doctor?" he demanded, as he fitted the two halves together. "Who could have dropped that? Eric Hedon? Doc, who if not Eric?"

"That certainly was the size and pattern of the spool that fitted our cameras on the Aurora," Koehler said.

"Then Eric Hedon's been here?"

"And that," the doctor looked at the hut, "is certainly the sort of subject he'd use his films on."

They separated and searched under the snow about the house. In front of the hut, on the edge of a cliff, there seemed to be something under the snow to have caught a drift. Geoff examined and found only some scattered stones; a few feet off another patch of stones. He was leaving them, when all at once he realized the relation of the groups. The patches of stones were not cairns, but they lay in a line north and south, fifteen feet apart, the larger to the north! They were not cairns, but they might have been. If cairns, they had been built in the Aurora arrangement.

Geoff called the doctor's attention to it and together they searched the piles of rock.

"If they ever were cairns," Koehler summed up as they finally ceased to search, "these didn't just tumble like that one on Mason Land. These were thrown down."

Geoff met him. "I got that too."

Was all that loneliness playing tricks with them? The spool under the snow told that some white man surely had passed there recently. If it had been Eric, had he built cairns there? Who then had thrown them down, destroying or taking away any message that might have lain there? Latham had hunted many days in that direction. It was strange if he had not seen the hut. If he had seen the hut, why had he not mentioned it?

The same thought was going through both men's minds at that moment; neither had need to suggest it more plainly to the other. And that thought brought others. Geoff betrayed one.

"When we were looking for cairns farther north, how much ground did Latham cover that no one else went over?" he asked.

"A good deal," Koehler replied quietly.

What were they thinking of? Could Latham have found Hedon's cairns on the island to the north and destroyed them without reporting? Their present discovery might cut very deep, and again it might all be a mistake. They hurried back to camp and showed the spool they had found. Of the patches of stone Koehler directed that nothing yet be said. Latham had not seen the house; he had not gone that far.

"Then Eric did come this way," Margaret said simply, as Geoff gave her the broken spool. She needed to say no more to make plain that never yet had she thought of Eric as lost. The discovery of the film spool merely meant to her that they were upon the same route that Eric had traveled.

And the next day, if the hours of gray twilight about noon now could be called day, the party broke camp and set out for the south. The complete failure to find game in the vicinity made it certain that any move must bring betterment. McNeal still was in no shape to travel; but now he could bear being drawn on a sledge. Brunton was partially disabled, but he could hold the pace of the sledge travel if not called upon for much help. So the seven dogs were divided, four to one sledge with Michaelis to pull with them, three to a second with Linn to help. Brunton accompanied Linn to guide the sledge in emergency. Koehler, Latham and Geoff, without dogs to aid, made the team for the third sledge, upon which McNeal was taken. Margaret accompanied this sledge to care for the sick man and in tight places give what aid she might.

The amount of provision, fuel and equipment remaining required at the start an extra relay daily of a sledge. So as the sledges started south over the sea ice along the shore the next morning, on the first trips they bore food and tents. They set up the tents and built snow shelters about them on the site of the new camp; then, returning, the one sledge brought up more supplies and another dragged McNeal to the shelters made ready for him. They traveled with two tents; and after that first day they always left the helpless man in one of the tents till the other was set up and banked with snow at the next point in advance.

XVI

BETWEEN the two tents they divided evenly into four and four at night. The arrangement which Margaret herself had suggested and which was accepted was that she and Geoff and McNeal and Koehler should share one shelter, while Latham, Brunton, Michaelis and Linn took the other near by.

"I can help best by taking care of McNeal," Margaret said. "I'm in the same position as a trained nurse with my patient and his doctor and my brother in a hospital. There's nothing out of the way in a girl at home doing what I'm doing among men; and much less is that the case here."

So she did her part and permitted no special consideration. Protest by Latham amounted to nothing; and in the days that followed Geoff witnessed more and more evidences of his sister's sense and strength. Physically—that is, in her inability to right a loaded sledge that had overturned—she was lacking in power in comparison to the others; but her endurance of cold and fatigue was at least as great as that of the strongest. In first assigning measured rations Koehler had made Margaret's allowance the same as that of the men; but immediately she had cut down her portion. Now with hard, continuous trudging and sometimes tugging the sledge over rough ice, she thrived on half the amount given to each of the men.

Slowly but steadily the supplies on the sledges diminished as fuel was burned and food eaten. Even the dim gray twilight, which was the day, was failing; and the weather was colder and colder. Koehler, superintending the packing of the sledges, got all the remaining provisions and gear upon the first two sledges and on the third with McNeal. There no longer was need for even one sledge to make a relay.

"This means faster going now!" said Koehler, trying to cheer them as he and Geoff and Latham got into their harness to pull.

Latham shook his head. "We'll be lucky to keep up the pace with one trip that we did with two."

It was merely admitting that they were all losing strength. The dogs, though still being fed their prepared ration, tired even more quickly than the men. Upon that march the three men with the last sledge soon caught up with Linn and his three dogs, then with Michaelis and his four, though at first these had had no trouble in keeping ahead. The day scarcely lightened to twilight; only the chance that the sky was clear and the stars shining bright gave them light to pick their way for the first hours of the march. At two o'clock, by the watch Koehler carried, the sky clouded over and light was gone. A blizzard with black, blinding snow suddenly blew down from the north. The three men in harness, who had been making the trail, were half a mile ahead of the other sledges when the total darkness came. At once they stopped and made camp. McNeal had been on the sledge with Margaret marching beside him. While they threw up a snow shelter they shouted

BEAVER BOARD WALLS AND CEILINGS

Home Comfort

You can't be comfortable at home with dingy, torn wall paper or cracked plaster any more than you could with shabby clothes in public.

BEAVER BOARD does away forever with lath and plaster troubles. It is beautiful in itself and also sets off your furniture and rugs to best advantage.

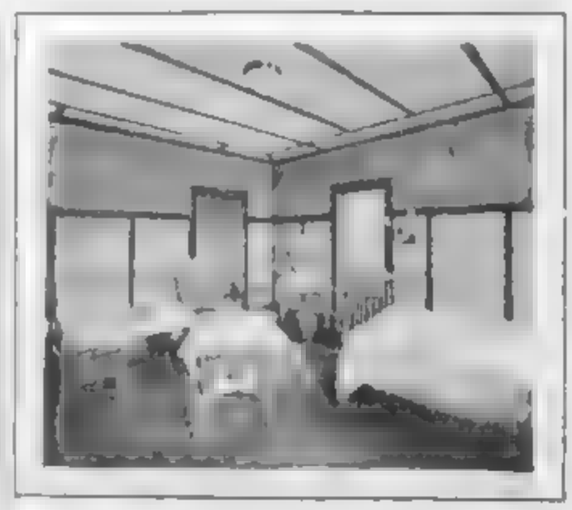
Send us the dimensions of your rooms and let us make up for you—without charge—a beautiful portfolio that gives you practical suggestions for panel treatment, color schemes and stencil designs. You will also receive estimate of amount of BEAVER BOARD needed, with actual photographs to show how your rooms will look when completed.

Sold by 9,000 dealers in convenient sizes. Look for trade-mark on back of each panel, and be sure of the genuine pure-wood-fibre BEAVER BOARD.

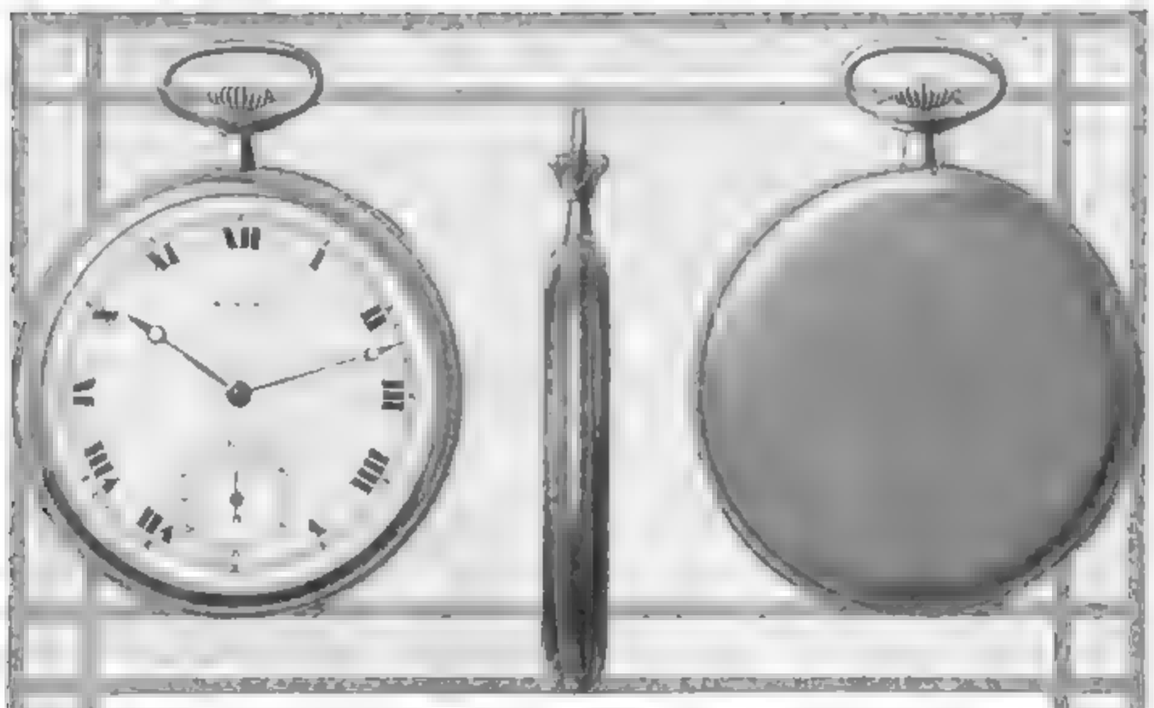
The Beaver Board Companies

U. S. A.: 285 Beaver Road Buffalo, N. Y.
Canada: 486 Wall St., Beaver Jafe, Ottawa
Gt. Britain: 4 Southampton Row, London W. C.
Australia: 360 Queen St., Melbourne, Victoria.

BEAVER BOARD TRADE MARK



Unusual treatment of bedroom in home of H. W. Belfield, Carleton Avenue and Hanley Road, St. Louis. Every room this home is a BEAVER BOARD room



The New Howard *Ionic*

The latest achievement of the HOWARD Watchmakers and one of the most beautiful Time-pieces ever designed.

The HOWARD Ionic—12-size, 17-jewel, extra-thin, open-face, the movement adjusted to three positions, temperature and isochronism, cased in a single-joint gold-filled case of special design, exceedingly flat and compact—price $40.

Owing to the extreme care given to the finish and adjustment of every HOWARD movement, only a small number of these new watches will be available this year.

The more enterprising jewelers will make a point of having a few to show, and we would strongly advise anyone who is interested to see the Ionic and make reservation at an early date.

A Howard Watch is always worth what you pay for it. The price of each Watch is *fixed* at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel *Model* in a Crescent *Extra* or Rose *Extra* gold-filled case at $40, to the 21 jewel at $150 in the HOWARD model at $350.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD WATCH. The jeweler who can is a good man to know.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, Boston, Mass.

Canadian Wholesale Depot: Lumsden Bldg., Toronto

"Acousticon" Covers 48 Degrees of DEAFNESS

This is the most remarkable result ever achieved. The "Acousticon" has fitted over 100,000 deaf persons. No matter what caused your deafness, unless "stone" deaf or born deaf, the Famous "Acousticon" will enable you to

HEAR DISTINCTLY

Regulates to suit your condition—remarkable patented [illegible] indoors or outdoors, under varying conditions.

Magnifies Sound 400%

The "Acousticon" is different from all others—not a [illegible] thacks progress of deafness.

Over 100,000 Users This is three times more than all other devices combined—proof of "Acousticon" superiority. Will last [illegible] GUARANTEED [illegible]

NO MONEY In Advance

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL. We [illegible]

EASY TERMS [illegible] TERMS. Don't think because other devices have failed to help you that the "Acousticon" is like them. Make our great FREE TEST before you judge it. Write now for proof.

General Acoustic Company,
1329 Candler Building. New York City

Buy Sterling Furniture

$21.00

At Factory Prices

Our new catalog embodies the best of our 26 years' experience manufacturing high grade furniture. Many examples of the beautiful new American type at surprisingly low prices. You buy direct from our factory, paying only one small profit.

[illegible] guaranteed for all [illegible] Special [illegible] with [illegible] Total [illegible]

Free—Handsome Catalog

[illegible] for [illegible] Sterling

Sterling Furniture Co.
1110 Sterling Building
Toledo, Ohio

Sterling Furniture True to its name

to guide the three men with the other two sledges; but both passed and circled before, after three hours, the whole party was together again.

The storm kept up, and under such conditions further travel was impossible. Even at noon light failed to penetrate the clouds; the world without the two tiny tents, now made into snow igloos, was all black wilderness. Only a crack of yellow light sometimes shone on the snow, which covered everything, to prove it was really white and not all inky like the sky. The dogs huddled close between the tents, buried in the snow.

Nine days this great black blizzard blew, days separated from each other only by recording the moving of the hands of a watch. The eight, crowded in their cramped shelters, cooked their rations over oil stoves and ate their food three times a day at intervals indicated by the watches. When the third of these times was passed and the watch told that it would be twelve hours before cooking a meal again, they stretched out and tried to go to sleep.

But sleep during such nights was slower and slower to come. The insomnia which attacks those confined and inactive in the long Arctic night seized Geoff at once; it mastered also McNeal and Koehler stretched out beside him. From the other shelter Geoff heard the sound of talk and sometimes the shrillness of argument during the hours which the watches said were night; and he knew the men there were sleepless too.

They tried to fight this sleeplessness; and in those periods of the darkness still called daytime they tied sledge ropes together and each in turn went out and, with one end of the rope fast in the tent, tramped away from the shelters and up and down, holding the other end of the rope, till the cold exhausted him. But still this brought no sleep.

Margaret, clothed in her Eskimo garments, took this exercise like the men; but she alone did not need it. Through the endless periods known as nights she lay just beyond Geoff, quietly and evenly breathing. He put out an arm sometimes and touched her gently; then he lay a long time wondering about her.

In a way she was the cause of all the hardship suffered, the dangers passed through, the death possibly but little ahead. She was to blame for bringing the party up there; but no one of the men who had been on the Aurora—not even McNeal at any moment of his suffering—showed sign of regret that she had made them come. On the contrary, when Geoff heard them mention the matter at all it was with shame that it had required her faith and determination to return them to the North for the rescue of their missing comrades. She had shown to them that Thomas and Hedon had not died, as they had supposed, but both had lived to reach Mason Land; and it was at least possible that Eric Hedon still was alive. They still might find him; but if they did, with their food all but gone and with a more alarming scarcity of fuel, they could not help him much. If he had any supplies at all he more likely would have to aid them. But it was more probable that Hedon, if he still were living, had descended the coast of this Victoria Land months before and reached the whalers or trading ships that sometimes came from Alaska into Coronation Gulf.

The Viborg party could not hope to follow that far without more food and fuel. Their hope during each march, while they dragged themselves south along the coast, had been to find the Eskimos supposed to be somewhere on those shores. But after each march the Eskimos and the land and strip of sea where food might be found still were somewhere ahead—always ahead, vaguely retreating before them as they exhausted themselves in their effort to advance, mocking them and drawing them on.

To Geoff, born and brought up under conditions in which he never could have considered actual want or lack of food as possible, it sometimes was incredible that he and his sister and the others would starve or freeze, actually die, from having no food and no fuel to keep them warm, after the last small supplies on their sledges were gone. The cutting down of their rations and their other discomforts still often seemed to Geoff as a voluntary matter, which they could end or alter at their will. Then at other moments the terrible reality of starvation stared like a specter before him; he felt himself weak, cold, dying, and the realness of their necessity, their desperate extremity, overwhelmed him. He could understand how these same experiences of feeling must be seizing Latham. The man's ten years' advantage of Geoff gave Price no advantage in ability to bear their present privations. Rather Latham's longer possession of every luxury and of power to provide for himself left him more unable to understand that now he was helpless, that unless some fortune that he could not control should favor the party, he would starve, actually die from lack of food.

The realization of this, when it came to Latham, sometimes frightened him as it did Geoff, but at other moments it angered him and made him burst out with ugly exasperation and rage that he could be threatened so. Geoff overheard expressions of this sometimes in the words which came to him in the night from the other shelter through the snow tunnel that connected the two.

"What did you expect?" Linn's voice was saying sarcastically in return to something from Latham. "A hot and cold bath and coffee and cantaloupe in the morning, sir?" Linn now was mimicking the subservience of a club waiter.

"Shut up!" commanded Latham hotly.

"Very good, sir. Thank you, sir. Very good, sir!" Linn jeered on.

Latham's reply was inarticulate; evidently it was some action, for Michaelis sharply cried: "Look out!"

At the same moment Geoff felt McNeal's bandaged hand grasp him.

"Go in and stop that!" the skipper whispered hoarsely; and Koehler already was moving. But before either got to the tunnel, Brunton, in the other shelter, had interfered and quiet, if not peace, was restored. Geoff lay back in silence, thinking.

One fact was absolutely clear to him: If the party got through all right, some one was going to pay Latham for what he had endured. Geoff tingled hot in the rage of his helplessness as he realized what must be the result if, after all they had borne and might still endure, they got home safe. Latham would hold Margaret to her pledge; of that he was certain. Whether or not they found Eric Hedon, or upon return learned that he had got south to civilization safe, Latham would require his recompense from Margaret; and Geoff knew that his sister would force herself to pay.

Yet she was able to sleep. What peace could there be in her mind? Did she believe now that she was to die and was she content to give her life in the search for the man she loved?

Twenty-eight hours later, or about nine in the morning of the second day after this, the blizzard at last blew out; by noon the stars were shining and by three in the afternoon the moon appeared and spread its clear green light over the snow-clad world. All the party—McNeal with help now could limp a few steps—stood out before the snow shelters and looked over the land and sea.

The wind had gone down; it was still and very cold, and in all the world about there was no sign or stir of life. Everywhere was the glistening, green, shimmering snow. But the land and that shore of the sea seemed as favorable as any they had found or now were likely to reach for supplying them with food. There was no sense in spending their last strength in pushing on to another spot as bare as this. So instead of harnessing the dogs to the sleds Koehler took the beasts out over the ice. Four of the seven had been trained by Eskimos to smell seal holes in the ice under the snow. The doctor had tried the dogs at other camps without success; but now they had to find something.

In the same spirit Geoff took one of the best rifles; Latham took the other; Brunton bore the third gun, which had been repaired. They had hunted for weeks with the knowledge that soon their lives must be dependent upon their getting animals for food, but their want no longer was in the future; it was upon them. Geoff, as he hunted, felt the gnawing of hunger and the easy exhaustion from reduced rations. He searched for sight of something moving somewhere with sudden, unforewarned brute readiness to shoot and spring after the shot, to rush upon his quarry and tear it to pieces.

It was the second moonlit "day" of this hunt on the edge of the ice, while Koehler still led his dogs over the frozen sea in the vain hope of smelling a seal, that Geoff at last saw something away to the south. He stood and stared, sick and trembling. The "buck ague" he had felt when, in Maine, he had sighted his first big game was nothing to the weakness that assailed him now

(Continued on Page 45.)

100 Miles on Low Gear—September 24

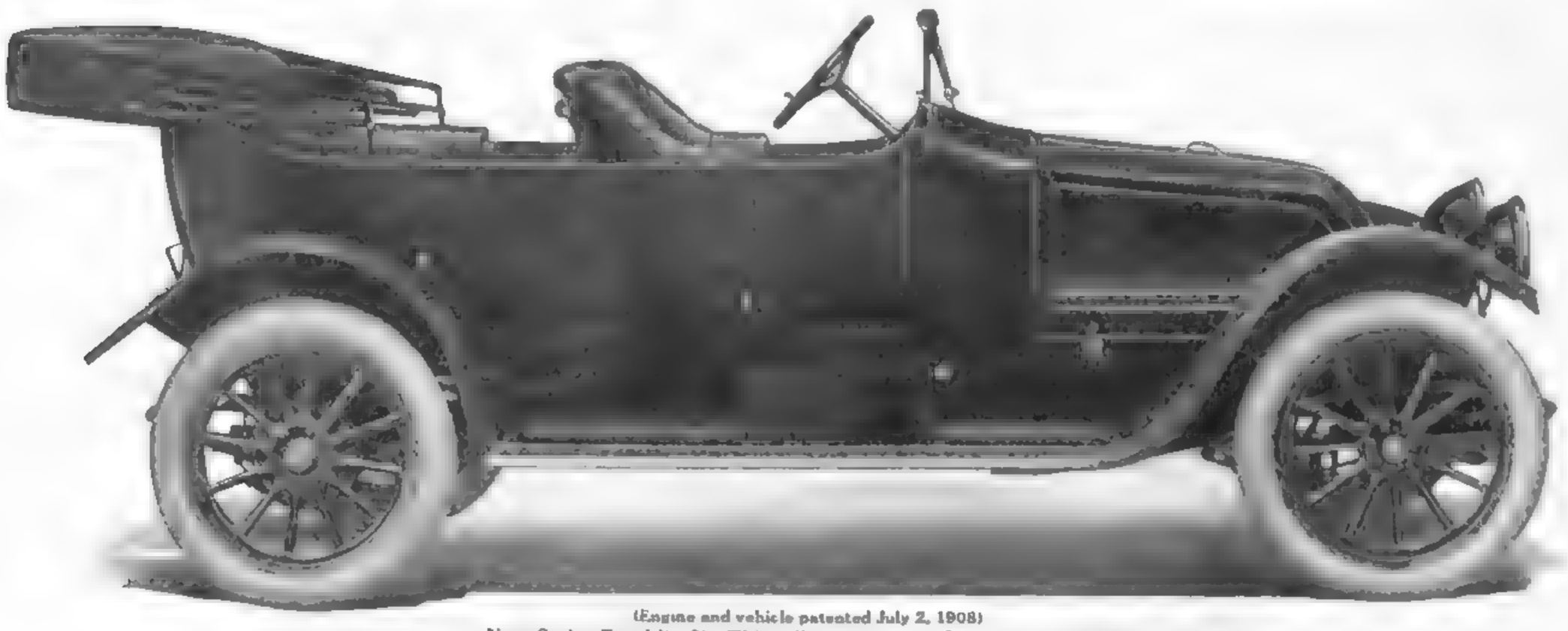
Cooling Demonstration by all Franklin Dealers.

Stock Cars with Passenger Load.

Next Thursday, September 24, Franklin dealers all over the United States and Canada will make a 100-mile non-stop, low gear cooling demonstration.

Each run will be made with a Stock Six-Thirty Franklin Car, *all the way on low gear, without stopping the engine,* without lifting the hood, without extra lubrication. They will run in all parts of the country, over all kinds of roads, in all kinds of weather, all day.

The superiority of Franklin direct cooling is absolute.



(Engine and vehicle patented July 2, 1908)

New Series Franklin Six-Thirty Five-passenger Touring Car, $2150

The Standard Light Car

The sales of Franklin cars have now increased 76 per cent over last year. The Franklin is recognized as the standard light car.

This dominance of the Franklin is due to concentration for thirteen years on one fundamental idea—light weight, scientifically obtained.

At the outset we adopted direct cooling. Direct cooling permits light weight construction from the very start, as weight saved in the engine saves weight in the whole car. And light weight means greater comfort, less depreciation, greater endurance and greater mileage from gasoline, lubricating oils and tires. Just how great the saving in operation is was shown by the test held all over the country on May 1, when 94 stock Franklin touring cars averaged 32.8 miles on one gallon of gasoline, in all kinds of weather and on all kinds of roads.

With Franklin light weight goes flexibility. Franklin flexibility is obtained by constructing the frame of laminated, shock-absorbing wood instead of rigid steel, by four full elliptical springs and by the absence of strut rods or torque bars. It results not only in increased comfort and reduced strain on the driver, but also in greater durability of the car.

Given light weight and flexibility, the problem of tire wear is at once greatly lessened. And the experience of Franklin owners during the past four years has shown an actual average of more than 8000 miles per set of tires.

From every standpoint—economy, efficiency, durability, comfort—the results of the Franklin method of production—starting from the fundamental point of direct air cooling—have been established definitely and finally.

Write for new catalogue to

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Weights and Prices

Touring Car,	2750	Pounds,	$2150
Roadster	2610	"	2150
Coupé	2890	"	2600
Sedan	3045	"	3000
Berlin	3242	"	3200

Prices are F. O. B. Syracuse, N. Y.
Ask your dealer to weigh the car for you.

FRANKLIN SIX, 2750 POUNDS; 4½ IN. TIRES; $2150

The Clubmen of America are Enthusiastic "Bull" Durham Smokers

No body of men have greater opportunities for wide experience, comparison and selection. They have the means to command and the trained taste to appreciate the best of everything in life. They find in the cigarettes they make for themselves, to their individual liking, from "Bull" Durham tobacco, delicious freshness, incomparable mildness and unique fragrance, that afford supreme enjoyment and satisfaction. At all times and on all occasions it is correct, fashionable, epicurean to "Roll Your Own."

GENUINE

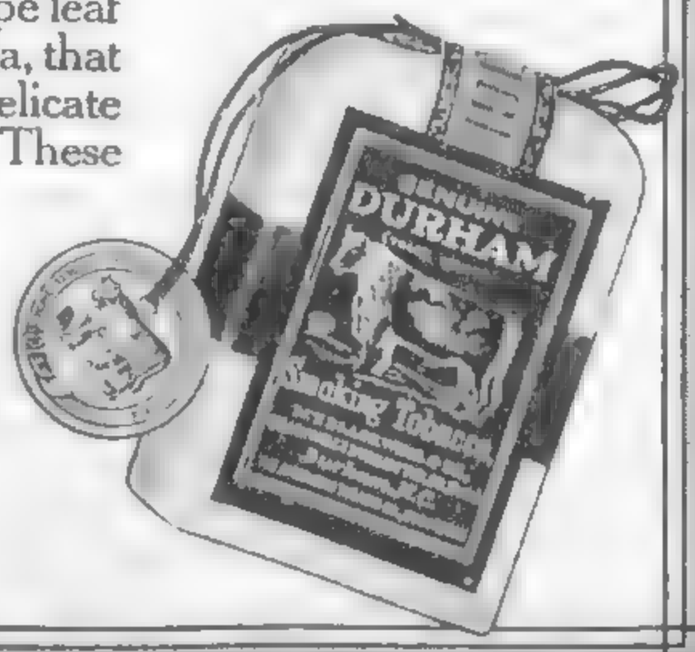
"BULL" DURHAM

SMOKING TOBACCO

Ask for FREE book of "papers" with each 5c sack

"Bull" Durham is made from none but the finest, choicest, mellow-ripe leaf grown in the famous "bright" tobacco district of Virginia-North Carolina, that supplies the world with cigarette tobacco. Much of the exquisite, delicate flavor and fragrance of this leaf escapes from the ready-made cigarette. These rare qualities can only be retained in the *bulk* of tobacco in the "Bull" Durham sack, and enjoyed in the *fresh-rolled* "Bull" Durham cigarette.

That is why "Bull" Durham is a distinctive form of tobacco enjoyment—preferred by smokers of experience the world over.



FREE An illustrated booklet, showing how to "Roll Your Own," and a Book of cigarette papers, will both be mailed, *free*, to any address in U. S. on postal request. Address "Bull" Durham, Durham, N. C., Room 1269.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

(Continued from Page 42)

as he made certain of seeing a large animal and watched it come on.

Both Latham and Michaelis happened to be within hearing, but he was afraid yet to cry a warning lest, after all their weeks of nothing, his eyes were tricking him and the object far away over the ice was only an hallucination. Then he called and pointed it out.

The others saw it too. It was very far away and indistinct in the moonlight; but they saw it climb up over a ridge of ice and slip down. It disappeared behind a hummock; and as Geoff stared he was beginning to believe that after all his eyes had tricked him when it clambered up and showed itself again. Instantly the three men hid. The animal was up the wind, so no scent from them could betray them. It was coming toward them and they crept cautiously to meet it.

"A bear!" Latham now confirmed Geoff's recognition.

"Bear!" repeated Brunton, almost in awe.

The animal continued to come toward them, showing itself now huge, almost monstrous, as it stood erect on the top of an ice ridge and, seeming doubtful of its direction, looked round. Then it slipped down, disappeared and came in sight again, always closer.

The three hunters, creeping toward it with rifles ready, exchanged their guesses of the pounds of meat it meant. They separated a little to trap the beast and half surround it as it came on. It now was within long-range rifle fire; but the moon was low, and with the long dark shadows the light was tricky and they might overguess or underreckon the range by hundreds of yards. The bear still was coming toward them, so they could afford to wait.

Then the baying of a dog behind them brought them about; another dog gave tongue, and from the rear, where Koehler had been leading the brutes over the ice, five of the beasts burst by. They had scented the bear and were rushing to meet it. Brunton shouted to them loudly, but they went on.

The bear had not yet noticed the dogs. In another moment they must be upon him and either send him scurrying away or, if he stood at bay, he must destroy the hunger-weakened dogs as they came up. They were gaunt, slow, in no shape to dodge quickly or to give fight. The big animal came up over another ice ridge. The three hunters called to each other, crouched, aimed and fired almost together, then fired again and again. The big animal seemed not struck by the first fire; only the roar of the rifles or now the noise of the dogs seemed to reach him.

He stopped and stood erect, a straight, distinct target, and the rifles rang out again. The tall beast toppled and fell. He tumbled forward and slipped down the side of the ridge. As he slid slowly the rifles emptied to make sure of the game; then the dogs rushed to close and were upon the animal.

"Got him!" Latham cried.

"Got him!" Geoff echoed, exultant.

Brunton wasted no words. "The dogs! They'll tear it up. Quick!"

The three ran, stumbling and slipping over the hummocks. The dogs indeed had reached their quarry. The men could hear them snarling and fighting together behind the hummock back of which the bear had slid. The hunters ran closer and saw the dogs. They were not tearing the animal that had been shot. Two of the beasts seemed giving battle to the other three to keep them away from the still heap on the ice; the two large dogs fought off the three and themselves made no effort to tear the bear, but circled, uglily snarling and watching the other brutes.

Brunton bawled to these to call them off; the dogs came a little away and then ran back. The bear now seemed not so huge as when it stood on the ridge. It was much smaller, and as the hunters came closer and the moonlight showed it against the snow it was not so white.

Indeed, it was dark and with one paw—which was not a paw at all but a skin-clothed arm—stretching away from the body.

"Man!" Geoff cried hoarsely, and stumbled forward. "A man! We shot a man!"

"Man!" Brunton roared as he ran up.

The dogs now were about him and obeyed.

"Man?" Latham cried.

They all now saw a rifle, which had been slung over the man's shoulders, lying on the ice beside him; the man was on his face as he had fallen. He was garbed in skin clothing of the ordinary type of the northern Eskimo; the hood covered the back of his head; his hands were in mittens. A dark blotch of blood, flowing from somewhere under his hood, made a pool on the ice; and he lay very still. Now that the men had come up the dogs stood quieted, watching. The two largest smelled beside the body and sniffed, and looked up and put their noses down and sniffed again. Geoff recognized these two dogs and remembered that they were the two of their teams which had been on the Aurora.

"A man with a gun!" Geoff cried, and with the help of the other two he turned the body over.

The limbs fell dully and the body was all weight, inert. The blood from the wound in the head had already frozen in a dark streak down one side of the face. The hood hid the face above the brow and about the chin; but it was a face that one who had seen it would not forget. The eyes were closed—the good, blue eyes always direct, eager, interested; the lips were tight shut and the cheeks were thin, but—there was no doubt of his identity.

"Eric Hedon!" Geoff gasped. "Eric Hedon! We shot Eric!"

He heard the hard breathing and the groan of Brunton beside him. Geoff stared into Brunton's face and then at Latham. The man stared back at him; and for the moment there was sense in neither face. Then Latham looked down again.

"It is Eric Hedon," he said.

How he had come there, traveling alone over the ice to the north, they could not ask; he lay heavily, a weight in their arms.

A figure approached from the direction of the camp; it was Koehler following the dogs. He had heard the shots and probably seen the quarry fall. The three men looked at each other; then, leaving Hedon to the others, Geoff rose and went to meet the doctor. Koehler began running eagerly, thinking that game had been taken.

"Good work, Geoff!" he hailed. "You got him?"

"Oh, doctor!" Geoff called. "Come quick!"

Koehler caught the tone; it was the cry of need for his help as a physician.

"What's happened? Who's hurt?" he asked.

"Hedon!"

"Hedon?"

"Doctor— Eric Hedon!"

"What?"

"That's Eric! We shot him. He's dead!"

The surgeon came up and saw. The others had no more to tell him; he had witnessed all that they had done. He took the body from Brunton's arms and pulled the hood farther back. A gush of blood flowed over the frozen streak as the physician worked; he felt under the coat and looked up.

"There may be a chance!" Koehler whispered.

"Of life?"

"I'll see." The doctor felt skillfully over the wound in the head; then he looked up. "Unless you've hit him somewhere else he may live!"

"May live?"

"We'll know better in a moment."

Silently Brunton aided the surgeon in a swift search for other wounds.

"That's all!" Koehler cried at last. "I believe the bullet only grazed his skull. I don't think it pierced at all or fractured. Maybe it only stunned him. The cold stopped the blood."

Indeed as they spoke together the wounded man seemed to be sensible of their presence. He stirred a little and his lips parted. Koehler melted snow in his hand and poured the drops into Hedon's mouth.

"Move his arms and legs a little to warm him," the doctor directed. "Not too hard; we mustn't make the blood flow."

He reached within his own clothing and tore off a strip for a bandage. Hedon opened his eyes. He saw Koehler bending over him and recognized him.

"It's only a frostbite, doctor," he said clearly. "I tell you I'm all right. I can go on."

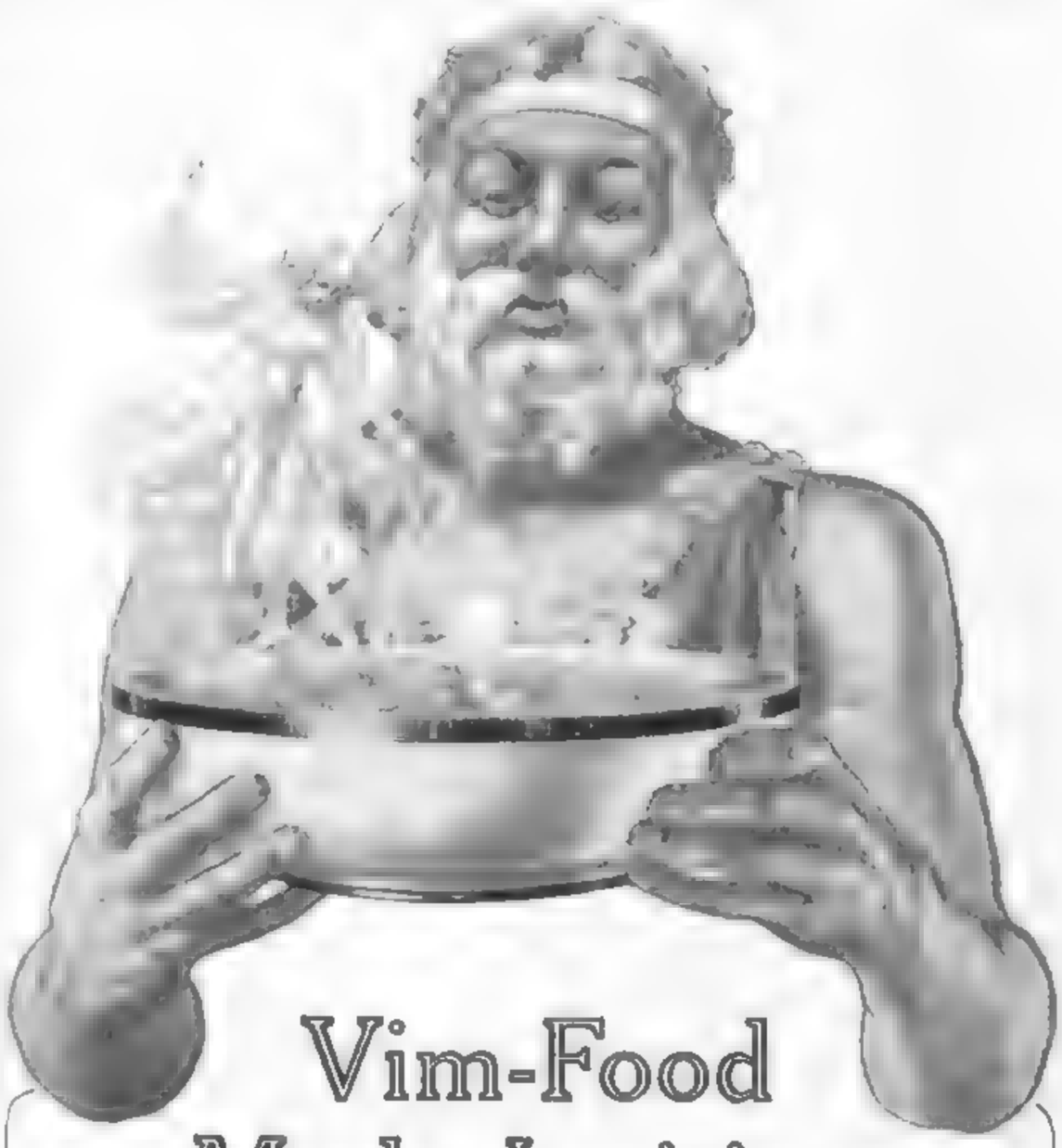
He closed his eyes again. None of the others spoke. The words were familiar to Geoff. He recalled a story Koehler had told of Hedon on one of the sledge expeditions from the Aurora when Eric had frozen his feet. Hedon was speaking again.

"Who's here, Koehler?" he was saying. "Who's here?"

"We came for you, Eric," the doctor said slowly and distinctly. "We came back for you."

10% More for Your Money

Quaker Oats is put up also in a 25-cent size, nearly three times as large as the 10-cent size. By saving in packing it offers you 10 per cent more for your money. See how long it lasts.



Vim-Food Made Inviting

A Giant Food with a Fairy Flavor

This is why Quaker Oats—nearly all the world over—holds the dominant place among foods. And why peoples of a hundred nations send here now to get it.

It is vim-food made delightful.

Nature stores in every dish a battery of energy. This grain stands supreme as a source of vitality. We make it welcome—make it desirable—so that children eat it liberally and often.

Unless children love the food that holds them, these priceless elements are lost. They need them daily—need an abundance—else they suffer from the lack. Don't force them to this food of foods. Win them by the luscious Quaker flavor.

Quaker Oats

These big, white flakes are made of only the richest, plumpest grains. We pick out for Quaker just the cream of the oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

These we treat by dry heat, then by steam. Hours of this treatment enhances the flavor. The result is this matchless taste and aroma which millions send over seas to get.

Quaker Cooker

We have made to our order—from pure Aluminum a perfect Double Boiler. It is extra large and handy. We [illegible] Quaker Oats for cooking. Every flake in the package was [illegible] flavor. See our offer in each package.

That is why you should always say Quaker. It costs you no extra price. And no puny grains—starved of their flavor—are in it.

It means a winsome dish. And children and grown-ups—who all need vim—will eat enough to get it.

Make a 30-day test of Quaker in big dishes and note the result in vitality.

10c and 25c per Package
Except in Far West and South

At the First Sign of Decay

When the *first little ache* signals tooth-trouble, *then* is the time to seek out the cause. No use to have the trouble patched up—*if the cause remains.*

Nine chances to one it's "acid-mouth" eating away the enamel and letting decay germs destroy the interior soft substance of the tooth.

If "acid-mouth" is the cause, there's one sure way to remove it. That is the regular daily use of the best dentists' favorite dentifrice—

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

Pebeco is a scientific dentifrice originated for the distinct purpose of saving teeth as well as cleaning them. It does save teeth by protecting them from their worst enemy, "acid-mouth."

Pebeco polishes teeth beautifully, removes unpleasant odors, purifies the mouth and gives a feeling of freshness and keenness.

Nine out of ten people are said to have "acid-mouth." If you have it Pebeco is a necessity. You can make sure if you will

Send for Free Ten-day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

The Test Papers will show you whether you [illegible] have "acid-mouth" and how Pebeco [illegible] acts it. The trial tube will show you how a real dentifrice tastes and acts

Pebeco originated in the hygienic laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany, and is sold everywhere in *extra large size tubes*. As only ½ of a brushful is used at a time, Pebeco saves money as well as [illegible]

Lehn & Fink

Manufacturing Chemists

106 William Street New York

Sole Agents in America for The Crown Perfumery Co. (London) makers of Crown Lavender Salts and the many other [illegible] Preparations and Exquisite Perfumes

Training the Bashful Boy

TO teach confidence to a timid youngster is the task which confronts many parents. He cannot acquire self-possession by study or instruction. He must teach himself.

With this in mind, Chancellor Elmer E. Brown, of New York University, writes us: "My observations lead me to believe that boys who, for a limited number of hours outside of school, earn money by the sale of copies of *The Saturday Evening Post* gain a certain self-reliance and independence that tends to be most useful to them in later years."

To understand the full significance of Chancellor Brown's endorsement, you should read our interesting booklet, "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" To parents, teachers and other interested persons, copies will be mailed free of charge. Address your postal card or letter to *The Sales Division, Box 610.*

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

"I know. Thomas is dead." Hedon replied. "I buried him; he——"

"We know about that, Eric," Koehler said quietly. "We went up there and found your record at Mason Land."

"At Mason Land!" Hedon repeated. "You went there? Who went?" he persisted.

Koehler tried to quiet him.

Hedon opened his eyes and moved so as to look past the doctor and saw Geoff and Latham, whom he did not seem to know.

"Hello, Brunton!" he hailed weakly. "I know you came up for me, doctor," he continued. "I heard that. But—you're all right?"

"We're all right." Brunton, bending over him, seized Hedon's arm, and moaned.

"All right, Jules. My fault," Eric murmured.

His mind was completely clear now, and he seemed also gaining strength. "Doctor, who's here?" he demanded.

"Jerry and Brunton and Linn and I came back for you," the surgeon said. "Here are Price Latham and Geoffrey Sherwood, who came with us too."

Hedon repeated the names. "And—and anybody else?" he asked. His eyes had closed.

Koehler realized that in some way Hedon had word of the expedition. He was in suspense before the question which he dared not put direct.

"Margaret Sherwood came," the doctor added. "She's here too; we're all well."

Hedon's eyes opened and stared. "Say that again!"

Koehler repeated.

"She didn't come!" Hedon denied. "They—they said she was going to; but she didn't come up here with the rest of you on the ship. Koehler, tell me she didn't."

"She came."

"Oh, Koehler! She came? Where? Where's the—the ship?"

"She's not on the ship, Eric. She's with us now; she's near here."

The wounded man struggled to rise. The surgeon half helped, half hindered him.

"I'm all right, Koehler," he insisted. "That didn't hurt me." He struggled till they let him stand, then he staggered and Koehler supported him.

"Go back to camp for a sledge," the doctor directed Geoff. "You'd better say nothing to your sister till we get him nearer camp; there's no use bringing her 'way out here."

The instruction seemed to bring to Hedon better realization of the girl's nearness. "What?" he asked; then collected himself. "Yes. Don't—don't—that is, do as he says. But wait a minute."

Geoff hesitated, standing before Hedon, who was now held up between Koehler and Brunton. His recollection of Eric had been only a boy's impression formed four years before; now he knew that he never had known Hedon at all. Impulsively Geoff caught Hedon's shoulder.

"I'm one that fired at you," he said. "Perhaps I hit; probably I'm the one that did. I had a good gun."

"I might have known you'd be hunting," Eric said. "I almost shot a man once. I should have been careful. The Eskimos told me you were near."

"You were coming for us?" Koehler was able to restrain the question no longer.

"Yes."

"You knew we were here?"

"Yes."

"How?" Latham asked that. The doctor checked himself.

"The Kadiack, you know——"

"Yes, we know her," Koehler said. "The Canadian exploration ship."

"Yes. She left Nome about the time the Viborg started."

"Then you know about the Viborg?"

"The Kadiack came into Coronation Bay"—Hedon motioned south—"two months ago. She's wintering there. She brought news from Alaska that you'd started. They said Margaret too. I thought something must be wrong about that; but," he appealed now to Geoff, "she's really here?"

"She's here," Geoff assured. "I'm Geoff, you see. I'm her brother."

"I know you now," said Hedon. "I only wanted to be—sure. Then, if she's here, don't tell her—that is, you won't worry her about me?"

"Go for the sledge," Koehler again commanded Geoff.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Joy Of Never Having Corns

Since **Blue-jay** was invented, millions of people know the joy of never having corns.

They apply **Blue-jay** as soon as they feel a corn. And never again do they feel it. Generally in 48 hours the corn loosens and comes out.

Blue-jay costs five cents per corn. It is applied in a minute. It involves no pain or trouble. And it always acts. Think what folly it is to have corns.

Don't judge **Blue-jay** by other treatments which have proved so ineffective. Give it one chance to show. A million corns monthly are now removed in this way.

Start today to know the joy of never having corns.

Blue-jay
Ends Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

Samples Mailed Free

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

"EMERALITE" DESK AND TABLE LAMPS

A strong, rich light that never strains the eyes streams from the "Emeralite." No glare—no shadows. The adjustable [illegible] emerald green outside, opal inside [illegible] scientifically constructed to throw the light exactly where it is wanted and is easiest on the eyes.

Dealers everywhere can supply you.

Write for booklet. It prices and pictures in actual colors the thirty handsome styles of "Emeralite" Lamps for office, library, parlor, sickroom, piano and many other uses.

H. G. McFaddin & Co. 37 Warren Street New York

BE KIND TO YOUR EYES

MUSHROOM MONEY FOR YOU

[illegible] A. V. JACKSON Falmouth, Mass. [illegible] 21[illegible] Third St. Fa[illegible]h, Mass.

COMMUNITY SILVER

"IT'S the English idea in spoons—Regent Street, you know."

"Still I don't see——"

"My dear, you're not English! The point is simple. You buy a few spoons in Sterling—and then match out the set perfectly in plate, or vice versa."

"Oh! Then the new Patrician design is furnished by the Community in either solid or plate?"

"Exactly! Same design—different material. Simplicity itself. You match the material to your purse."

"But suppose one's purse is already painfully flattened—like mine?"

"Then you buy all plate. And really it's quite as sensible a thing to do, for Community Plate will wear a lifetime, and only your jeweler can tell the difference."

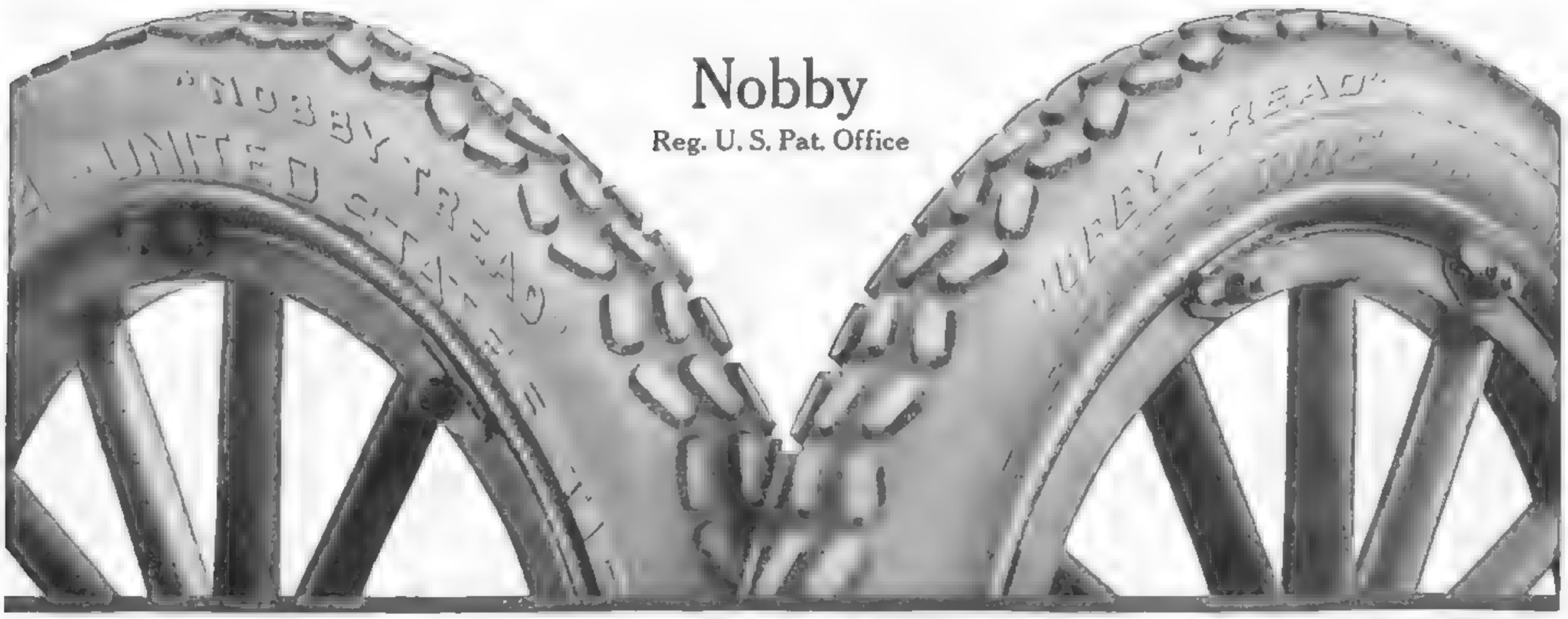
THE PATRICIAN—Our Latest Pattern

is made in both Plate and Sterling. This innovation (an English custom) is to meet the demand of those who wish to duplicate in Sterling the beautiful Community designs.

COMMUNITY STERLING (Patrician design only. Ask your dealer for prices).

COMMUNITY SILVER PLATE (*Plate de Luxe*), 50 Year Service . . . . . Six Teaspoons, $2.15 In Canada, $2.75

Also COMMUNITY-RELIANCE Plate (not made in the Patrician and other Community Silver designs, but in four distinctive patterns of its own), 25 Year Service . . . . . " " 1.10 " " 1.35



Nobby
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Cheapest Tire Service

Your tires cost you just exactly what they cost you per mile of wear.

The first cost of a tire is a reliable guide only when it adds up enough real mileage wear in the end.

Find out the exact cost of your tire service, and then you will know the truth about real tire economy.

Today the majority of serious automobile owners understand this—that is why they are buying "Nobby Treads"—that is why "Nobby Treads" are called

Business Basis Tires

And remember this—investigations prove that with "Nobby Tread" Tires punctures are 90% less than with the average tire.

Today "Nobby Tread" Tires are the largest selling high-grade anti-skid tires in the world. Based upon their remarkable mileage records

"Nobby Tread" Tires

are now sold under our regular warranty—perfect workmanship and material—BUT any adjustments are on a basis of

5,000 Miles

Thousands upon thousands of veteran motorists now use "Nobby Tread" Tires on their front and rear wheels through all seasons, because they give real anti-skid protection and the lowest cost per mile.

United States Tire Company

NOTE THIS:—Dealers who sell UNITED STATES TIRES sell the best of everything.

LORENZO AND THE CLINGING VINE

(Continued from Page 15)

Here Lucius, whose laziness was a by-word among the neighbors, shook his head in solemn disapproval.

"A fellow can hint and hint and hint," he said.

"Sure enough, a fellow can," said Mrs. Stegg. "I'd be ashamed, Lucius."

"You mean Lorenzo? I'm a-doing him a favor," grinned Stegg. "He's aching for to show the gals how stout he is. I like to watch him bend his back; Eliz'Ann's beau he'ps some too. One thing: I'm not a-going to have any weddings till after the crops is in."

"I'd be ashamed," repeated Mrs. Stegg.

Shortly after this conversation Lorenzo made his appearance and Stegg lured him to the new corncrib that he was constructing in anticipation of a bumper crop. The crib, it transpired, had reached a point where it took a man with a back and a pair of arms to handle the work. It was too dark to do anything by that time, but Lorenzo cheerfully undertook to handle it the next day; so Stegg allowed him to return to the house, where Selina awaited him on the porch.

"Let's move round to the corner, out of the wind," Lorenzo artfully suggested.

Selina got up and was about to move her chair when the young man took it from her in his usual gallant fashion and with marked ease carried it to a more secluded spot. Selina laughed her low, mellow laugh.

"Don't you reckon I can do anything for myse'f?" she inquired.

"Not when I'm round," said Lorenzo.

"You cert'nly are right cur'ous," declared Selina, and laughed again.

"The way I look at it, a man was give his stren'th to save a woman from sech," said Lorenzo.

"Sho!" murmured the girl. But the idea, though novel, was not disagreeable to her.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Lorenzo after a few moments.

"Do you reckon Wes Hopkins has got miffed about something?" she asked innocently. "It's a week sence he was here."

Lorenzo could see that her face was turned toward him and he obeyed an impulse that he had felt more than once before. Deviling him, was she? He moved his chair close to hers and bent closer and closer still. He felt her breath on his face and, in that instant, his arm went about her neck. Then he felt something else.

Stegg's genial roar came from the other side of the porch: "Skeeters pestering you?"

It sounded very much like it.

"If you try that again I'll slap you hard," whispered Selina.

"Hard!" Lorenzo's whole face was tingling with the shock of her gentle reproof. For a moment he thought his jaw was dislocated.

For all of this Lorenzo was far from feeling discouraged. In fact his growing ardor of courtship was rather increased by the rebuff it had received. Mere skittishness on Selina's part, or mabbe the pore little gal was skeered. Mabbe a little of both. He would give her time and then, choosing the right opportunity, declare his passion and put matters on the proper basis for endearments. That he determined; and, to clinch the thing, he told his father that he figured on tying up with Selina Stegg.

"Is she willing?" asked Old Man Tucker.

Lorenzo smirked modestly. "I reckon she won't take much p'suading," he opined.

"Co'se any gal ought to jump at the chance of getting you," said the old man dryly. "That cert'nly was a foolish question. Well, there hain't no just cause or imped'ment as I know of, now that Laura-Jane Truwhitt has took up with Wes Hopkins."

"What's that?" demanded Lorenzo.

"Mabbe I had ought to have put it the other way: Now that Wes has took up with Laura-Jane. Yes, that's what I hearn tell. Wes told Gus Adams that Laura-Jane cert'nly was a worker and he never flopped a lip over better doughnuts than what she made."

"I bet Gus lied," Lorenzo muttered.

He was somewhat shocked by the intelligence. For some time his conscience had been troubling him about Laura-Jane. Pore little Laura-Jane, with her appealing look and her hain't-you-right-sorry-for-me voice! He had hoped that she would eventually find some moderately oaklike man upon whom she might twine the bruised tendrils of her clinging nature when the passing of the years had mitigated her grief, and here in no time at all she had taken up with that runt Wes—or Wes had taken up with her. Lorenzo clenched his virile fist as he thought it over in the privacy of his attic.

"I've a notion to go over there some evenin' and clout the sneaking little pop-eyed hound," he declared.

He thought better of it, however, and paid his court to Selina more assiduously than ever. Selina received his attentions without the responsiveness that he could have wished, but on the whole he felt pretty confident that they were not unwelcome and that he was progressing. In the meantime Stegg's summer work went along very nicely with the help of his daughter's suitors. Eliz'Ann had acquired a second beau, and the rivalry between these two swains was highly gratifying to Mr. Stegg, who had hopes of still another assistant. Clifford Wells, a young Gooseneck farmer, had taken particular notice of Selina at meeting and had made friendly overtures to Lucius, who had mentioned the circumstance at table in Lorenzo's hearing.

"I told him for to come over and take a look at my ingun patch," chuckled Stegg. "Ho, ho! I seen what he was after—eh, Seliny? Ho, ho!"

It was only a few days after this that Lorenzo dressed himself with particular care and set out for Stegg's with a firm resolution to set Selina's mind at rest. Lucius Stegg met the young man as he drove into the barn, and helped him to unharness.

"It's about all I'm fitten for these days," said Stegg sadly. "Here's a load of white oak Harvey Jones brung over for me. I needed rails for to fix the fence and Harvey just brung the logs, free gratis and for nothing, as the fellow says; but doggone me if I believe I can split 'em! Mebbe I can hire Cliff Wells to split 'em."

"I doubt if he can spell 'able,'" said Lorenzo, rising at the bait.

"Mebbe he cain't," admitted Stegg, stroking his beard. "He ain't got the shoulders you've got, cert'nly, and I doubt if you'd find it right easy. Still, he mought, and—— Sho! I didn't aim for to ask *you*, Lorenzo."

Lorenzo had stripped himself of coat and waistcoat and was looking about him as he turned up the wristbands of his white shirt.

"Looking for the ax?" inquired Stegg. "Here it is, and the maul and wedges. But don't you trouble for to—— Well, if you're set ——"

Lorenzo seized the ax and proceeded to line one of the worst of the logs. Placing the wedges he took up the maul and heaved it aloft. In a few minutes the log lay open with a surprisingly even cleavage, and Stegg, seated on the wagon reach, was loud and liberal with expressions of admiration.

"And I used to count myse'f a right smart of a splitter," he concluded. "One thing, though: I didn't peter out easy, I'll say that."

Lorenzo had staying qualities, too, as he presently demonstrated. Stegg lit his pipe and watched him, applauding every other stroke with generous enthusiasm, not unmingled, it would have seemed, with envy.

It was only when supper was called that Lorenzo dropped the ax. On arriving at the house he found Harvey Jones and Truman Bentley, the two aspirants for Eliz'Ann's favor, were there before him and they were both grinning. Truman opined that he, Lorenzo, would have a good appetite for his victuals.

"We'd have come out to he'p you, but we allowed you liked splittin' rails better'n what we did," he added, winking at Stegg. "We hain't no spoil-sports."

"I hain't what you might call honing to split rails myse'f, but I'm willing most any time to he'p out old folks," Lorenzo retorted loftily; at which young Jones and Bentley roared with laughter and Stegg looked not altogether pleased. In fact all through the meal Lucius maintained a sullen silence in strong contrast to his usual manner, and hardly relaxed on adjourning to the porch, even when Truman Bentley produced an elaborate mouth harp and gave a skillfully muffled rendition of The Irish Washerwoman.

The Girard Smile

As conceived by C. D. Williams

The Girard Cigar is as mild as this benevolent smile, and a cigar has to be full-flavored and fragrant to please these gentlemen of the old school. The

GIRARD Cigar

represents our own unique exclusive blend. Regardless of price you can get no cigar quite like the Girard because no other cigar is blended quite the same way. More and more men are finding this out.

The Girard Cigar is made in 14 sizes and shapes; from 3 for a quarter to 20c. straight.

Antonio Roig & Langedorf
Philadelphia
Established 1871

Do you know what SOFT KNIT means?

In Comfort

Soft knit of Ipswich 15c Socks means consoling comfort—a welcome change from callus-and-corn-making hard-twisted yarn. Soft knit cushions the feet takes up the pounding shock of walking. There are *no* seams to rub or press into the feet.

In Wear

Soft twisted yarn means unusual wear—because it resists rubbing; resists cutting. The softer the finish, the greater the wear.

In Economy

You pay but three nickels—but you get socks that stay away from the darning basket. Try one pair of Ipswich 15c Socks. They are not only very durable, but good-looking enough for anybody.

If Ipswich 15c socks fail to give good service, return them to us with dealer's name and we will replace them or refund your money.

IPSWICH 15¢ SOCKS 2 for 25¢

Harmless to the Feet

We are satisfied with none but best quality dyes, carefully applied under our sanitary process to preserve the natural strength of the yarn. That is why Ipswich dye produces such strong, clean, stainless hosiery.

Wear-points protected and strengthened to give maximum service. Black, Tan and latest popular shades.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us 25c for two pairs, or $1.50 for a dozen; state size, color desired and name and address of your dealer. Prompt delivery, postpaid in the U. S.

The Ipswich line includes the best values in men's, women's and children's seamless 15c and 25c hosiery—also children's stockings.

IPSWICH MILLS
(Founded 1822)
16 River Street
IPSWICH, MASS.

Oldest and one of the Largest Hosiery Mills in the United States.

36,000,000 pairs made annually. 15c to 50c

Tarvia

Preserves Roads
Prevents Dust

Tarvia Road,
Middletown, R. I.

How to reduce your road taxes—

THE modern way to build macadam roads is to bond them with Tarvia—a dense, viscid, coal tar binder.

It adds a little to the first cost of the road, but it saves a lot in the annual maintenance charges.

A Tarvia-bonded road will keep its contour for many years.

It will shed water.

Automobile traffic does not tear it to pieces. It produces little or no dust.

It does not ravel on grades, for the waterproof character of Tarvia prevents such damage.

After a hard winter the snow melts from the tarviated road and reveals the surface in good condition.

Tarvia has won its way among up-to-date engineers simply on the basis of the money which it saves.

Town after town has learned that it can reduce the cost of its highways by the steady extension of Tarvia treatment.

The art of road building has now reached a point where the dusty road is in itself proof that the road is wasting the taxpayers' money, because it cannot withstand modern traffic.

Booklets regarding the Tarvia treatment on request.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Cincinnati
Pittsburgh Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Seattle
THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Limited Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver
St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

It was at the conclusion of this lively air that Lorenzo, who was sitting near the door, saw Selina begin to sweep round the supper table and jumped to relieve her of the task. For once, however, Selina persisted and a gentle scuffle ensued for the possession of the broom. Then it was that Stegg's face suddenly cleared.

"Grip him for it, gal!" he roared.

Selina hesitated a moment and then, smiling good-naturedly, raised the broom handle horizontally. Lorenzo, smiling confidently, took his grip and so they stood, their arms extended rigidly.

"Now!" shouted Stegg.

Very gently Lorenzo exerted a modicum of his strength with a slight downward pressure, but nothing happened. Selina stood like a rock before him, dimpling with amusement, but yielding not a hair's breadth of motion to the stick within her grasp.

"Don't let a pore, weak gal best you," Stegg jeered. "Put your muscle into it!"

Lorenzo put his muscle into it. The veins stood out on his temples, his face reddened and his knuckles whitened as he did it. He pushed forward and his chest heaved with the unavailing strain. Then suddenly he realized that Selina was no longer passive. The stick was slowly turning as it came down—but turning in his own grip! Strive as he might, the force that twisted it was irresistible. Crimson with mortification he relaxed, but too late to conceal his impotence. He had been outgripped, and by a girl!

Rage succeeded and he turned from Selina to face the grinning group at the doorway.

"I can lick any man here!" he cried, clenching his ineffectual fists.

Harvey Jones, who was inclined to be pugnacious, was starting forward, but Stegg put his broad hand on the young man's chest and thrust him back as if he had been a mere infant.

"Sho!" he exclaimed apologetically but with mirth-brimming eyes. "You don't want to get mad about a little thing like that, Lorenzo. You was tuckered out he'ping the old folks. That was the trouble."

"Lemme out of here," snarled Lorenzo, advancing, and they drew aside and let him pass. He heard laughter as he drove away in his shiny buggy a few minutes later, and his horse bounded forward under a stinging cut of his whip.

An undersized young man with light-blue eyes, who had just turned into the lane, leaped aside barely in time to avoid the flying hoofs.

"Lordy!" ejaculated the young man, staring after the rocking vehicle. "I wonder if Selina hain't mittened him. Mabbe that's why she sent me word for to call round. He's cert'nly actin' mighty cur'ous."

Merely to say that Mr. Tucker, senior, was surprised would inadequately describe the impression that his son's somewhat shamefaced confidence made upon him. For a full minute he sat with his mouth open, blinking his amazement.

"You done told me only the other day that it was Seliny Stegg," he managed to say at last.

"Laura-Jane Truwhitt," corrected Lorenzo doggedly. "That's what I told you—unless my tongue slipped. That Stegg outfit hain't no family for the Tuckers to marry into. The gals hain't guls. Scusin' the pants, they mought as well be men. Selina could take an ordinary man and spank him. I'll bet she could come almighty near holding her own with me. We was wrastlin' for the broom the other night and I had to quit. I'd have had to hurt her for to master her. Besides which, she's took up with Wes Hopkins again. Laura-Jane hain't no wrastler. Jist a gal—a gal that needs a man's stren'th for to lean on—the way it ought to be. I aim to be the boss in my house, pap."

"And you reckon you will be if you marry Laura-Jane?" queried the old man.

"I know I will be," replied Lorenzo with sublime confidence. "We've got that settled."

"He knows he will be!" groaned Tucker. "He's got that settled!" He looked quizzically at his son. "You don't want for to marry a woman you cain't lick—is that it, Lorenzo?"

"You can put it that-a-way if you like," answered Lorenzo pleasantly.

Old Man Tucker sighed, shook his head and knocked the ashes from his cold pipe. Then he got up and shuffled into the house, still shaking his head.

"Lord he'p the young!" he ejaculated. "Lord he'p the young!"

Look at the spark plugs on your new Studebaker—they're

Champion "S" Spark Plugs

TESTS of all the spark plugs made, showed that the Studebaker motor gave lastingly better results when fired by "Champions." That's why every Studebaker car is factory-supplied with Champion "S" Plugs. And that's why you will be best served by always *replacing* with the Champion "S."

Likewise, every Ford, Maxwell, Metz, and every car produced by 51 other makers, is furnished with Champion Spark Plugs at its factory. There is a "Champion" for every gasoline engine. See your dealer.

Champion Spark Plug Company
"Toledo Made for the Whole World's Trade."
R. A. Stranahan, Pres. F. D. Stranahan, Treas.
125 Avondale Avenue, Toledo, Ohio
World's Largest Makers of Spark Plugs

Your Boy or Girl

may secure without expense a course at Yale, Vassar or any other college or university, at the New England Conservatory of Music or at any other musical college or conservatory, at any business college, correspondence school, law school, medical college—in fact, at any educational institution in the country

If interested write for details to

Box 615, Educational Division
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Shirley President Suspenders

Rest the shoulders—cannot press or chafe

"Satisfaction or money back"

50¢

Be sure "Shirley President" is on buckles

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co., Shirley, Mass.

Birds Love Bird Manna

Keeps Canaries in song, even when moulting. Cures almost all diseases of Song Birds. Especially valuable during breeding. Great delicacy. Birds Love It! Sold by druggists at 15c. Same price by mail. Bird Book Free
Phila. Bird Food Co., 400 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen patents. Send for 3 free books, inventions wanted, etc. I get patent or no fee. Manufacturing facilities
RICHARD B. OWEN, 33 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Around the World On Curtis Profits

THE receipt books that The Curtis Publishing Company issues to its agents are the travelers checks that have taken Mr. Edwin Kohl around the world. Curtis work also paid for his four-year course at the University of Wisconsin. While in the field busy at the work of securing subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* he has earned in commissions and salaries as much as $2200 in four months.

He is only one of the army of energetic young men and women who are using Curtis profits to stretch limited incomes to pay the expenses of a college education, of travel or in any way that money can be used. Mr. Kohl has just completed his round-the-world trip, paid for by Curtis profits. He resumed his Curtis work on the day he landed and in one week since then made $105. What Mr. Kohl has done, you can do. If you are interested a letter or postal card will bring full particulars concerning the Curtis plan.

Address, Agency Division, Box 613

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

The SOP-O-ZON Way is the Ideal Way to Use Soap

YOU simply press the button on the Sop-O-zoN Dispenser (an attractive nickel-silver fixture which is easily attached to the wall over the wash basin) and the pure, clean Sop-O-zoN (liquid toilet soap) is deposited in the palm of your hand. Think what a delightful satisfaction it is to use soap this way—*soap that never touches any hands but yours*—always there when you want it and always fresh.

SOP-O-ZON

(Pronounced Soapozone)

LIQUID TOILET SOAP

For eight years Sop-O-zoN has been used most successfully in thousands of homes, offices, clubs, schools, etc. There are now over 30,000 Sop-O-zoN Dispensers in daily use.

For Home, Office, School—all public and private washrooms and bathrooms clean, convenient, economical

Sop-O-zoN is a high-class, absolutely pure toilet soap. It is a scientific blend of pure olive, cocoanut and other vegetable oils—from which it derives its delicate amber color. It gives a fine fluffy, velvety lather, even in hard water. It cleanses thoroughly and leaves the skin delightfully soft and healthy. It is unexcelled for the toilet, bath and shampoo, in fact, for every purpose required of a refined toilet soap.

In the home—Sop-O-zoN means the use of an individual quantity of clean, fresh soap for every member of the family—away from home, it means a higher standard of sanitation for everybody

It will keep indefinitely—the last drop is always as sweet and pure as the first. Sop-O-zoN comes to you in sealed sterilized tins—hands have never touched it

Where to Buy

Sop-O-zoN—and Sop-O-zoN Dispensers are for sale at leading hardware, drug and department stores. Look for the Sop-O-zoN sign. Tell your dealer you want a Sop-O-zoN Dispenser—and a Supply of Sop-O-zoN for use in your own home. If he cannot supply you, we will.

Write today for Sop-O-zoN Booklet

BOBRICK CHEMICAL COMPANY, Los Angeles, California

The Sop-O-zoN Dispenser

is an attractive, nickel-silver fixture that is easily attached to the wall over any wash basin. It cannot leak or spill its contents, it cannot corrode and it can not come loose from the wall in ordinary use, as the push button motion is forward—against the wall. It is an advanced idea—the economical way to use soap, because it absolutely eliminates all waste

Prices

Sop-O-zoN Dispensers complete, ready to attach, each **$2.50**

Sop-O-zoN Half Gallon tins . . **80c.**

Sop-O-zoN—Gallon tins, **$1.50**

Special prices in larger quantities

DEALERS!

We offer you an exceptional opportunity to secure the exclusive agency in your territory for Sop-O-zoN. This is the first of a series of Sop-O-zoN advertisements we are going to run in The Saturday Evening Post. Thousands of discriminating people have anticipated the coming of Sop-O-zoN, the refined liquid toilet soap—and every dealer who joins hands with us NOW is going to reap the volume of Sop-O-zoN profits. Are you ready to supply the demand?

Wire or write for full details

THE NEW DAISY PUMP GUN

An Amazing Reception
Given The Air Rifle Sensation of 1914

Boys of all ages—from sixteen to sixty—from every corner of our big country, have given this latest Daisy a wonderful reception. It is just the air gun that they have always wanted; a repeating Daisy, with genuine *pump action*, just like the highest type of magazine hunting rifle.

No wonder boys and men are enthusiastic. Your hands just itch to try it, don't they?

Take it in your hands, and you see it has just the right "hang". Look along the barrel and spot the center of the target with the adjustable sights. Pull the trigger, and it proves a true Daisy, for it plants the shot, strong and true, right in the heart of the target.

Now! Just one pull on the pump action lever, and you are ready to try it over again. It's a Daisy—the best Daisy of all.

This is the Gun for Your Boy

It's just as natural for your boy to want a gun as it is for him to breathe. You remember how *you* wanted a gun when *you* were a boy. You want your boy to have a safe gun, and you can let him have the Daisy without danger, to him or others, and when he gets old enough for a hunting rifle he will know how to handle a gun and shoot straight.

A Daisy is a real education for a boy. It has helped thousands of boys to a training in hand, eye and steady nerve that means strong, sturdy manhood in after years.

Sparkling eyes, red cheeks, and a body full of health and vim are the marks of the Daisy boy.

Get that boy of yours a Daisy *now*. Ask him if he would like one of the new Daisy Pump Guns, and see him smile. Or if you would like a less expensive or smaller Daisy for him, go to your nearest hardware or sporting goods dealer, and ask him to show you the Daisy line. He will be glad to show you the Daisy whether you are ready to buy or not.

The New Daisy Pump Gun, 50-shot Repeater. All metal parts finished in gun blue; handsome walnut stock turned and hand polished. Adjustable sights, front and rear. Length 38 inches. Remarkable not only for its superiority over all other types of air rifles, but for the surprisingly low price at which it is sold . $3.00

"Daisy Special" 1000-shot Repeater, finished in non-rusting gun blue $2.50

Other Daisy Models . . . . 50c. to $2.00

Little Daisy Pop Gun . . . . . 25c.

New Daisy Target, for indoor and outdoor practice 50c.

Don't let anyone sell you an inferior air rifle. If your dealer does not handle the Daisy line, he will order one for you, if you ask him, or we will ship any Daisy model, carefully selected from our stock, express prepaid, direct from factory on receipt of price.

Boys—Enter the Daisy Contest

First Prize . . . $100 in Gold **Third Prize . . . $25 in Gold**
Second Prize . . $50 in Gold **And 50 Daisy Pump Guns Given Away**

We want to know how many boys have been reading Daisy advertising. Write a letter telling us in not more than 100 words what you like best about Daisy Air Rifle. The boy who sends the best letter gets a first prize of $100 in gold, the second prize $50 in gold, third prize $25 in gold. In addition to these prizes we will give a Daisy Pump Gun worth $5.00 to the boy in each state who writes the best letter.

Observe These Conditions. This competition is open to all boys not over 15 years of age. Your letter must not contain more than 100 words, and it must be read and signed by your parent or guardian as well as by yourself. The names of all prize winners will be announced in the January 1915 issue of The American Boy. The contest closes December 31, 1914, and all letters must be received by December 5. The judges are well known [illegible]. In writing the letter explain why you like Daisy Air Rifles best, [illegible] other guns will be selected. The decisions of the judges will be final. Let us have your full name and address and the name and address of your parents or guardian for additional information. Address all letters plainly to Contest Department, Daisy Mfg. Co., 287 Union St., Plymouth, Michigan.

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
287 Union Street, Plymouth, Mich.

The largest air rifle factory in the world, making each year more air rifles than all other factories combined.

Export Office—R. M. Lockwood, Mgr., 18 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Pacific Coast Branch—Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

SNOW STUFF

(Continued from Page 20)

your own game. I reckon you know plenty about regular stages that they have inside of theaters, but you don't sabe the movies. On the regular stage they only pretend to hit you. In this business the wallops you get are on the level. And then you're a manager. You ought to stuck to managing. Reminds me of a feller I used to know down in the Pecos country—Red-Eye Riley was his name. Red-Eye could ride a hawss in all the languages what is—Harry Brennan never did have nothing on that bird. Well, Red-Eye joins out with one of them rough-rider shows to be a actor. First day he worked he got to flirting with a pretty girl in the reserves, and was doing right well for himself till he got so interested in the girl that he forgot he was on a bad hawss, and he ain't been able to ride nothing but a wheelchair ever since. Now Red-Eye he would have been a good actor if he hadn't tried to make a mash. . . . Huh? Hurry more and talk less? Why, yes, we'll hurry more if you say so, but don't holler if we have a spill. It's hard to keep one of these fool sleds right side up. Mush—mush on! Hi-yah-yah-yah! Little speed there, Skookum!"

It is rather difficult to keep a dog sledge on even keel. Given a fat man for a load, complications multiply. Malemutes are uncertain brutes. This may explain why Mr. Gordan took nine headers into snow-drifts and became involved in three desperate dogfights on the way to the hotel.

The same road was traveled later by James Montague and Myrtle Manners.

"Jim," said the young woman, "when I gave you the nod I didn't mean to hurt him—much. I meant to tap him on the head before he could get his hands on me and blame it on to the business of the scene. He—he needed a lesson. Then when he jumped at me and was so rough and nasty I think I would have killed him then if I could, the beast!"

"He got what was coming to him," said the director grimly.

"And now there'll be trouble!" wailed the girl. "Do you think it would do any good to write Mr. Seligman exactly what happened and why?"

"Dave is a mighty decent old coot," sa'd Montague, "but he's bound to listen to Gordan. I think there's a better way than a letter, but at any rate you needn't worry your head. Seligman won't do anything to me because he needs me in his business, and as long as I've got a company you've got a job. Is that plain to you?"

"Jim," said the leading woman, patting his arm, "you're an angel!"

"Uh-huh," said the director; "but most of my wing feathers have molted."

IV

MR. ISADORE GORDAN returned to Fifth Avenue with inflammatory rheumatism in his joints and a three-cornered cut on his forehead that promised to leave a permanent scar. He credited the rheumatism to Truckee's damp climate. The cut upon his forehead, he explained to David Seligman, was a memento of a railroad wreck in the Far West.

Mr. Gordan's verbal report consumed almost an entire morning and contained everything but recommendations to mercy. David Seligman, old and wise and an excellent judge of human nature, smoked black cigars and pondered before he rendered his verdict.

"Well, Izzy," said he, "you must have been a busy man. If I am to do what you say we will have no company left in Truckee at all. To begin with the camera man, he is fresh. Maybe so, but he was the first man to discover that keeping his camera frozen prevents static troubles. He has saved us thousands of dollars by that trick alone, so he can be as fresh as he likes and keep his job. He might think of something else that will save us money. And this Buck Parvin, I know him well. Every time I go West he makes me laugh. I would keep him for that alone.

"With regard to Montague, you can't knock him to me and get away with it. Your personal troubles with him are nothing to mine. I fight with that fellow every time I see him, and then I raise his salary to keep him from thinking that I meant what I said. He is the best director in the country and he stays with us. That is final.

"Now about this leading woman—you may be right. She ain't a star and she owes everything to Montague. I have seen him work an hour with her on one scene until she played it to suit him. If you are sure you can get Miss Delmar away from the Elkay people I will agree to let Manners go. This much I will concede, Izzy; but you can't touch Montague or the rest of the company, so you might as well quit talking. Manners we can spare if we can replace her with Delmar."

An office boy appeared.

"Mr. Seligman," said he, "they're ready to run that snow stuff now. You said you wanted to see it."

"Come along, Izzy," said Seligman. "You ought to be interested in this. It's some that you saw made. Montague writes me that he would like to have your opinion."

They went to the small projecting room, where for half an hour they watched snow scenes as they were thrown upon the screen, commenting, criticizing and commending. No connected story was told by the film; the reels that were shown were made up of miscellaneous scenes from three different pictures.

"Manners isn't so bad in this stuff," said Seligman. "That love scene now—that was well done and she got the points over in good shape."

"Too stiff—not natural enough," said Gordan.

"It was natural enough for me," said Seligman stubbornly. "There she is again!"

There flickered upon the screen the picture of a girl in parka and hood. Behind her was the dark, swiftly flowing Truckee River, and the far background was a snow-covered slope, ragged with tamarack, pine and fir. Mr. Gordan stirred uneasily in his chair.

"She's pretty anyway," said Mr. Seligman. "That's one point that you can't take away from her—her looks."

"She ain't as pretty as Delmar," said Gordan. "And De'mar is smarter."

"Manners is a nice little thing—a perfect lady," said Seligman. "I wonder why she's holding that pistol by the barrel! . . . Ah, now she registers fear. . . . Nothing the matter with that acting, eh? . . . Hello, who's this?"

A fat gentleman in a cutaway coat came crouching into the picture. Mr. Gordan gasped. For an instant an unmistakable profile was silhouetted against the white background, and David Seligman shouted with laughter.

"Well, Izzy," he cried, "since when have you been an actor?"

"Stop that film!" bawled Gordan. "Stop it!"

"What for?" asked Seligman. "Go ahead and run it, boy; I want to see it."

Mr. Gordan subsided, gurgling. The fat gentleman on the screen moved again, closer to the girl.

"You look like you are getting ready to do the Apache dance with her," commented Seligman. "Were you trying to scare her to death?"

"I was showing Montague how to play the scene," muttered Gordan.

"You? You can't show that man anything about acting! He—— Good Lord, what's this?"

There came the spring, the embrace and the scuffle.

Mr. Seligman stopped chuckling and his voice grew stern.

"What's the idea, Izzy? Do you think you're a grizzly bear?"

The swaying bodies were clearly defined against the whiteness of the snow. David Seligman leaned forward; not a detail of that struggle escaped his keen eyes. It was also given to Mr. Gordan to see himself as others had seen him, and the sight was not a pleasant one.

"Hit him, kid, hit him!" murmured Seligman. "Why don't you hit him?"

Slowly the fat man forced the girl's chin upward, and as he bent over her David Seligman gave vent to an ejaculation of disgust.

"You showing Montague how to play the scene! You just wanted an excuse to kiss the girl. Bah!"

Suddenly there was a flash of a fur-clad arm, the fat man's head snapped as if on a hinge, and Mr. Gordan saw himself reel over the bank and disappear with a mighty splash.

"Oh, good!" shouted Seligman. "Good for you, kid! Hoo-ray!"

ARROW

Collars and Shirts

NORMAN—a close fitting graceful collar with smartly cut curved front that admits of easy cravat tieing. 2 for 25c.

Metropolitan styles, exceedingly well made, of a standardized dependable quality, are Arrow shirt characteristics.

$1.50 up.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., Inc Makers TROY, N.Y.

The BELL SPECIAL

Bell SUIT or OVERCOAT to your measure $13.50

Dress Better and Save Money

Order our special $13.50 made-to-order suit or overcoat. We guarantee to fit you or you need not accept the garment. We further guarantee to save you many dollars.

Send for our Style Book and 64 Samples Now!

Our method of direct dealing eliminates all salesmen, agents or any in-between costs and enables us to produce a suit for $13.50 made to your special measure that we guarantee to be worth many dollars more.

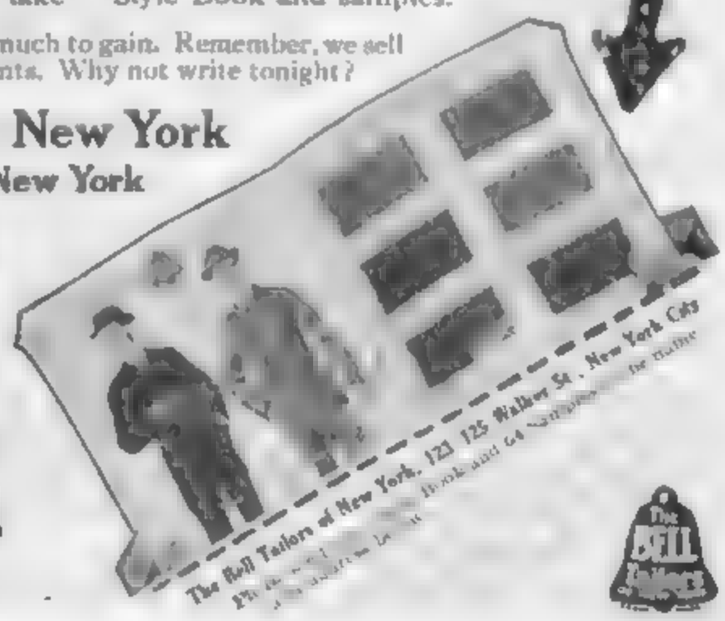
You deal direct with us—the makers—and save the in-between costs by having someone at home take your measure for us. Thousands of *Saturday Evening Post* readers have been having their clothes made by us for years to their entire satisfaction.

No matter where you live or how satisfied you may think you are, you should send for our Free Style Book and samples.

You have nothing to lose and much to gain. Remember, we sell by mail only, and have no agents. Why not write tonight?

The Bell Tailors of New York
123-125 Walker St., New York

This STYLE BOOK &64 Samples FREE Send for it and Save Money



Safety First

You will be amazed to know how Cat's Paw Heels have greatly reduced the number of accidents from slipping on wet sidewalks, ice or polished floors.

The Foster Friction Plug won't let you slip. It is set in Cat's Paw Rubber Heels right where the weight falls—right where the wear comes. Not only prevents slipping but ***makes 'em wear longer.***

CAT'S PAW
CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS

All Dealers 50¢ Attached

Note the three arrows. Each points to a sign of safety.

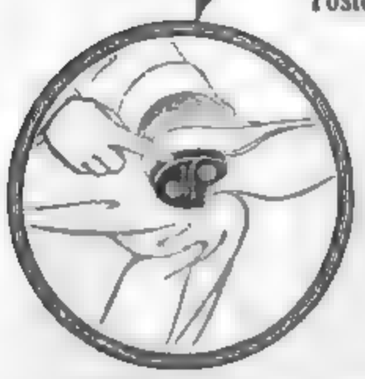
The first shows the Foster Orthopedic Heel which affords safety against falling arches. Gives extra support where needed. Especially valuable for heavy people and those who are on their feet a great deal.

The second arrow points to the famous Black Cat which is your safe guide in buying. Whenever you see a Black Cat think of Cat's Paw Heels. Wherever you see this sign, you know the genuine are sold.

The third arrow points to the regular Cat's Paw Heel which is "worn the world over."

Insist on Cat's Paw Heels from your dealer. Black or tan, 50c. attached. Cost no more than ordinary kinds. Foster Orthopedic, 75c.

Foster Rubber Co., 105 Federal St., Boston, Mass.



Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.

Own a Car? Or Engine?

[illegible] McCormick Mfg Co, 2 to 8 Mccormick Bldg Dayton, O

P&O

Peninsular & Oriental S. N. Co. [illegible] India, China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, Suez, Ports, Round World Tours. For Full information apply to P. & O. LINE, 21-24 State Street, New York

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.

Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Wood Rollers *Tin Rollers*

SALESMEN WANTED Anticipating a tremendous business expansion during the fall and winter months we have decided to aggressively extend our [illegible] of operations [illegible] and [illegible] our six acres of factory floor space, coupled with 25 years of successful experience in making and selling exclusively high grade advertising specialties in leather, celluloid, metal and paper, including Art Calendars Deluxe, enables us to offer competent men a highly attractive selling proposition. Term of service to begin Jan. first or sooner. Personal interviews arranged. AMERICAN ART WORKS, Coshocton, Ohio

Demand this trade mark on your Tool

Model A

The Original Pocket Wrench, 35 years on the market, and its popularity yearly increasing

Made as in the beginning of steel drop forgings throughout. A sturdy tool for autos, cycles, etc.

Your hardware man has it or can get it for you. Price, nickel, 65 cents

THE BILLINGS & SPENCER CO.
Hartford, Conn.

KEITH'S

HAVE ORIGINALITY HOUSE PLANS ARE PRACTICAL

By special arrangement with Mr. Walter J. Keith, of Minneapolis, [illegible] expert on Bungalow Home Plans, SHORT STORIES MAGAZINE will publish each month the best current examples of bungalow and village homes.

Send a Dollar for Six Months' Subscription and Book of Plans

A dollar gives you 6 new House Plans, 60 short stories, [illegible] of any one of Mr. Keith's famous $1.00 Plan Books listed below.

140 plans for Cottages costing Less than $2000	$1 00
123 plans for Cottages costing $2000 to $2500	1 00
172 plans for Cottages and Bungalows	1 00
124 plans for Houses costing $2500 to $3000	1 00
123 plans for Houses costing $3000 to $4000	1 00
125 plans for Houses costing $4000 and up	1 00

Send for Folio of 25 Bungalows, 10c

WALTER J. KEITH ARCH'T, Suite 810, No. 11 W. 32nd St.
SHORT STORIES PUB. CO., New York City

"She hit me on purpose," mumbled Mr. Gordan, naming the particular bit of action that interested him the most. "Anybody can see she did. It was a frame-up!"

"Sure she hit you on purpose!" cried Seligman. "Bless her little heart, of course she did! Do you think because we make you a Western manager it gives you a license to pull stuff like that? You would have had no kick coming if she had shot you! And that's why you say she can't act, eh?"

An argument rose in the projecting room, waxed loud and lasted long. Tempers went to smash and the naked truth had an airing.

"I tell you this, Dave," shouted Gordan; "Whatever I did makes no never-minds with me. She goes or I go, and that is all there is about it!"

David Seligman scratched his chin.

"Well, Izzy," said he, "I am sorry you put it that way, because now I wouldn't fire that little woman under any circumstances. Not if she was the worst actress in the world! I got to have better reasons than that she hit you on the head. I always said that she was a perfect lady. And so that was your train wreck? Ho, ho!"

Mr. Gordan's sudden resignation as general Western manager of the Titan Company provoked a great deal of comment in the moving-picture world and speculation as to the cause went wild and unbridled. A rumor traveling westward said that an unauthorized strip of film, appearing with the day's batch—perhaps by accident—had shuffled the seat checks of the mighty, but the young man who was in a position to deny or affirm continued to freeze his camera nightly and keep his own counsel. It took a point-blank question from Buck Parvin to get anything out of him.

"Kid," said the cowpuncher, "it was a smooth piece of work. I was standing right there at the time, and I didn't see Jim give you the office to turn the crank on his royal fatness. When was that little job cooked up?"

"It wasn't cooked at all," answered Charlie Dupree. "I'd been watching that lobster and I knew what he was up to. I thought maybe Seligman would like to know too. You can put a man on the witness stand and he'll lie; but if you pull a moving picture on him—good night! Jim didn't know what I was going to do and he didn't see me swing round to get the focus, but he tumbled as soon as he heard the camera begin to click, and I guess that's why Gordan wasn't licked on the spot."

"I got to hand it to you," said Buck admiringly. "You're a bear!"

"Huh!" said Dupree. "I know action when I see it. Maybe that's why the old man raised my salary."

"He'd have raised mine, too, if there'd been any pictures of that sled trip back to Truckee," said Buck. "There was sure some action there! But I never have no luck. It's going to snow to-day and Jim is going to freeze me. If I'm dead when they dig me out you send a strip of the film to my girl, will you?"

An Electric Roll Call

AN ELECTRIC voting machine, now being considered as a means to reduce the great waste of time in taking a roll-call vote of the House of Representatives at Washington, is expected to give a complete record of each vote on one sheet of paper the moment the vote is ordered closed, as well as to show on big signboards just how each member votes while the voting is in progress.

The suggested plan calls for a set of push buttons at each seat, and each member is to vote Yes or No, or record himself as present or paired, by pressing the proper button at the seat assigned to him. The bulletin boards will then show by colored lights just how he voted. When the time for counting the vote comes the turning of a lever at the Speaker's desk will cause a machine there to punch a hole after each member's name on a sheet of paper, and the column in which the hole is punched will show how he voted.

At the same time the machine will add up each column, so that the paper passed out to the Speaker will contain a complete record of the vote for future reference.

$25-

Get into the woods with this Shotgun

King of all guns at the price. Has the features that make Fox Guns "the finest in the world."

Special choke bore barrels. Rotary taper bolt prevents shooting loose. Tremendous strength, accuracy, range, penetration. Coil springs (unbreakable). Quickest action ever put in a gun. Perfect balance. Exquisite finish.

FOX

Col. Roosevelt says

(In his Scribner's articles): "Next day I took the Fox Gun, which had already, on ducks, guinea-fowl and francolin, shown itself an exceptionally hard-hitting and close-shooting weapon."

When you see the Fox models at your dealer's, you'll understand why the world's foremost sportsmen are so enthusiastic about Fox Guns. Mail coupon for valuable Catalog.

A. H. Fox Gun Co., Dept. S, Phila., Pa.

Send particulars of Fox Guns, and address of nearest dealer.

Name

Address

The Story of An Independent Income

Two years ago a young man, Courtwright Hawley by name, traveling in North Dakota for a manufacturing concern, decided to "take on a side line." He wanted something for which there was a popular demand and which was quickly salable. He began to take subscriptions for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. His first month's commissions exceeded one hundred dollars.

That was in 1912. Now his entire time is given to securing orders and renewals for the Curtis publications. He is earning in commissions and salary over $5,000 a year.

Furthermore, his income is practically self-continuing. Each new subscription means a renewal a year later. By keeping a calendar and following up his customers annually he derives a revenue of over $100 a week. Within two years after he took his first subscription he has become a man with an independent income.

We want more real salesmen like him—high grade men and women capable of earning large incomes. Our territory is unlimited, our magazines are unlimited. We help our representatives to get started, we work with them to the finish. If, like Courtwright Hawley, you have some spare time and would like to take on a side line, either in your own town or elsewhere, let us tell you something about the plan. Address

Agency Division, Box 014

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Will Your Kitchen Ware Stand These Tests?

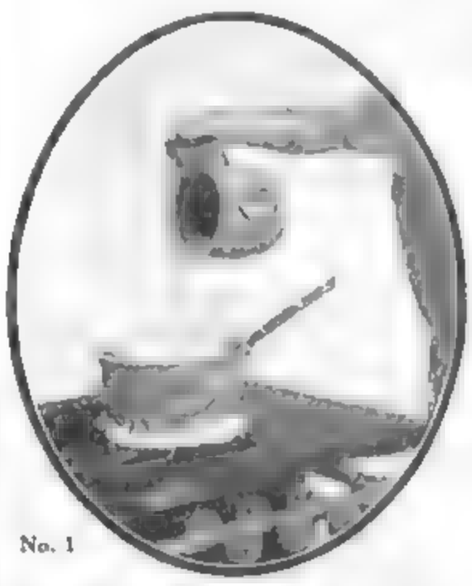
CAN you scrape it with a steel knife, and not injure the surface? **(See illustration No. 2.)** You cannot scrape burnt food from metal pots or pans without injury to the vessel.

Can you thoroughly clean your metal ware or other kitchen ware by simply letting hot water run on it? **(See illustration No. 5.)** Metal wares require hard labor and special scouring and polishing compounds to keep clean and sanitary. Alkalies, acids and other chemical substances in food products injure and discolor metal wares.

Can you examine your unused enamel ware under a magnifying glass and find the surface smooth and perfect—no cracks, holes, pores or fish scales where dirt and germs can lodge? **(See illustration No. 3.)**

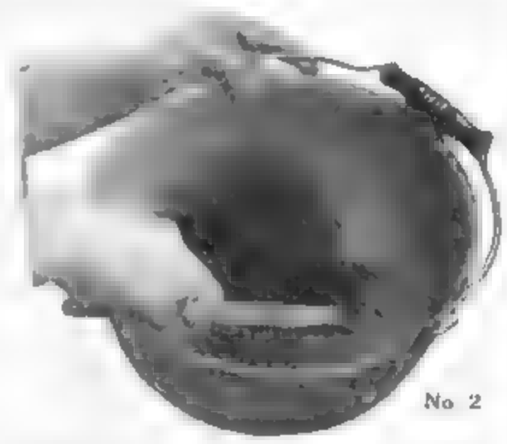
Can you pour cold water into your enamel vessel that has just boiled dry on a gas stove without cracking or ruining it? **(See illustration No. 1.)**

Your kitchen ware goes through these tests every day whether you realize it or not but Onyx is the Ware that stands them best in hundreds of thousands of homes.



No. 1

Red hot then ice cold Instant changes of extreme temperature do not injure Onyx Enamel Ware.

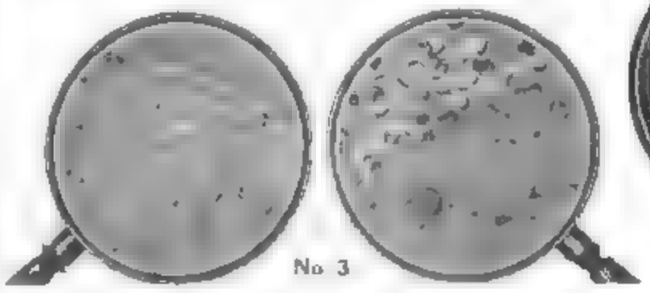


No 2

Scraping does not harm Onyx Enamel Ware

Onyx Enamel Ware Stands Every Test

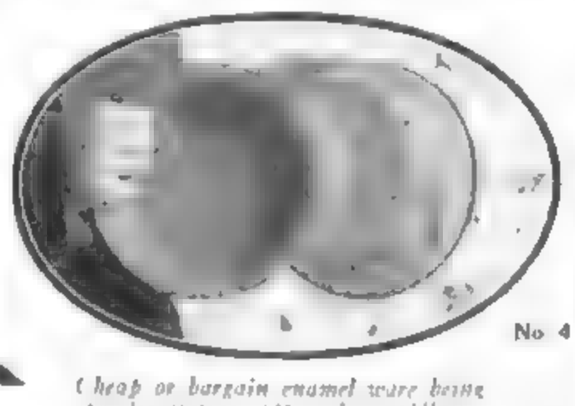
Measured by every possible test for strength, durability, beauty, lightness, Onyx Ware has no equal. It is rust proof, scratch proof and acid proof. It does not chip, crack, peel, tarnish, discolor, bend, corrode or scale with ordinary use.



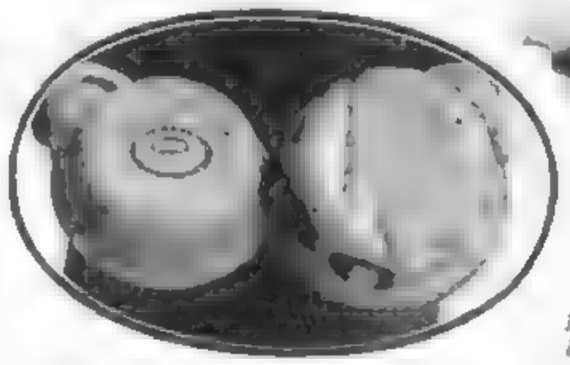
No 3

Onyx Enamel Ware surface under magnifying glass.

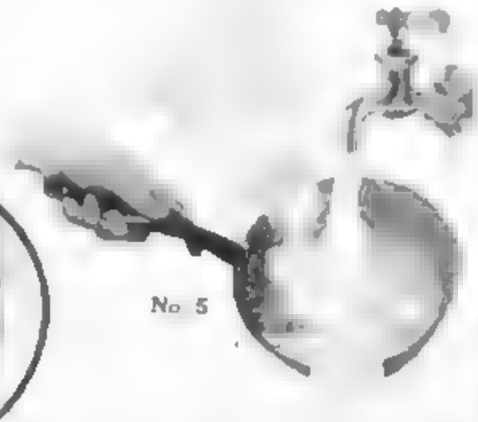
Surface of Cheap Enameled Wares under magnifying glass.



Cheap or bargain enamel ware being struck with piece of Onyx Enamel Ware. Lower illustration to the right shows the result. Onyx Enamel Ware unharmed. Other ware ruined.



No 4



No 5

Hot water is all you need to clean Onyx Enamel Ware No rubbing, scouring or polishing as it does not discolor

"The World's Best Enamel Ware"

Onyx Ware

ECONOMY AND SERVICE

Over 250 Styles and Sizes of Onyx Ware for You to Select From

Onyx Sauce Pans, Kettles, Casseroles, Teapots, Coffee Pots, Stew Pans, Cereal Cookers, Dish Pans, Dippers, Sauce Pots, Rinsing Pans, Saucers, Dinner Plates, Pie Plates, Muffin Pans, Roasters, Tea Kettles, Water Pitchers, Water Bowls, Basting Spoons, Pudding Pans, Cookers and Steamers, Water Pails, etc.

There Is An Onyx Ware Utensil for Every Kitchen Requirement

Onyx Bread Raisers, Soup Ladles, Sink Strainers, Drinking Cups, Mixing Bowls, Colanders, Baking Pans, Dipper, Buckets, Milk Kettles, Milk Pans, Cereal Cups, Soup Bowls, Cuke Cookers, Soup Dishes, Utility Pans, Cake Pans, Gravy Strainers, Wash Basins. In fact every Onyx Ware utensil is just what your fancy

80% Saving to Every Housewife

BY INVITATION MEMBER OF

NEW YORK 1854

Onyx is the Enamel Ware you have heard mentioned so frequently and so favorably. We believe that never before has a kitchen ware received so high an endorsement as the American Housewife has given Onyx Enamel Ware. Every user praises it for **economy, efficiency and convenience.**

Onyx Ware has a triple coating of diamond hard, smooth white and brown speckled enamel, fused by intense heat into [illegible] The surface is impervious to water, stains, dirt, grease and odors. The sanitary surface insures easy cleaning.

Onyx Ware [illegible]

Your kitchen ware should last for years. A 30c Onyx Ware utensil lasting six years is better to buy than a 20c enamel utensil lasting six months. The cheap ware may look the same and feel the same, but the only safe way is to buy Onyx Enamel Ware with the Onyx label.

[illegible]

Satisfactory Wear Guaranteed

Purely as a matter of economy, not to say anything about better cooking results and less work, your kitchen should be completely equipped with Onyx Enamel Ware. Start your collection today. See your dealer, but be sure you get the genuine with Onyx Label

There are over 250 Styles and Sizes of Onyx for Every Kitchen Requirement. Remember, if your dealer does not have just what you want, that we make it. Write us and we will see that you are supplied promptly no matter where you live

Sent FREE —"First Aid to the Cook" Book containing many choice recipes that every housewife should have. Write at once

DEALERS! —Those handling Onyx Ware and others will be interested in our Co-operative Advertising [illegible]

ONYX

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

[illegible]

COLUMBIAN ENAMELING AND STAMPING CO.

"Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Enamel Ware in the World"

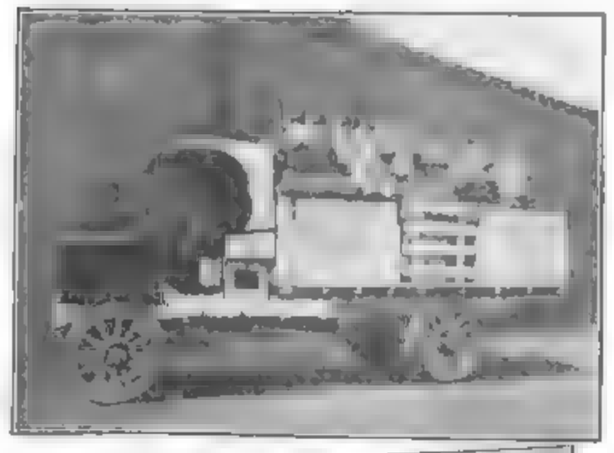
189 Beach Street, Terre Haute, Ind.

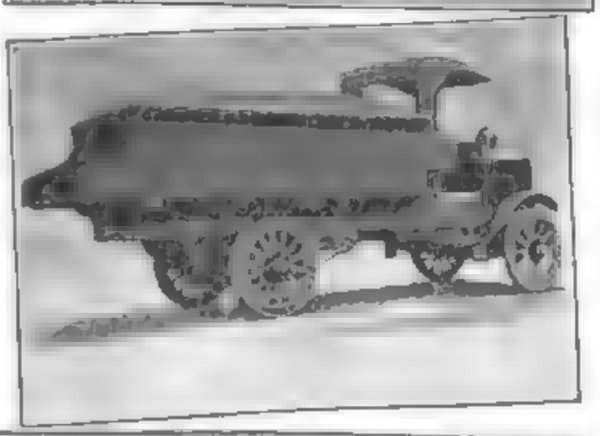
REO

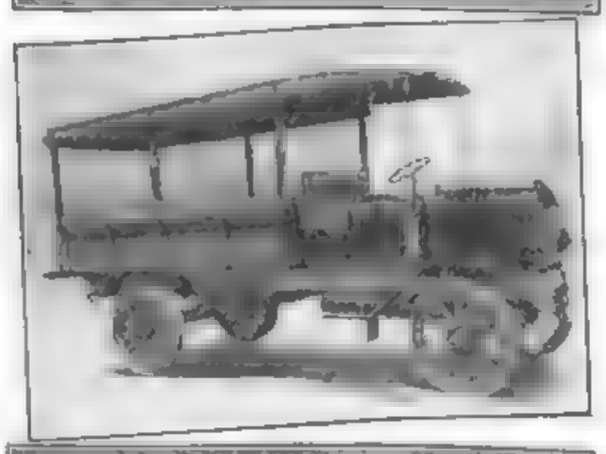
Motor Trucks

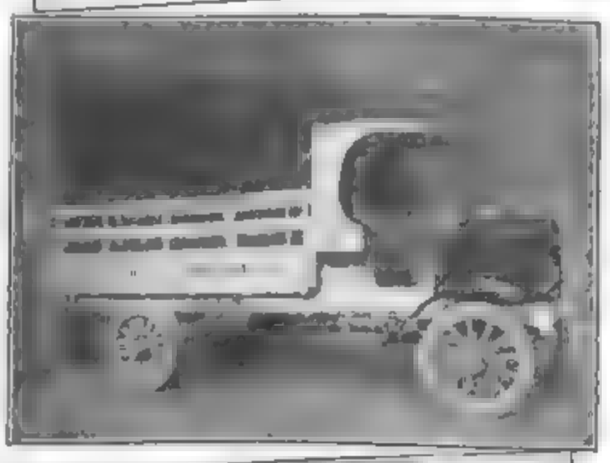
$1650

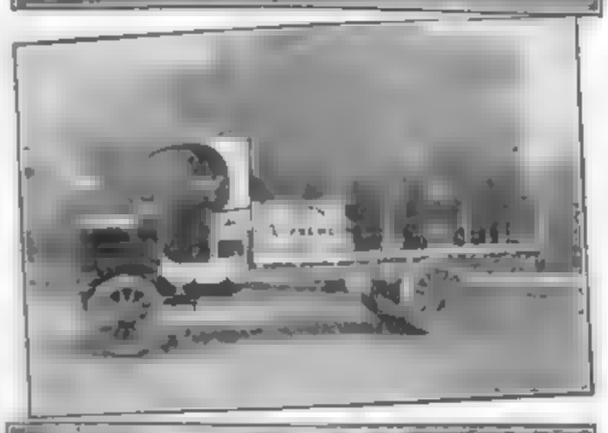
Model J Two-Ton Truck, Including Chassis with Driver's Cab. Body Extra.

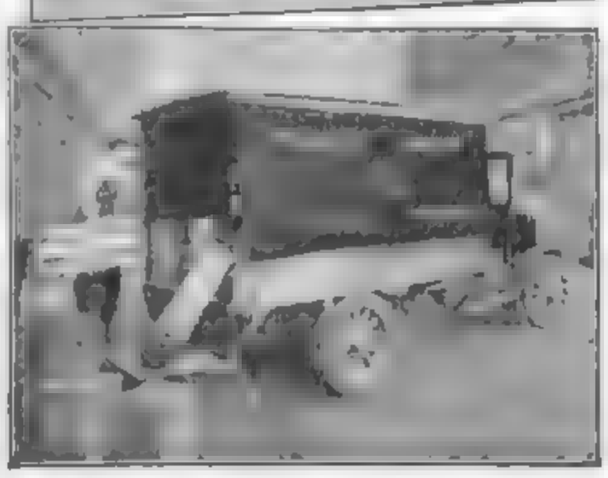












149 Different Lines of Business Find This The Ideal Motor Truck

Be honest with yourself, and your business. Sit down and figure out how much your present wasteful method of hauling is costing you how much you could save by bringing the Reo Motor Truck to your business.

The actual figures will surprise you.

Perhaps you have imagined the first cost of motor trucks too high for you. The average cost (from 1914 figures) of 54 leading makes of two-ton trucks is $2701. We claim the Reo Model J, two-ton truck, to be stronger and sturdier than other trucks of its rated capacity. It sells for $1650.

The First Cost Your First Saving

Right at the start your investment for a Reo Motor Truck is lower than the first cost of two teams and wagons. It easily does the work of three or more teams.

Only one driver is needed, instead of three or more drivers for horse equipment. The saving in labor is a big item.

You save in the cost of operation. The Reo Motor Truck "eats" only when it is working. It goes just as fast and carries just as big a load the last hour of the day as when it starts out in the morning.

But the saving in time is the big item. Reo Motor Trucks will speed up every department of your business. As you deliver faster, you can build, sell, ship, assemble faster. Your whole business feels the spurt of this new form of energy.

Many Delighted Users

We are constantly receiving letters from Model J owners in all lines of business, expressing their satisfaction, not in general terms, but by facts and figures that are wonderfully convincing.

Jacob G. Shirk & Son, wholesale tobacco merchants of Lancaster, Pa., bought a Reo Motor Truck over a year ago. They write "We use our truck for hauling freight between our warehouse and the freight station. This service was performed by the local dray company at $15.00 per week. Our REO now does this work for $3.50 per week, which includes the cost of keeping the truck in a public garage. Up to this time we have not spent a cent on repairs."

Features That Mean Unbroken Service

The Reo Motor Truck is carefully designed to keep going day after day for years, without any lost time for repairs. It has exclusive features, found in no other motor trucks, that make this constant service possible

A radiator built of 24 independent, interchangeable units. One or several units could be injured, instantly repaired or replaced, and the run continued. Or the truck will run until you are ready to repair it later

Much more power than you will ever need is supplied by the Reo unit power plant, cushioned on a sub-frame away from road shocks or vibration.

Reo hydraulic governor keeps the truck to a safe speed. An irresponsible driver cannot go too fast, or allow the motor to race.

Reo right hand center control and left side drive give the driver quick and easy access to and from the seat. No expert driver needed; no time lost in handling the machine.

Reo impregnable armored frame, built to withstand hard service—even collisions—without showing weakness or flaws of any kind

Your choice of two lengths of wheel base, 130 or 146 inches.

Set Your Truck to Work

If you are paying for a Reo truck now, in wasted time and money, you should set it to work at once.

Look the facts in the face. Figure your present hauling costs, and write us about them. We will reduce our case to cold figures. Then we will ask you to decide on no other basis than your own profit.

Write us for any information on motor truck hauling that you need. A Reo Motor Truck catalog sent on request.

1155 Reo dealers, scattered from coast to coast, are ready to tell you about the Reo Motor Trucks and explain Reo service. Call on the nearest Reo dealer, and talk the matter over with him.

REO MOTOR TRUCK CO.
Lansing, Michigan

YOU CAN DO IT WITH A REO

SOPHY-AS-SHE-MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN

(Continued from Page 12)

in her room, was fathoms deep in work. It was barely eight o'clock and there was a wonderful opal sky—a June twilight sky, of which Paris makes a specialty—all gray and rose and mauve and faint orange.

"Somebody's looking mighty sweet tonight in her new Paris duds!"

Max Tack's method of approach never varied in its simplicity.

"They're not Paris—they're Chicago."

His soul was in his eyes.

"They certainly don't look it!" Then, with a little hurt look in those same expressive features: "I suppose, after the way you threw me down hard the other night, you wouldn't come out and play somewhere, would you—if I sat up and begged and jumped through this?"

"It's too warm for most things," Sophy faltered.

"Anywhere your little heart dictates," interrupted Max Tack ardently. "Just name it."

Sophy looked up.

"Well, then, I'd like to take one of those boats and go down the river to St.-Cloud. The station's just back of the Louvre. We've just time to catch the eight-fifteen boat."

"Boat!" echoed Max Tack stupidly. Then, in revolt: "Why, say, girlie, you don't want to do that! What is there in taking an old tub and flopping down that dinky stream? Tell you what we'll do: we'll ——"

"No, thanks," said Sophy. "And it really doesn't matter. You simply asked me what I'd like to do and I told you. Thanks. Good night."

"Now, now!" pleaded Max Tack in a panic. "Of course we'll go. I just thought you'd rather do something fussier—that's all. I've never gone down the river; but I think that's a classy little idea—yes, I do. Now you run and get your hat and we'll jump into a taxi and ——"

"You don't need to jump into a taxi; it's only two blocks. We'll walk."

There was a little crowd down at the landing station. Max Tack noticed, with immense relief, that they were not half-bad-looking people either. He had been rather afraid of workmen in red sashes and with lime on their clothes, especially after Sophy had told him that the trip cost twenty centimes each.

"Twenty centimes! That's about four cents! Well, my gad!"

They got seats in the prow. Sophy took off her hat and turned her face gratefully to the cool breeze as they swung out into the river. The Paris of the rumbling, roaring autobuses, and the honking horns, and the shrill cries, and the mad confusion faded away. There was the palely glowing sky ahead, and on each side the black reflection of the tree-laden banks, mistily mysterious now and very lovely. There was not a ripple on the water and the Pont Alexandre III and the golden glory of the dome of the Hôtel des Invalides were ahead.

"Say, this is Venice!" exclaimed Max Tack.

A soft and magic light covered the shore, the river, the sky, and a soft and magic something seemed to steal over the little boat and work its wonders. The shabby student-looking chap and his equally shabby and merry little companion, both Americans, closed the bag of fruit from which they had been munching and sat looking into each other's eyes.

The long-haired artist, who looked miraculously like pictures of Robert Louis Stevenson, smiled down at his queer, slender-legged little daughter in the curious Cubist frock; and she smiled back and snuggled up and rested her cheek on his arm. There seemed to be a deep and silent understanding between them. You knew, somehow, that the little Cubist daughter had no mother, and that the father's artist friends made much of her, and that she poured tea for them prettily on special days.

The bepowdered French girl who got on at the second station sat frankly and contentedly in the embrace of her sweetheart. The stolid married couple across the way smiled and the man's arm rested on his wife's plump shoulder.

So the love boat glided down the river into the night. And the shore faded and became gray, and then black. And the lights came out and cast slender pillars of gold and green and scarlet on the water.

Max Tack's hand moved restlessly, sought Sophy's, found it, clasped it. Sophy's hand had never been clasped like that before. She did not know what to do with it, so she did nothing—which was just what she should have done.

"Warm enough?" asked Max Tack tenderly.

"Just right," murmured Sophy.

The dream trip ended at St.-Cloud. They learned to their dismay that the boat did not return to Paris. But how to get back? They asked questions, sought direction—always a frantic struggle in Paris. Sophy, in the glare of the street light, looked uglier than ever.

"Just a minute," said Max Tack. "I'll find a taxi."

"Nonsense! That man said the street car passed right here, and that we should get off at the Bois. Here it is now! Come on!"

Max Tack looked about helplessly, shrugged his shoulders and gave it up.

"You certainly make a fellow hump," he said, not without a note of admiration. "And why are you so afraid that I'll spend some money?" as he handed the conductor the tiny fare.

"I don't know—unless it's because I've had to work so hard all my life for mine."

At Porte Maillot they took one of the flock of waiting *fiacres*.

"But you don't want to go home yet!" protested Max Tack.

"I—I think I should like to drive in the Bois Park—if you don't mind—that is——"

"Mind!" cried the gallant and game Max Tack.

Now Max Tack was no villain; but it never occurred to him that one might drive in the Bois with a girl and not make love to her. If he had driven with Aurora in her chariot he would have held her hand and called her tender names. So, because he was he, and because this was Paris, and because it was so dark that one could not see Sophy's extreme plainness, he took her unaccustomed hand again in his.

"This little hand was never meant for work," he murmured.

Sophy, the acid, the tart, said nothing. The Bois Park at night is a mystery maze and lovely beyond adjectives. And the horse of that particular *fiacre* wore a little tinkling bell that somehow added to the charm of the night. A waterfall, unseen, tumbled and frothed near by. A turn in the winding road brought them to an open stretch, and they saw the world bathed in the light of a yellow, mellow, roguish Paris moon. And Max Tack leaned over quietly and kissed Sophy Gold on the lips.

Now Sophy Gold had never been kissed in just that way before. You would have thought she would not know what to do; but the plainest woman, as well as the loveliest, has the centuries back of her. Sophy's mother, and her mother's mother, and her mother's mother's mother had been kissed before her. So they told her to say:

"You shouldn't have done that."

And the answer, too, was backed by the centuries:

"I know it; but I couldn't help it. Don't be angry!"

"You know," said Sophy with a little tremulous laugh, "I'm very, very ugly when it isn't moonlight."

"Paris," spake Max Tack, diplomat, "is so full of medium-lookers who think they're pretty, and of pretty ones who think they're beauties, that it sort of rests my jaw and mind to be with some one who hasn't any fake notions to feed. They're all right; but give me a woman with brains every time." Which was a lie!

They drove home down the Bois—the cool, spacious, tree-bordered Bois—and through the Champs-Elysées. Because he was an artist in his way, and because every passing *fiacre* revealed the same picture, Max Tack sat very near her and looked very tender and held her hand in his. It would have raised a laugh at Broadway and Forty-second. It was quite, quite sane and very comforting in Paris.

At the door of the hotel:

"I'm sailing Wednesday," said Max Tack. "You—you won't forget me?"

"Oh, no—no!"

SCHLOSS-Baltimore Clothes represent the best of the new "Fine-Wholesale-Tailoring" idea,—not the Ready-Made. There's a big difference.

The designing, pattern-making, style-selection, and tailoring work of real SCHLOSS garments are strictly on a par with the best "one-at-a-time" custom shops. *You must not confuse such work with any ordinary "Ready-Mades."* You will find that SCHLOSS-Baltimore Clothes satisfy every requirement of critical taste, and offer the advantage of immediate service, and no disappointments. See the splendid new Fall Models today,—at the leading Clothiers'.

Schloss Bros. & Co. *Fine Clothes Makers* **Baltimore and New York**

LOOK for the LOOP

Pat. Feb. 7, 1911

The Standard Blouse of the World

Once Adjusted, Always Adjusted

—A perfect fit for any boy *at once* without alteration.

—No dangling drawstrings, no buttons on a band to pop off, no fuss, no guess-so.

—Scientifically correct in detail: sizes, fast colors, shape, style.

—Hand-tailored, felled seams, re-inforced shoulders, exclusive patterns.

—Made in a model, humanely governed factory—*largest in the world.*

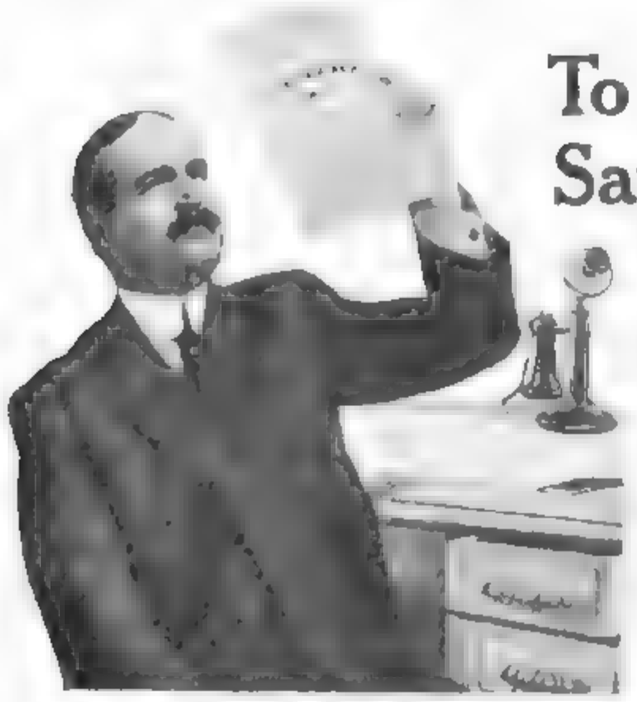
—Value is the key note—whether the price is fifty cents or more, it is *value.* The one dollar blouse is the larger money's worth.

Every Blouse Guaranteed.

—Ask any dealer almost anywhere.

Picture shows P-65 without collar, $1.00

THE KAYNEE COMPANY (KE Blouse Makers) KAYNEE BUILDING CLEVELAND



To Sell Me— Save Me Money

Written by a Purchasing Agent

MY job is to save money for the boss. I get paid for knowing how to get value. The salesman who comes to me without a plan to save me money might just as well have gone to the ball game.

Yesterday a printing salesman showed me how I could save money by standardizing our printed office and factory forms, price lists, form letters, etc., using one grade of paper for everything. We had been using a dozen grades, some of them too cheap, most of them too costly. He suggested HAMMERMILL BOND for all our requirements. I found it was the greatest value at the price I had ever seen, with the quality, strength and character that we insist on, yet inexpensive enough to use for everything. It has the maker's watermark, so we always know what we are getting.

Best of all, I learn that HAMMERMILL BOND is stocked in every big city in the country by the wholesale paper houses. I am ordering all our branch houses to specify it and I know anywhere east of the Mississippi any printer can furnish it to us, just a little less than nine cents a pound. Also, there is a big stock of HAMMERMILL BOND at the mill—twelve colors and white. On a big job any printer can get quick delivery.

That printing man sold me because HAMMERMILL BOND is going to save us a lot of time, trouble, and money.

A Purchasing Agent.

HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"

P. S.—I find that HAMMERMILL BOND is also sold in 10c tablets and have ordered a supply for our office.

Send for a valuable book, "The Signal System," and for a big new portfolio of samples.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY
Erie, Pa.

Investigate Hammermill Safety Paper, used by the United States Government

FOWNES DOETTE
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

An ideal glove for early fall

$1.00 and $1.50

The latest development in Fownes quality: A smart, washable glove; economical, hygienic, and beautiful in texture.

As the name implies, "Doette" has a soft, "undressed" finish. Made in popular shades of gray, natural chamois, stone and white. Most useful for informal or bachelor-dress occasions, or worn when a heavy glove might feel oppressive.

No special care in washing necessary—use cold water; they will retain their shape and stylish appearance.

Ask for "FOWNES DOETTE". Name in the wrist. All styles and sizes for men, women, and children. If you cannot procure, write us.

FOWNES BROTHERS & CO.
119 West 40th St., New York

Dealers will find Fownes Service of an distributing points a... as superior as Fownes quality. Write for particulars

"You'll call me up or run into the office when you get to New York?"

"Oh, yes!"

He walked with her to the lift, said good-by and returned to the *fiacre* with the tinkling bell. There was a stunned sort of look in his face. The *fiacre* meter registered two francs seventy. Max Tack did a lightning mental calculation. The expression on his face deepened. He looked up at the cabby—the red-faced, bottle-nosed cabby, with his absurd scarlet vest, his mustard-colored trousers and his glazed top hat.

"Well, can you beat that? Three francs thirty for the evening's entertainment! Why—why, all she wanted was just a little love!"

To the bottle-nosed one all conversation in a foreign language meant dissatisfaction with the meter. He tapped that glass-covered contrivance impatiently with his whip. A flood of French bubbled at his lips.

"It's all right, boy! It's all right! You don't get me!" And Max Tack pressed a five-franc piece into the outstretched palm. Then to the hotel porter: "Just grab a taxi for me, will you? These tubs make me nervous."

Sophy, on her way to her room, hesitated, turned, then ran up the stairs to the next floor and knocked gently at Miss Morrissey's door. A moment later that lady's kimonoed figure loomed large in the doorway.

"Who is—oh, it's you! Well, I was just going to have them drag the Seine for you. Come in!"

She went back to the table. Sheets of paper, rough sketches of hat models done from memory, notes and letters lay scattered all about. Sophy leaned against the door dreamily.

"I've been working this whole mortal evening," went on Ella Morrissey, holding up a pencil sketch and squinting at it disapprovingly over her working spectacles, "and I'm so tired that one eye's shut and the other's running on first. Where've you been, child?"

"Oh, driving!" Sophy's limp hair was a shade limper than usual, and a strand of it had become loosened and straggled untidily down over her ear. Her eyes looked large and strangely luminous. "Do you know, I love Paris!"

Ella Morrissey laid down her pencil sketch and turned slowly. She surveyed Sophy Gold, her shrewd eyes twinkling.

"That so? What made you change your mind?"

The dreamy look in Sophy's eyes deepened.

"Why—I don't know. There's something in the atmosphere—something in the air. It makes you do and say foolish things. It makes you feel queer and light and happy."

Ella Morrissey's bright twinkle softened to a glow. She stared for another brief moment. Then she trundled over to where Sophy stood and patted her leathery cheek.

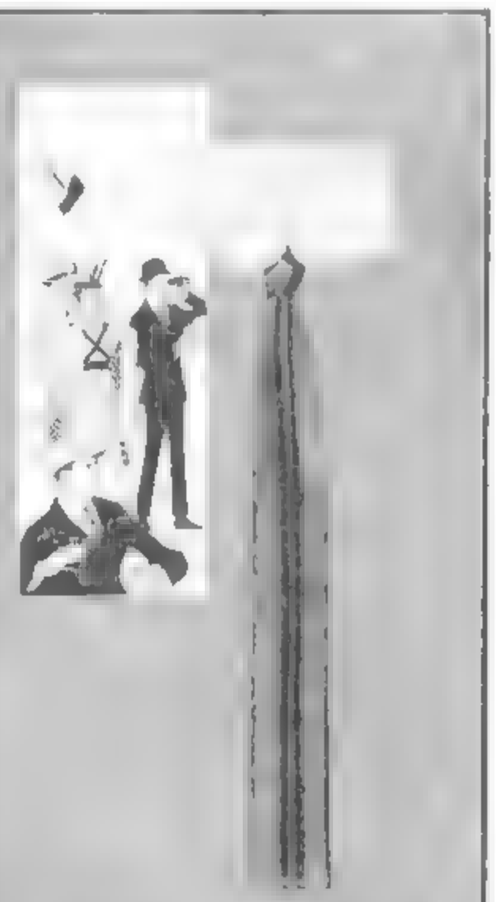
"Welcome to our city!" said Miss Ella Morrissey.

The Lightship

THE harbor lights burn red and low,
The swift gulls skim and cry,
And, fretting at her anchor chains,
A black-hulled ship rides high,
Where, late and soon, from moon to moon,
The wild gray tides swing by.
The writhing eels of channel lights
Go quivering over the sea;
The hoarse surf shouts from the harbor's mouth
And the winds call shrill and free,
And the creeping, shivering, lean gray mists
Crouch over the face of the sea.

The harbor winds laugh low and long
As they drive the wild cloud wrack,
And the gaunt waves leap like timber wolves,
In a hungry, baying pack;
For the lone gray ships creep up from sea,
And the harbor reefs spread wide,
And what's the ache of an idle keel
And the lure o' the outsurung tide,
When a thousand ships steer up from sea,
With one red light to guide!

—*Dorothy Paul.*



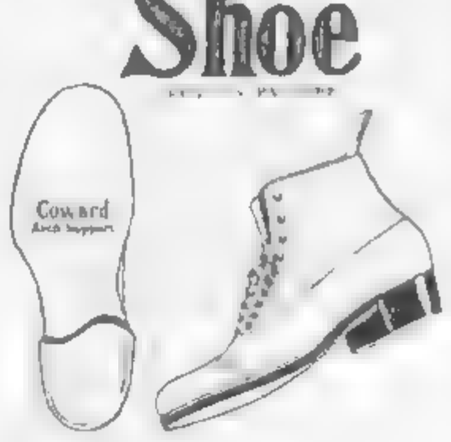
Cheney Cravats

are worn by men who are exacting in their neckwear requirements. These men ask for Cheney Cravats by name, because they want quality and wear and style. These are assured by the identification in the neckband.

CHENEY SILKS

CHENEY BROTHERS
Silk Manufacturers
4th Avenue and 18th Street, New York

The Coward Shoe



Help for sinking arches, strength for weak ankles, relief for aching foot muscles, arrive immediately with the wearing of the Coward Arch Support Shoe with Coward Extension Heel. A comfortable, corrective shoe for all "Flat-foot" conditions.

Coward Arch Support Shoe and Coward Extension Heel made by James S. Coward for over 34 years.

FOR CHILDREN, WOMEN AND MEN

Send for Catalogue Mail Orders Filled

Sold Nowhere Else

JAMES S. COWARD
264-274 Greenwich St., near Warren St., New York

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Patents secured or our Fee Returned.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 1 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.

HUDSON Six-40 1915 Model $1,550 This Year F.O.B. Detroit

Howard E. Coffin
Chief of the 48 Hudson Engineers

The Final Authority

On New-Day Quality Cars

The new HUDSON Six-40—like all former Hudsons—is a Howard E. Coffin creation. So were cars before Hudsons—cars which marked some of the greatest steps in motor car progression.

Legions of men who have owned these cars regard Mr. Coffin as final authority in this line of engineering. So do legions of others who have watched motor car evolution.

Do *you* know another designer who has accomplished so much, or has led in so many advances?

Go See His Ideal Six

The HUDSON Six-40 for 1915 is the finished model of Mr. Coffin's ideal car. It shows his final conception of the new-day type.

He has worked for four years on it. So have 47 other HUDSON engineers. Thus this HUDSON Six-40 is their composite idea of the modern high-grade car. It is their latest and best, in big things and little—in beauty and in mechanism, in equipment and detail.

If there are faults or shortcomings—if any car excels it—then these 48 engineers are mistaken. But that isn't thinkable. You will find in this HUDSON Six-40 the representative car of today.

It Differs in Degree

The HUDSON Six-40 is not unique. It is simply in advance of others in the almost universal trends.

Practically all of the upper-class cars are now Sixes. And that designer is rare who doesn't consider the Six as his final goal. It meets his ultimate object—continuous power.

Lightness is a common trend. The old excesses—due to wrong materials or crude designing—are being rapidly wiped out. The HUDSON engineers—in this 2,890-pound car—have merely excelled their rivals.

Low operative cost is sought for by makers and users alike. But the HUDSON Six-40 saves more than others, by record lightness in this class and by a new-type motor.

All aim at beauty, comfort and attractions in equipment. But 48 designers have worked four years in perfecting the HUDSON refinements.

And the price trend is generally lower. Larger production and standardization make this expected and possible. But the new HUDSON Six-40—selling $200 lower than last year—best shows what efficiency can do.

Five Bodies—No Delays

The HUDSON Six-40 is built this year with five beautiful new-style bodies. Note the list below. Each offers countless up-to-date attractions, some of which are exclusive to this car.

With our trebled output this year we are coping with demand. We go to extremes to save delays to our buyers. Up to this writing, 45 per cent of all this season's shipments have gone out by express—trainloads to single cities.

Today you can get prompt delivery, despite this car's amazing popularity. Go see your HUDSON dealer. If he cannot deliver a car at once, he will see that you don't wait long.

Hudson dealers everywhere. Catalog on request.

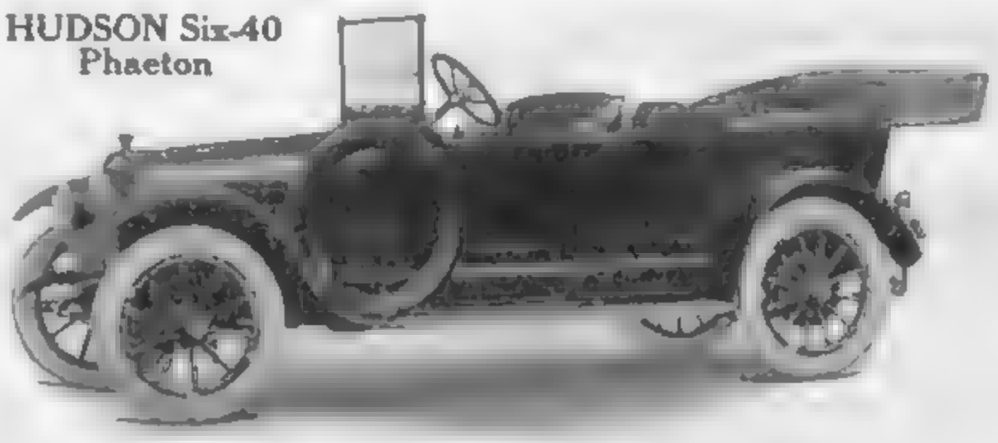
7-passenger Phaeton, $1,550, f. o. b. Detroit.

3-passenger Roadster, same price.

Cabriolet, $1,750—Coupé, $2,150—Limousine, $2,550.

Canadian Prices: Phaeton and Roadster, $2,100 f. o. b. Detroit, duty paid.

HUDSON Six-40 Phaeton

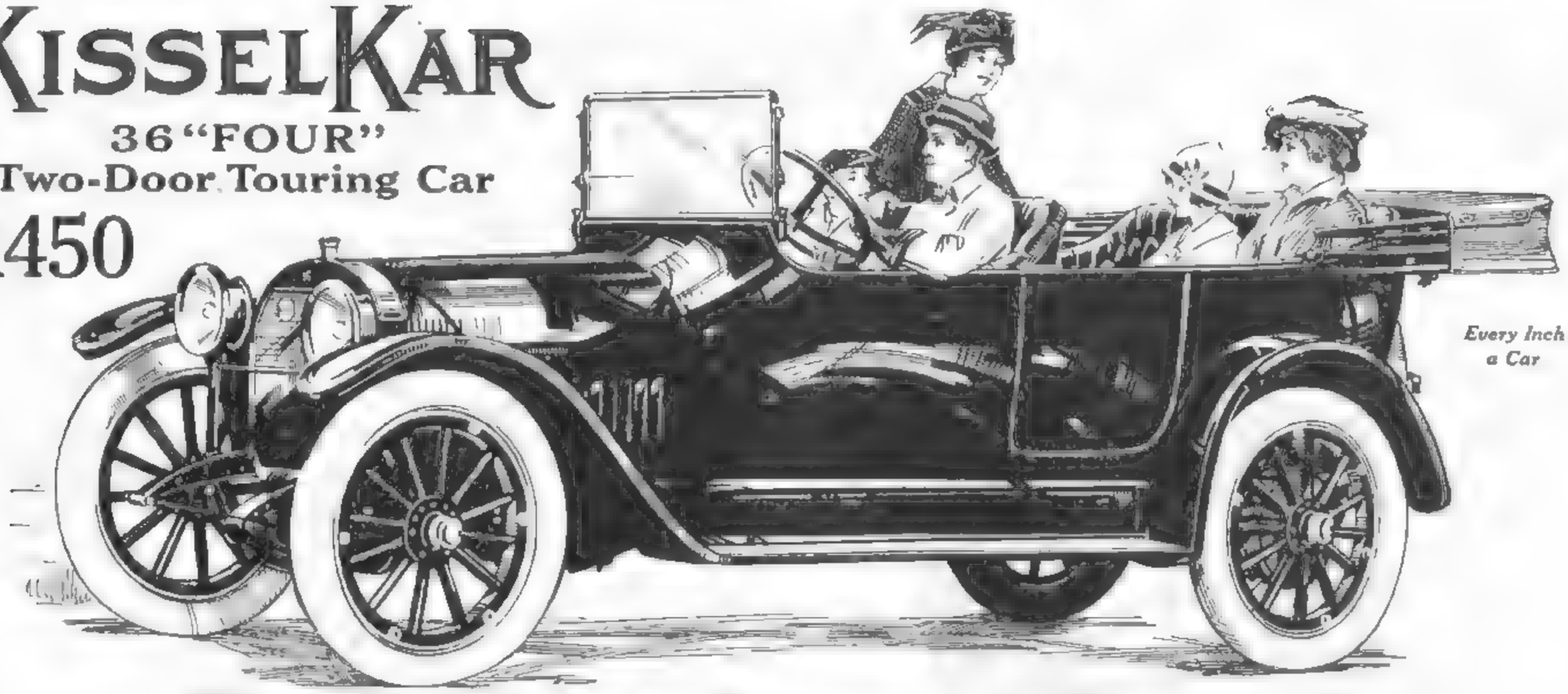


HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 8201 Jefferson Avenue, DETROIT, MICH.

KisselKar

36 "FOUR" Two-Door Touring Car

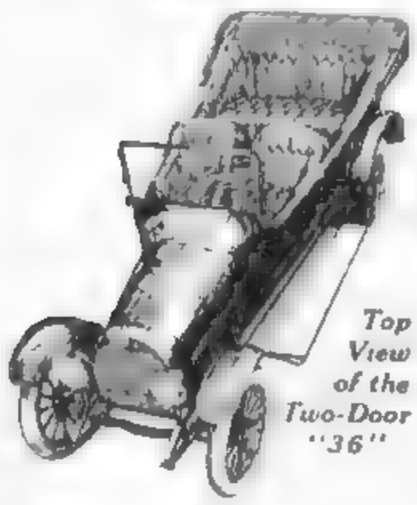
$1450



Every Inch a Car

The Season's Greatest Triumph

TWO bold advance steps in automobile design following in quick succession have brought to motordom a degree of convenience and utility never before attained.



Top View of the Two-Door "36"

The two-door touring car—introduced for the first time in America by Kissel—was the *first* step, and its reception was enthusiastic and emphatic.

And now as a logical consequence of two-door construction comes *an even more significant innovation*—the detachable Sedan top—which, at small additional cost, provides you with *the perfect all-year car.*

You can buy your car with top attached this fall, drive it all winter, and in the spring remove the top without expert assistance.

And for warm weather you have the handsomest and smartest touring car yet conceived—the KisselKar two-door model.

The KisselKar detachable top—a perfect example of the coach makers art—costs only $350 in addition to the price of the touring models—think of it!

Same Service as Two Bodies

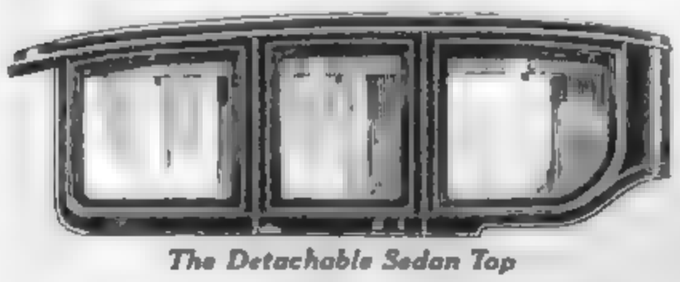
For the same service this combination provides, it has in the past been necessary to own two cars or two bodies—an expensive luxury in either case.

A full separate Sedan body lists at anywhere from $700 to $1200 and the cost of changing bodies twice a year requires the services of a carriage builder, meaning a further investment of at least $100 a year.

With the KisselKar detachable top—all year service is obtained with one car and one body—and at small cost, with practically no cost for semi-annual changes.

Easily Put On and Removed

The top fits snugly and perfectly over the touring body—two inexperienced men can put it on within an hour and remove it in a few minutes. It is merely a matter of socketing six bolts and four top irons. No tools but a screw driver and wrench are required.



The Detachable Sedan Top

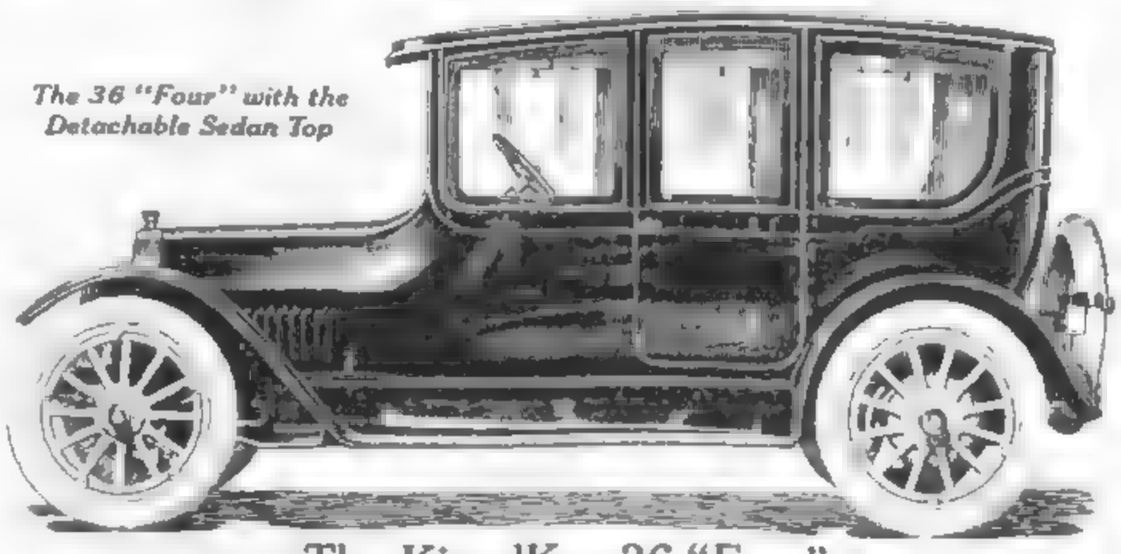
The half doors of the touring car and top are joined by dowel plates—electric wiring is connected automatically—every detail is worked out with scientific minuteness and simplicity.

Every Refinement Included

No sacrifice of style, appearance or refinement is made. There is nothing outside or inside to distinguish it from the finest closed car. It has every appointment that adds to the convenience and completeness of the most exclusive Sedan.

Enjoy the Kissel ALL-YEAR CAR *this winter and next summer*—in all weather—day in and day out. It is a car built for at least 100,000 miles of service. It's a car you can keep and will want to keep.

The 36 "Four" with the Detachable Sedan Top



The KisselKar 36 "Four"

THE new KisselKar 36 "Four", a high grade full sized MANUFACTURED car at a hitherto unheard of price for a car of this class, size and specifications, is constructed around a matchless engine—a sturdy, sweet, smooth 101 cu. in. Kissel-built motor that is a revelation in both efficiency and economy. It varies from 5 to 50 miles an hour on direct drive, with fuel consumption of a gallon to 17 miles.

The rest of the car is in harmony with the power plant. In no automobile at any price can be found more good mechanical points. There is an unusual freedom from vibration [illegible] simplicity, ease of control, convenience, accessibility, stability and superb riding qualities. And its price is but $1450. With Detachable Sedan Top, $1800.

The KisselKar 48 "Six"

THE new KisselKar 48 "Six" is the handsomest, roomiest, smartest medium weight "Six" on the market. It is the result of seven years experience in building "Sixes". It is a safe buy for the man who wants a car of distinction and solid worth.

The 48 "Six" personifies *completeness* in every detail of its construction and its price—$2350 is away below that asked for cars of approximate merit. With Detachable Sedan Top, $2750.

Ready for Inspection

THE new KisselKar touring models, with or without the detachable Sedan top, are now in the hands of Kissel distributors at all leading points. Write today for full particulars and specifications and the name of the nearest dealer.

KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO. 400 Kissel Avenue Hartford, Wisconsin

Boston, New York, Chicago, Milwaukee, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Dallas, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Oakland, Philadelphia, Salt Lake City, Detroit, St. Louis, Houston, El Paso, New Orleans, Washington, Baltimore, Nashville, Duluth, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Hartford, Conn., New Haven, Albany, Troy, Worcester, Providence, Marshalltown, Ia., Omaha, Hastings, Neb.; Madison, Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary and 800 other principal points throughout America

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

The Florsheim SHOE

The Superb — Style with Ease

PAY $5 or $6 for your next pair; it's like making an investment — in footwear. The initial outlay may be more than you have been paying, but the returns will show a larger percentage in length of service, added comfort and individual style. You will be proud of your feet and well satisfied if you wear The Florsheim Shoe.

Look for Name in Shoe

Booklet showing "Styles of the Times" free on request

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

LET HIM GIVE YOU A

Real Command of English

It will take only some of your spare moments at home; no repellent grammar-study, each lesson as clear as daylight, and inspiring to the highest degree. Commence now—let Grenville Kleiser (former Yale instructor) teach you through his Mail Course in Practical English, how to

- Enlarge Your Stock of Words—
- Use the Right Word in the Right Place—
- Write Tactful, Forceful Letters, Advertisements, Stories, Sermons, etc.
- Become an Engaging Conversationalist—
- Enter Good Society—
- Be a Man of Culture, Power, and Influence in Your Community

[illegible] to highest [illegible] Word [illegible] to it to [illegible] them adequately. If you can not make other [illegible]

We will send by mail full particulars of this [illegible] offer. No cost, no obligation to you. Just ask for the Information on a post-card

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 187, NEW YORK

Blaisdell Paper Pencils

save ⅓ your pencil costs

THE MAN ON THE BENCH

(Continued from Page 18)

throughout should be limited, with discretion, to the precise issue to be determined by the jury.

After two witnesses have been heard on any given element in controversy, let the court inquire of counsel on the other side as to whether or not any evidence is to be offered by them in contradiction of this proposition. If their answer be No, then those two witnesses ought to be as good as twenty. If they are undecided at that time as to whether they will offer evidence in contradiction of the testimony given let the court suggest that that will be sufficient on that point for the present, unless the other side desires to offer evidence in contradiction; whereupon that part of the case will be reopened so as to permit the other party to offer further testimony if he desires.

You have all seen, time and again, counsel on their feet vigorously appealing to the court: "I object! I object!" Sometimes counsel on both sides indulge in the same sort of objection at the same time. These objections are often followed by lengthy arguments to sustain them; and then the other side, of course, wants to be heard in support of the relevancy of the question.

Now, no department of the law is ordinarily so well settled as the rules of evidence. The trial judge has had these questions before him day after day in the trial of other similar cases, and in nine-tenths of such objections the merits or demerits at once appear.

No argument should be permitted in clear cases. The ruling should be prompt and exception to the objection noted. I have seen hours whittled away in arguing petty objections about a matter that had been decided probably a hundred times by the same trial judge within ninety days. In such cases arguments become ridiculous. The court ought not to permit them.

In doubtful cases, of course, the fullest and freest argument should be allowed; but the bench should preside and not the trial table. The latter must not be permitted to dictate the course of the trial, which should at no time be allowed to degenerate into a question of finesse, skill and generalship of the lawyers. In no other way can a trial judge be so efficient in the administration of speedy and substantial justice as in his control over the case from its beginning to its end, especially during the taking of evidence, which always occupies the greater part of a trial.

Doubt as to Competence

There are too many preliminary questions asked, as a rule, instead of going directly to the points in controversy. Questions are entirely too long and involved. Witnesses who do not understand the rules of evidence are often tempted and allowed to go into a mass of foreign and irrelevant or collateral matter. The court, after the witness has answered the question, should stop him without waiting for objection.

There is too much needless repetition of questions. One answer is as good as half a dozen; and if a witness should inadvertently change a word here or a word there on the second, third or fourth time he answers, that at once gives rise to a war of words, a wrangle, which is unseemly and unhelpful — usually a contest as to whether it was tweedledee or tweedledum.

There is too much trifling, frivolous and purposeless cross-examination. In no portion of a trial is there so much loss of time and usually loss of advantage to the examiner as in the cross-examination of witnesses. Of course, where the examiner must practically make out his case from the camp of the enemy he should be allowed unusual latitude. An attack by the examiner on a few of the weak points of the witness' evidence will generally have a more wholesome effect on the jury and court than to permit him to rivet and reason every strong point he has made in his examination in chief. In case of real doubt as to the competence of evidence the best course generally is to admit it.

The advantages of such a policy will clearly appear:

1—By shortening the trial.

2—Simplifying the issues so that the jury will not be confused, as they usually are after a long trial.

"The Day of the War Correspondent is Gone"—

Dr. Dillon, the greatest living war correspondent, has wired these words to a big New York newspaper. In the hotels of Paris the most daring war photographers and writers we have are cooling their heels. They cannot get within 100 miles of the actual fighting. They try every trick. They rage and they fret, but they never *see* a battle. They dare not even carry a camera. The most they see is some dim far off army marching away in the dark

You will NEVER see a photograph of the action of this mighty war now going on. But you can judge what it is like from the **3800 photographs of the Civil War,** taken by Mathew Brady and his daring helpers.

The ONLY Mighty War Ever Photographed

was our own Civil War. Then for the first time the camera could be used. Then for the last time during a mighty war was the photographer allowed to come close to the real thing.

3800 Long Lost Photographs

You know the romantic story of the 3800 photographs. You remember their almost miraculous discovery a few years ago. You remember Brady's story—how, when the war broke out, he—a famous New York photographer, who charged $100 for a sitting, gave up his splendid business and went into the fight with his camera.

How he and his followers went with the armies of the North and the armies of the South, and their camera plates caught them in battle, in camp, in the hospital; they caught the navies on the sea. For the first and last time in all history they made an undying camera story of the war. See them, and in them see war close at hand, more horrible, more terrifying, more dreadful, more pitiful than anything we can imagine or tell.

And now these photographs are reproduced in the **Photographic History of the Civil War,** with the authoritative story of the war told by men of the North and South. In these 10 volumes you go to war yourself. In these 10 volumes are crowded more sorrow and joy, more excitement than comes into most men's lifetimes. The camera saw more of these terrible years than the eyes of the million soldiers.

18 of these Photographs Enlarged for Framing GIVEN AWAY

To show you the power and the wonder of these photographs we have put 18 of them into a portfolio. Each is 12 x 11 inches, beautifully reproduced on heavy coated paper ready for framing. In these 18 you will see the Union soldiers getting their mail, you will see the great [illegible] a campaign on the field; you will see whole regiments in camp; you will see the first war balloon. (Do you know that there was a war balloon in the Civil War? You will see it about to go up to reconnoiter.) You will see the great guns of '61. You will see the wounded in the hospital. You will see the shattered defense of a city. You will see the signal corps at work. All this and [illegible] you will have for the [illegible] 10 cents. [illegible] world these are the only photographs of a big war—taken on the spot—in the thick of action. We have only 1500 portfolios. Send 10c for postage for yours at once. It binds you to nothing. Send the coupon NOW.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS COMPANY
30 Irving Place, New York

REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO.
New York City

Enclosed find 10c in [illegible]

[illegible] folio of 18 photographs taken during the Civil War, enlarged for framing. It is understood that you are to give them to me FREE and are to send me information about The Photographic History of the Civil War in 10 volumes.

Name [illegible]

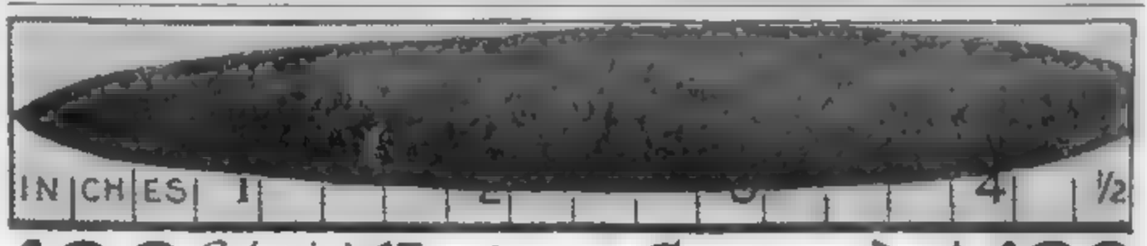
Address [illegible]

Representatives Wanted

We have positions for several young men and women of the right kind to assist us with our Fall subscription work. These positions are only for men and women of good address, refinement and ability. Services will be paid for in cash. If you feel you are our type of person and would like to be out making money, we shall be glad to consider your application. Address letter, stating qualifications, to

Agency Division, Box 616

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Penna.



100 Edwin's GENUINE Havana Seconds $1.90

FROM FACTORY DIRECT TO YOU BY EXPRESS OR PARCEL POST

Made of Imported Havana Picadura, from our own plantations in Cuba—leaves that are too short to roll into our high-priced cigars. They're not pretty, no bands or decorations, but you don't smoke looks. Customers call them Diamonds in the Rough. All 4½ inches long, some even longer. Only 100 at this "Get Acquainted" price. Money cheerfully refunded if you don't receive at least double value. Mention strength when ordering. Our references, Dun or Bradstreet's or any Bank.

EDWIN CIGAR CO., INC. Largest Mail Order Cigar House in the World
DEPT. NO. 2338, 2342 THIRD AVENUE NEW YORK

Copyright 1914 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

Nobody's "hard to fit" in our clothes

STOUT or slender, tall or short, you'll fare as well in getting fitted in our clothes as the man whose figure is "regular" in type.

We make clothes for all of you; we make them to fit. Our designers deal with each figure in a distinct and scientific way.

If you think you're "hard to fit," we'll help you change your mind. See what any dealer in our clothes can do for you at $25, $30, $40.

Look for the above picture in colors. You'll find it in the window of the clothier who sells our goods in your city.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Chicago Good Clothes Makers New York

3—Reducing the probability of error, for any judge will make fewer mistakes in a day than he will in a week.

4—It is easier to charge the law correctly, because of the fewer facts in controversy and the limited scope of the evidence.

5—The record of the case is that much shorter and the expense of having a review for alleged error will be that much less in money and labor.

6—It will be much more certain that the reviewing court will more carefully examine a bill of exceptions of one hundred pages than it will one of a thousand pages.

7—The facts in dispute are kept in the foreground, instead of the strategy, generalship, repartee, eloquence of counsel, and the foreign or collateral matters of the case.

If now the trial judge, at the close of the opening statements of counsel, has boiled down the issues of fact to the simple and substantial controversies between the parties, putting the same in clear and concise English so that the jury will readily understand them, and throughout the trial has confined the evidence on both sides to those things and matters that tend to prove or disprove the real issues between the parties, it will be surprising to find how small a field the evidence really occupies.

It is not uncommon for courts of review to find that the evidence in a case occupies as much as from five hundred to a thousand printed pages, nine-tenths of which ought to have been omitted, since it in no wise aids the jury in determining the real issues of fact, and very often only confuses them.

As a rule too much time is lost in arguments by counsel. The old day of the long sob-speech is past. The simple statement, homely illustration, or fair and reasonable inference, is quite as effective as ever; but the frequent effort to switch court or jury from the real merits of the case under the present-day enlightenment of jurors is practically futile. Jurors very justly resent the sham, the trick, the subterfuge or sympathy play where the sole question should be, What is the truth?

The Charge of the Court

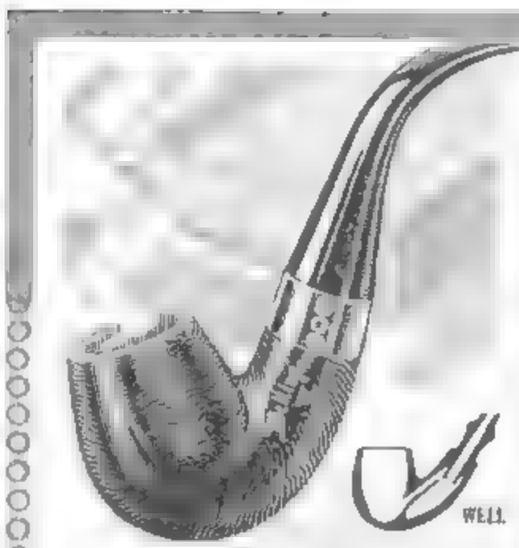
The charge of the court to the jury is, as a rule, entirely too long and too technical. It is often a mere treatise on the law, interesting to the faculty of a law school or a bar association, perhaps, but not understandable by a jury of farmers, business men and laborers.

In a recent case heard before the Ohio Supreme Court—a case that occupied a full month in trial before a jury which should have been thoroughly tried in two or three days—the charge occupied forty printed pages, aggregating about ten thousand words, but fatally omitted the really important thing set forth in the contract between the parties, to wit, a guaranty of serviceableness. A proper charge in this case could well have been limited to eight or ten pages, stating all the issues of fact between the parties and the rules of law applicable thereto.

From the foregoing it should now be obvious that the personality of the trial judge is the one thing of paramount importance in the dispatch of the legal business of the court.

It is vastly more important that the trial judge shall be an efficient administrator, a courageous and courteous executive, keeping constant control of his case, and confining the lawyers, the parties and the witnesses to the real and substantial questions in controversy and to the actual facts in dispute, than that he be merely a so-called learned lawyer.

If there be unnecessary delay in getting the case at issue the trial judge is responsible for it; if there be unnecessary continuances before trial the trial judge is responsible for it; if there be unduly prolonged and delayed examination and cross examination of witnesses on immaterial matters or matters already sufficiently developed the trial judge is responsible for it; if there be numerous lengthy arguments on petty, trivial or technical objections or on the elementary and settled principles of the law the trial judge is responsible for it; if the charge be a prolonged treatise confusing the minds of the jury as to the applicable principles of law the trial judge is responsible for it; if a case occupies one, two, three or four weeks, which should be tried in as many days, resulting in enormous expense to the parties and to the public, the trial judge is responsible for it.



Light Up A Wellington

and know what a cool, dry, clean smoke really is. That *well* principle keeps all moisture away from the tobacco, so it burns ash to the last gram. There's no chance for contact of tobacco and saliva, and your tongue is protected by the upward bore of the bit. Jam your favorite brand into

One Wellington

There's a shape for every taste, made from genuine French briar, guaranteed against burning through or cracking. Smoke a Wellington—25c, 35c, 50c, up, at good dealers'.

William Demuth & Company New York

PATENTS That Protect and Pay Send Sketch or Model for Search. BOOKS, ADVICE and SEARCHES FREE

Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.

A Fortune to the Inventor

who reads and *heeds* it, is the possible worth of the book we send for 6 cents postage. Write us at once.

R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. A, WASHINGTON, D. C.

If You Are Working Your Way Through College

you must consider your health. Your studies will claim the major portion of your time in the lecture rooms and under the study light. Whatever work you do to "pay your way" should take you out of doors. Get plenty of outdoor exercise and you will progress just that much more rapidly in your studies.

Why not make your outdoor life pay you a profit in dollars as well as in health? Think of all the young men and young women that you know who are working their way through college and you will find that the majority of them are giving their spare time to duties that compel them to stay indoors. It is a waste of time so many young people are subjected to break down in health in their efforts to earn an education.

[illegible] subscriptions for the Curtis publications will [illegible] as much money as any other work you might do. In fact it will net you more than you can earn any other way if you devote the week-ends and vacations to it. That fact has been demonstrated by thousands of college students in all parts of the country.

A request by postal or letter will bring you full particulars. Address your inquiry to

Educational Division, Box 611

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Advance New York Hat Styles By Mail

[illegible] dressed men of New York. Why not let me hat you by mail? Why not benefit by the same advanced [illegible] NOW! 28 sizes.

Address Dept. A, 1171 B'way N Y C

$2 Prepaid

Truly Warner

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

1915 Model

with freight prepaid, on [illegible] new 1915 "RANGER" [illegible] write at once [illegible] for [illegible]

Marvelous improvements. Extraordinary values in our 1915 price offers. *You cannot afford to buy* without getting our latest propositions. TIRES, equipment, sundries and everything in the bicycle line half usual prices. Write to us.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. P-55, CHICAGO

9,059-Word Business Book Free

[illegible] send to a postal and get the new free illustrated [illegible] Dress [illegible]

How to get money by mail

How to buy at rock-bottom

—How to [illegible]

—How to advertise a business

—How to devise office methods

Sending for this free book binds you to nothing, involves you in no obligation, yet it may be the means of [illegible] on a broader career. Surely you will not deny [illegible] privilege, when it involves only the risk of a postal—a penny's [illegible] say, "Send on your 9,059-word Book." Send to

SYSTEM, Dept. P 1, Wabash Ave. & Madison St., Chicago

Since 1881

The Faultless man-and-candle trademark is the sign of

Faultless Pajamas Night Shirts

It means individual STYLE, [illegible] COMFORT and lasting QUALITY

E Rosenfeld & Co

Baltimore and New York

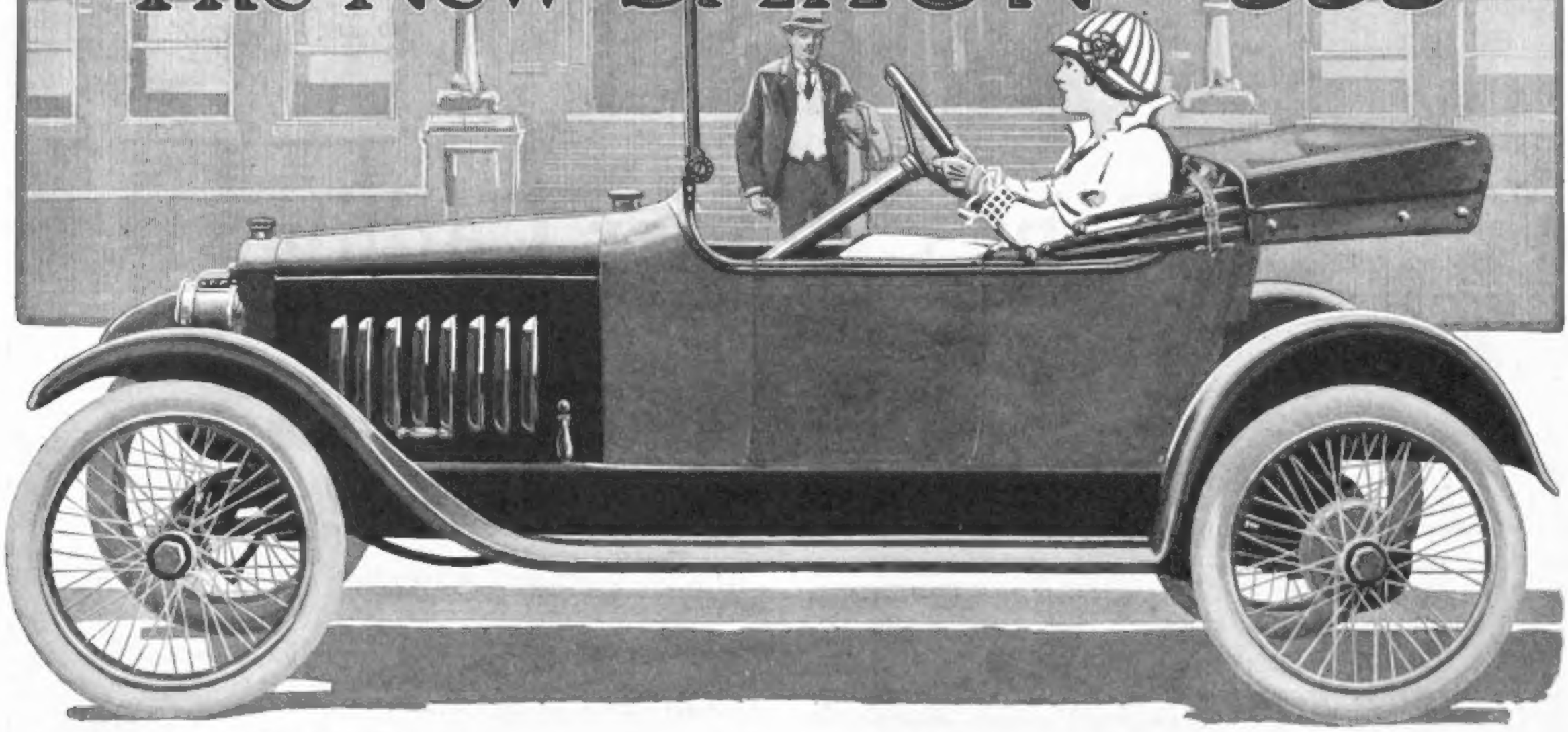
$1

Smart English Knockabout Felt Hat

Can be shaped to suit your [illegible] outside band. Leather [illegible] All head sizes. Colors: Black, Steel-Gray, Brown. Actual value $2.00. Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Style Book FREE

Panama Hat Co., Dept. A, 280 Broadway, New York City

The New SAXON—$395



Best Two-Passenger Automobile in the World at Anywhere Near Its Price

We claim that the Saxon car today is the best two-passenger automobile in the whole world at anywhere near its price, for the following reasons: Because—

The Saxon has more room than any other; it is more comfortable to ride in; it is better looking; it has better materials in it; it is lighter; it is more up-to-date in design; it has more style, is more distinctive; it has plenty of power for all emergencies and all road conditions; it can be kept running for less cost per mile than any other car.

People Have Wanted This Type of Car

The Saxon is an advanced example of the type of car toward which public demand is tending. It is the real embodiment in an automobile of *Efficiency* and *Economy*—the two great watchwords of the present day in all lines of life and business.

Because you and other men and women like you want good cars of low first cost and economical upkeep the Saxon has found a ready market. Selling at $395, equipped and ready to run, ***with its efficiency and economy already proved by over 6500 owners,*** the Saxon is the car that a hundred thousand people have been wishing for.

Good and Good-Looking

When you look at the Saxon, however, you do not think first of low price, for the Saxon car does not look like a cheap car. There is about it something distinctive, different, yet not freakish. It has ***style,*** individuality. People tell us it is better looking than any other low priced two-passenger automobile.

In body lines it follows the most up-to-date French practice. It has the same type of body that cars costing $1500 to $2000 possess. Its tapered bonnet, characteristic radiator, molded oval fenders, wire wheels (without extra charge), graceful running boards give it a snap and character never before approached in any low priced car. The painting and finish of chassis and body are as good as on many cars costing five times as much.

A Roomy, Comfortable Car

When you sit in the Saxon you are impressed with its exceptional ***roominess.*** Plenty of width for two big people to sit comfortably. Plenty of length for the tallest man to stretch his legs. The Saxon has good cushions to sit on and a comfortable back to lean against. Its cantilever springs, so popular abroad, will surprise you by their easy-riding qualities.

On starting the car you will be pleased to notice how ***quiet*** it is, how free from vibration, how smoothly it runs along—fast or slow at will. It will throttle down better than other low priced cars. It has more power in proportion to its size; and will develop more speed with less effort.

Further, the Saxon motor keeps cool under all conditions.

Easiest Car to Handle

The Saxon is easy to steer. It is nimble-footed. Quick to run in and out of traffic. It turns short. It takes up little room. It is far easier to drive than any larger car.

With gasoline filler cap extending up through the cowl; with switch key, carburetor adjustment and throttle in the cowl board, with left drive, two pedals and center control the Saxon is the most ***convenient*** of the low priced cars and the easiest to handle.

You Know You Can Afford It

The wonderful economy of the Saxon has been the greatest source of satisfaction to the thousands who have already bought these cars. Saxons everywhere are averaging from 28 to 32 miles per gallon of gasoline; 75 to 100 miles on a pint of oil; 3500 to 5000 miles and more per set of tires. And when replacements are necessary a complete new tire costs the owner only $12 or less.

The Saxon is a car that seldom sees the repair shop, but when a repair or replacement is necessary, the parts required are low-priced and the work is easily and quickly done—because of the simple and accessible construction of the car.

Quality Inbuilt in Saxon

The success of the Saxon car at $395, the great public interest in it, the enthusiasm of Saxon dealers and Saxon owners has done more than any other one thing to make a number of companies in the low-priced field reduce their prices.

But the price of the Saxon car, already lower than that of any other two-passenger car of standard specifications, does not need to be cut in order for it to continue to sell in large quantities. We put full value into the Saxon car in the beginning.

Many said we could not build such a car to sell for $395. Yet we have built 6500 of them and are building more all the time.

The reason we can do this is that the Saxon car is a good car. The foundation of the success of every company lies in the goodness of the product that company has to sell. And the Saxon *is* good. It is right.

Public Shares the Profits

We offered in the beginning a car of superior merit for $395. We shared our profits with the public from the start, because we never could have built the Saxon car to sell for $395 unless we had been willing to accept a very small profit per car.

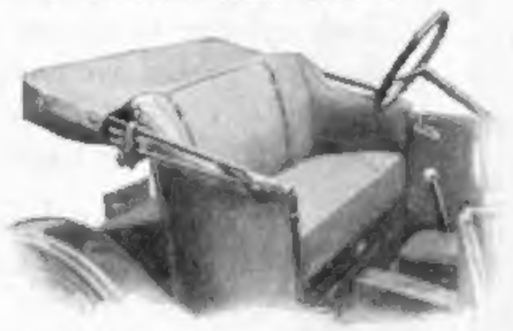
We are still accepting a small profit, because we are here to continue doing business on a larger and larger scale, and that is possible only when buyers are getting big value for their money.

We give every buyer of a Saxon car more than he can get ***in any other car in the world at anywhere near the price.***

Test the Saxon Yourself

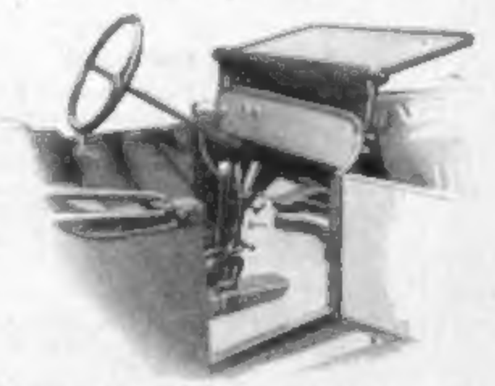
A personal trial—backed by the experience of 6500 Saxon owners—will convince you of the merit of this car, will prove that it is the car for *you.* Our dealer is eager to show you the Saxon. Arrange today for a demonstration.

Send coupon for catalog and dealer's name.



SEAT COVERS—We can now furnish on order handsome covers for seat cushion, seat back, and inside of doors of Saxon cars. These covers are of durable, dust-proof material, with patent leather trimmings. They add to the neat appearance of your car. Price $15.

CHILD'S SEAT (Open)—With this neat, compact, folding seat you can carry a child as a third passenger in your Saxon. The seat, attached to the side of the body, is comfortable and substantial. Price $10.



CHILD'S SEAT (Folded)—This picture shows child's seat folded out of the way. Note also the trim handsome appearance of cowl board, carrying the switch key and hand throttle.

MAIL THIS TODAY

Please send catalog and name of nearest dealer.

Name_____

Address_____

S. E. P.

Saxon Motor Company, Detroit

Cadillac
Standard of the World

An Eight Cylinder Cadillac

The matchless mode of motoring reserved to only a few privileged persons in the Old World (at an almost prohibitive price) developed by the Cadillac Company for American motorists!

Serious minded motor car manufacturers have sought the ideal power principle for fifteen years.

The Cadillac Company has never relaxed for a month, a week, or a day, its patient pursuit of that underlying principle which would prove to be ultimate and final.

In the course of that long journey toward perfection, the Cadillac Company has given serious consideration to every reputable type of motor—endeavoring to scrutinize with scientific impartiality the virtues and the limitations of each and every one alike.

Building and experimenting in turn, with every type from the single cylinder to the six, and from the poppet to the rotary and to the sliding valve, we have been carried forward irresistibly, by the impetus of our own research, to the highest form of frequent-impulse motor—the V type Eight Cylinder.

It is admitted, we believe, that this Company produced in the four cylinder field, a succession of cars which earned the title, "Standard of the World."

Beyond that, loomed for us only one hope and possibility—the promise of a motor in which there would be *no* lapse, *no* pause, *no* hesitation between impulses, but an overlapping of strokes so complete as to produce a flow of power almost literally liquid in its continuity.

We sought the medium by which the Cadillac would be endowed, not with *approximate* freedom from gear shifting, or *approximate* hill-climbing ability on high, or *approximately* swift acceleration, but with the *highest possible form* of these three characteristics.

The Cadillac already possessed those qualifications in an extraordinary measure, but we wanted them developed to a point *beyond which it was not possible to go.*

This requirement pointed straight to an Eight Cylinder Cadillac with four power impulses during every revolution of the fly-wheel.

How fully these luxuries of travel have been achieved, nothing but your first memorable ride in the new Cadillac can reveal.

As the Cadillac softly speeds along under the almost magic influence of this new power-principle, you become oblivious to the wonderful mechanism which gives you motion. The sensation is as unique as though you had never motored before—the sense of floating through space comes to you as it never came to you before.

It is useless to try to depict in words, thrills which you have never felt—or to portray a degree of ease which you have never experienced.

Good roads yield up a velvet quality of travel undreamed of.

Bad roads lose much of their terror, and hills seem almost to flatten out before you—so easily, so quietly, and with so little effort does the car surmount them.

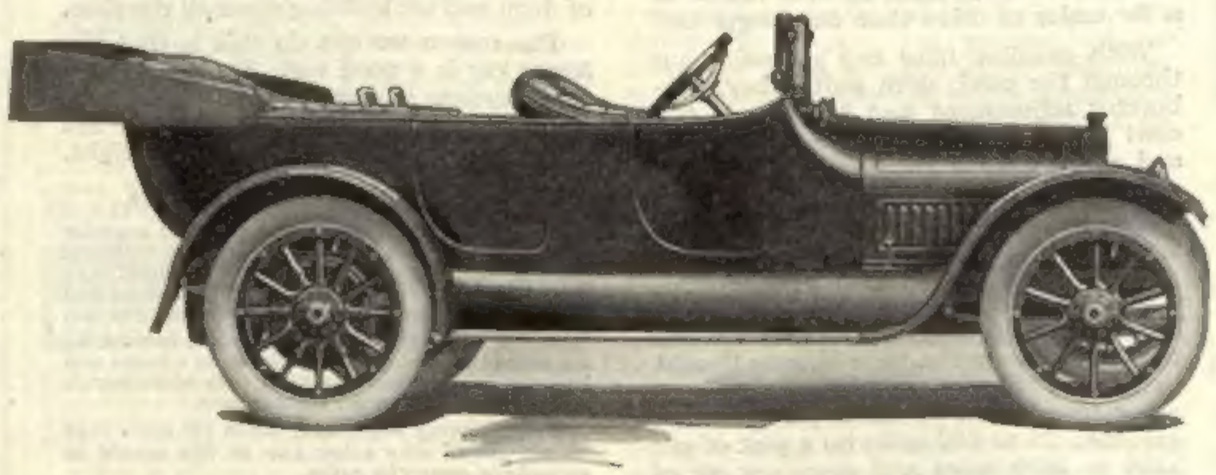
In operation, you enjoy the extreme of flexibility—from less than three miles an hour in crowded city streets and congested traffic to more than sixty miles an hour on the open highway, without change of gears.

Comfort is subserved in the highest degree by the absence of vibration and the pronounced flexibility—and, again, by the yielding springs; the ease with which the car is handled and controlled; the smoothness of the worm bevel driving gears, the soft clutch action and the exceptional sense of rest and relaxation.

The supreme motoring experience of your life awaits you when you take your first ride in this truly remarkable car.

Styles and Prices

Standard Seven Passenger and Five passenger cars, Four passenger Salon and Roadster, $1975. Landaulet Coupé, $2500. Five passenger Inside Drive Limousine $2800. Seven passenger Standard Limousine $3450. Berline type Limousine $3600. Prices F. O. B. Detroit.



Standard Seven Passenger Touring Car with Eight Cylinder V Type Engine.

Observe that the power plant does not demand a hood of abnormal proportions.

Dealers will have demonstrating cars in the near future

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

DON'T SAY UNDERWEAR SAY MUNSINGWEAR

MUNSING WEAR Fine in Quality, Non-Irritating, Perfect Fitting. World Famous for Durability and Washability. Sixty-seven Different Light, Medium, or Heavy Weight Knit Fabrics. Every required Style and Size for Men, Women and Children. The Northwestern Knitting Co., Minneapolis, Minnesota

Victor Exclusive Talent

The best friends you can have—who cheer you with their music and song, who unfold to you all the beauties of the compositions of the great masters, who through their superb art touch your very heart strings and become to you a wellspring of inspiration.

Painting adapted from the
Chicago Tribune cartoon of John T. McCutcheon

Copyright by
Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

Victor-Victrola